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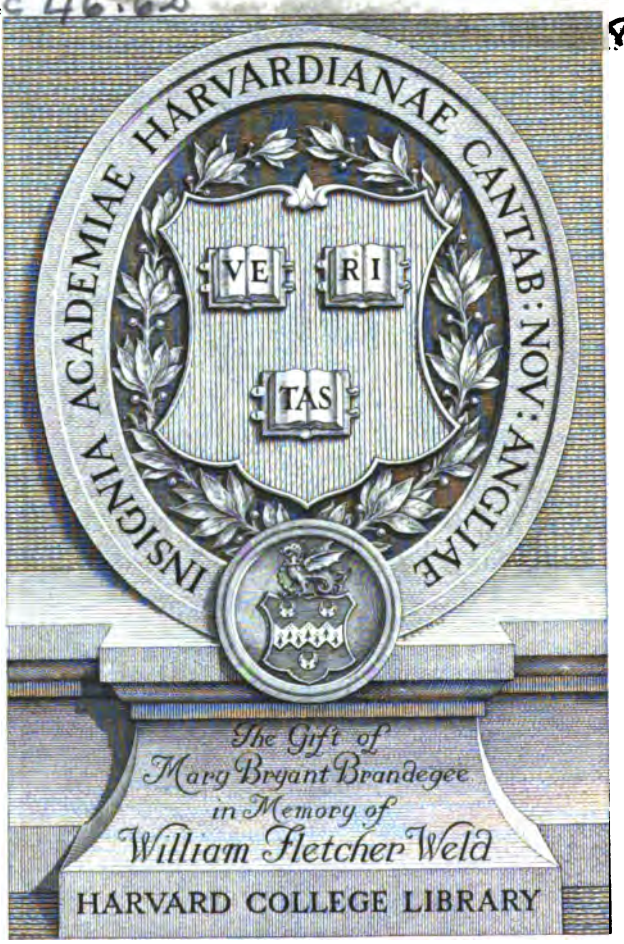

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THE

WORKS

OF

CLAUDIAN,

TRANSLATED INTO

English Verse.

BY

A. HAWKINS, ESQ. F.H.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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"He was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar topics."

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GIBBON.

CL. CLAUDIANI

IN

PROBINI ET OLYBRII

Fratrum

CONSULATUM PANEGYRIS.

SOL, qui flammigeris mundum complexus habenis
Volvis inexhausto redeuntia secula motu,
Sparge diem meliore coma, crinemque repexi
Blandius elato surgant temone jugales,
Efflantes roseum frænis spumantibus ignem.
Jam nova germanis vestigia torqueat annus
Consulibus, lætique petant exordia menses.
Scis genus Auchenium, nec te latuere potentes
Anniadæ : nam sæpe soles ductoribus illis
Instaurare vias, & cursibus addere nomen.
His neque per dubium pendet Fortuna favorem,
Nec novit mutare vices ; sed fixus in omnes
Cognatos procedit honos, quemcumque requires
Hac de stirpe virum, certum est de Consule nasci.
Per fasces numerantur avi, semperque renata
Nobilitate virent, & prolem fata sequuntur,
Continuum simili servantia lege tenorem :

PANEGYRICK

ON THE

CONSULSHIP of PROBINUS and OLYBRIUS.

O Sol, whose reins of fire the world control;
Who, age on age, in lasting motion, roll:
Upon this day let bright resplendence shine,
That, sleek each mane, your coursers may incline,
The chariot-pole to raise and forward roam,
With breath of purple flame and mouths of foam.
Let consuls for the year one race bestow:
Commence the months with joys that freely flow.

To you Auchenius' line is fully known,
Nor less has Annius' pow'rful house been shown;
Beneath their auspices, you oft appear
To enter on your course, and name the year.

Their weal the fickle goddess don't suspend,
Nor lets inconstancy her steps attend,
But, fixed her will in what regards the race,
Her honours all the progeny embrace.
Past consuls, these for fathers clearly count:
Their parents' ancestors by Fasces mount;
Nobility descends from son to son;
And Fate continues what was well begun.

Nec quisquam procerum tentat, licet ære vetusto
Floreat, & claro cingatur Roma Senatu,
Se jactare parem: sed, prima sede relicta
Aucheniis, de jure licet certare secundo.
Haud secus ac tacitam Luna regnante per Arcton
Sidereæ cedunt acies, cum fratre retuso
Æmulus adversis flagraverit ignibus orbis.
Tunc jubar Arcturi languet: tunc fulva Leonis
Ira perit: Plaustro jam rara intermicat Arctos
Indignata tegi: jam caligantibus armis
Debilis Orion dextram miratur inermem.
Quem prius aggrediar? veteris quis facta Probini
Nesciat, aut nimias laudes ignoret Olybri?
Vivit adhuc, completque vagis sermonibus aures
Gloria fusa Probi, quam nec ventura silebunt
Lustra, nec ignota rapiet sub nube vetustas.
Illum fama vehit trans æquora, transque remotas
Tethyos ambages, Atlanteosque recessus.
Audiit &, gelido si quem Mæotica pascit
Sub Jove, vel calido, si quis conjunctus in axe
Nascentem te, Nile, bibit, virtutibus ille
Fortunam domuit; numquamque levantibus alte
Intumuit rebus: sed mens circumflua luxu

Bronze vainly traces to the Roman soul
The brilliant acts that grace th' historick roll;
And, in the senate, glory sits beside
The martial heroes, who for triumph vied.
But while th' Auchenii you chief rank assure;
By right you seek the second to secure.

THUS, 'mid the silent Arctos, starry light
Recedes while Luna reigns with splendour bright,
When from her brother's disk she borrows rays,
And, saucily, reflected beams displays;
Arcturus scarcely glimmers; Leo's ire
No longer seems to rage with wonted fire;
Reluctantly away great Ursa steals;
Beneath Bootes' shade, grim frowns conceals;
Orion's countenance betrays alarm:—
Of lustre void his sword:—unnerved his arm.

ON which begin? I ask.—Oft we are told
Probinus' noble deeds and actions bold;
And equally Olybrius is known,
For virtuous worth and excellence his own.

STILL Probus' glory lives, and echoes round;
His praises ev'ry tongue desires to sound;
Nor shall oblivion dire destroy his fame,
But future ages venerate his name.
O'er seas, and where the streams of Tethys flow;
Mount Atlas' wilds:—Mæotis' frozen snow;
Where Nile the ocean joins, through burning sands:
There his renown is heard, and far expands.
His virtues, FORTUNE, most securely chain;
Prosperity has never made him vain;

Noverat intactum vitio servare rigorem.
Hic non divitias nigrantibus abdidit antris,
Nec tenebris damnavit opes : sed largior imbre
Sueverat innumeras hominum ditare catervas.
Quippe velut densos currentia munera nimbos
Cernere semper erat : populis undare Penates :
Assiduos intrare inopes : remeare beatos.
Præceps illa manus fluvios superabat Iberos
Aurea dona vomens, sic quis tellure revulsa
Sollicitis fodiens rimatur collibus aurum :
Quantum stagna Tagi rudibus stillantia venis
Effluxere decus : quanto pretiosa metallo
Hermi ripa micat : quantas per Lydia culta
Despumat rutilas dives Pactolus arenas.
Non, mihi centenis resonent si vocibus ora,
Multifidusque ruat centum per pectora Phœbus,
Acta Probi narrare queam, quot in ordine gentes
Rexerit, ad summi quoties fastigia juris
Venerit, Italiæ late cum frœna teneret,
Illyricosque sinus, & quos arat Africa campos.
Sed nati vicere patrem, solique merentur
Victores audire Probi, non contigit illi
Talis honor, prima cum parte viresceret ævi.
Non consul cum fratre fuit. Vos nulla fatigat
Cura, diu majora petens : non anxia mentem

But, 'mid delicious luxuries, his mind,
By vice unharmed, to honour is resigned.
His riches ne'er in caverns has he placed;
Nor can his treasures be to darkness traced;
But lib'ral to excess, he loved to give,
And numbers furnished with the means to live.
His pow'rs were ample, to relieve at will;
The needy daily came, and had their fill.
More gifts profuse were scattered by his hand,
Than all Iberia's golden streams command;
Or richest ore from depth of earth is gained,
Or from deep Tagus' rugged bottom drained:
As much as Hermus' shining shores display
Of precious metals, or the sparkling clay
Pactolus' ever-flowing water yields,
And throws abroad on Lydia's fertile fields.

If, from my lips, a hundred voices spoke,
Or Phœbus in my breast as oft awoke,
Could I the acts of Probus e'er relate?
The nations who obeyed his orders state?
How oft on glory's summit he was placed?
How wide his laws and empire might be traced?
O'er Italy; Illyricum's deep bay;
And where the Africans through ploughlands stray?

Yet born to shine superior to the rest,
Will these but merit Probus' fame confessed?
Not so;—such honours he in youth ne'er got;
Nor consul with him was a brother's lot.
No cares fatigue; no anxious doubt appears,
To rack your breasts with flutt'ring hopes and fears.

Spes agit, & longo tendit præcordia voto.
Cœpistis, qua finis erat, primordia vestra
Vix pauci meruere senes: metasque tenetis
Ante, genas dulces quam flos juvenilis inumbret,
Oraque ridenti lanugine vestiat ætas.

Tu, precor, ignarum doceas, Parnassia, vatem,
Quis Deus ambobus tanti sit muneris auctor.
Postquam fulmineis impellens viribus hostem
Belliger Augustus trepidas laxaverat Alpes,
Roma Probo cupiens dignas persolvere grates,
Sedula pro natis dominum flexura rogando
Ire parat. Famuli currum junxere volantem
Impetus, horribilisque Metus, qui semper agentes
Prælia cum fremitu Romam comitantur anhelo,
Sive petat Parthos, seu cuspide turbet Hydaspen.
Hic ligat axe rotas: hic sub juga ferrea mittit
Cornipedes, rigidisque docet servire lupatis.
Ipsa, triumphatis qua possidet æthera regnis,
Assilit, innuptæ ritus imitata Minervæ.
Nam neque cæsariem crinali stringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto;
Dextrum nuda latus, niveos exserta lacertos,
Audacem retegit mammam, laxumque coërcens
Mordet gemma sinum. Nodus, qui sublevat ensem

Your grand career begins where others' ends:
Such honour, few of hoary years, attends;
The goal you reach ere bloom diffuses grace,
Or age has clothed with pleasing down the face.

To what propitious pow'r, O Muse, declare,
They owe advantages so very rare!

The frighted Alps unlocked their barriers strong;
From Theodosius fled Barbarian throng;
Rome, anxious to reward the Probus-line,
Implores the prince who rules by right divine.

Now Fear and Terrour to the chariot place
The flying coursers, eager for the race;
And, fond of war, attend th' imperial ranks,
To Parthia's empire, or Hydaspes' banks.
This to the axle fixes on the wheel;
That sets the steeds beneath a yoke of steel;
And teaches them obedient to remain,
When curbed and guided by the slender rein.

Triumphant Rome her conquered nations sways,
And imitates Unwed-Minerva's ways;
No gaudy head-dress decorates her hair,
Nor showy necklace, softness to declare,
Adorns the throat;—a naked side's disclosed,
And outstretched snowy arms to view exposed;
Half bare the bosom; while a gem is placed
To keep the flowing robe around her waist.

Album puniceo pectus discriminat ostro.
Miscetur decori virtus, pulcerque severo
Armatur terrore pudor, galeæque minaci
Flava cruentarum prætenditur umbra jubarum,
Et formidato clipeus Titana lacessit
Lumine, quem tota variarat Mulciber arte.
Hic, patrius Mavortis amor, fœtusque notantur
Romulei. Pius amnis inest, & bellua nutrix.
Electro Tiberis, pueri formantur in auro.
Fingunt æra lupam. Mavors adamante coruscat.
Jam simul emissis rapido velocior Euro
Fertur equis. Stridunt Zephyri, cursuque rotarum
Saucia dividuis clarescunt nubila sulcis:
Nec traxere moras, sed lapsu protinus uno,
Quem poscunt, tetigere locum; qua fine sub imo
Angustant aditum curvis anfractibus Alpes,
Claustraque conjectis scopulis durissima tendunt,
Non alia reseranda manu, sed pervia tantum
Augusto, geminisque fidem mentita tyrannis.
Semirutæ turres, avulsaque mœnia fumant.
Crescunt in cumulum strages, vallemq; profundam
Æquavere jugis. Stagnant immersa cruore
Corpora. Turbantur permisto funere manes.

The knot, that holds the sword, unites the white
With tints carnation, glowing to the sight.
Majestick worth, in union with each grace,
Appears in ev'ry feature of her face;
A look severe upon the brow is seen,
Which arms with dignity her modest mien;
The threat'ning helmet's splendid crest is crowned,
With bloody shade that, horrour, nods around;
And from her shield, which rivals SOL's bright beams,
The skill of Vulcan, by reflection, gleams.
Here, under adamantine armour's glare,
Are MARS' sly love scenes with the lovely FAIR;
On gold young Romulus and Rhemus breathe:
O'er silver*, Tiber's waters glide beneath;
And there the wolf, as nurse, in brass appears:
With milk the Roman twins she feeds and cheers.

MORE swift than EURUS now the horses glide:
The ZEPHYRS howl; the wheels the air divide,
And, furrows, trace of light, as on they fly:—
To gain the place, they ev'ry effort try.
The Alps they reach, where crooked, winding ways,
Rough paths, rocks heaped on rocks, obstructions raise,
Impervious, save to Theodosius' name,
And faithless when, of late, two tyrants† came.
Here tott'ring tow'rs and smoking ramparts lie;
Within the vale dead bodies heaped on high;
There carcasses in seas of blood immersed:
The MANES stand confused 'mid limbs dispersed.

* The *Electrum* was a mixture of gold with a fifth part of silver.

† Maximus and Eugenius.

Haud procul exacto lætus certamine victor
Cespite gramineo consederat, arbore fultus
Acclines humeros. Dominum gavisa coronat
Terra suum, surguntque toris majoribus herbæ.
Sudor adhuc per membra calet, creberque recurrit
Halitus, & placidi radiant in cassidis vultus.
Qualis letifera populatus cæde Gelonos
Procubat horrendum Getico Gradivus in Hæmo.
Exuvias Bellona levat, Bellona tepentes
Pulvere solvit equos, immensaque cornus in hastam
Porrigitur, tremulisque ferit splendoribus Hebrum.
Ut stetit ante ducem discussas Roma per auras,
Conscia ter sonuit rupes, & inhorruit atrum
Majestate nemus. Prior hic, O numen amicum,
Dux ait, & legum genitrix, longeque regendo
Circumfusa polo, consors adjuncta Tonanti,
Dic agedum, quæ caussa viæ? cur deseris arces
Ausonias, cœlumque tuum? Dic, maxima rerum.
Non ego vel Libycos cessem tolerare vapores,
Sarmaticosve pati medio sub frigore Coros,
Si tu, Roma, velis. Pro te quascumque per oras
Ibimus, & nulla sub tempestate timentes
Solstitio Meroën, bruma tentabimus Istrum.

Tum regina refert; Non me latet, inclite rector,
Quam tua pro Latio victricia castra laborent,

HARD by the field which he in triumph trod,
The conqu'ring hero rests upon the sod;
Beneath the tree that props his back, the earth,
With joy, to plants that crown the prince, gives birth.
Though perspiration o'er his body stream;
Though short and thick his respiration seem:
The look serene, that dwells upon his face,
The helmet pierces with a smile of grace.

HERE MARS, from slaughter of the Getæ, aims
To spread, o'er Hemus' mount, his horrid flames;
BELLONA trophies shows, and from the rein
The hot and dusty coursers freedom gain;
On Hebrus' banks is fixed a lofty lance:
Its trembling shadows, o'er the waters, dance.

THE clouds disperse, and ROME, at CÆSAR's* feet,
Appears, with due respect, her prince to greet;
The rock thrice sounds; the wood's deep, gloomy leaf
Spreads awe majestick;—thus begins the CHIEF.

"O FRIENDLY POW'R, from whom proceeds our CODE,
" Who, with great Jove, divid'st the stars abode:
" Say, why thou leav'st Ausonia's tract serene,
" And wander'st from that all-celestial scene?
" If such thy wish, I'll burning Libya bear,
" Or blasts of cold that chill Sarmatia's air;
" For thee, through regions vast, I'll freely go:
" The Danube;—Meroë;—or heat;—or snow."

" O HERO famed," the goddess straight replies,
" The toils and triumphs of thy arms I prize;

* Theodosius the Great.

Nec quod servitium rursus, Furiæque rebelles
Edomitæ paribus sub te cecidere triumphis.
Sed precor hoc donum cum libertate recenti
Adjicias, si vera manet reverentia nostri.
Sunt mihi pubentes alto de semine fratres,
Pignora cara Probi, festa quos luce creatos
Ipsa meo fovi gremio. Cunabula parvis
Ipsa dedi, cum matris onus Lucina beatum
Solveret, & magnos proferrent sidera partus.
His ego nec Decios pulcros, fortesve Metellos
Prætulerim: non qui Pœnum domuere ferocem
Scipiadas, Gallisque genus fatale Camillos.
Pieriis pollent studiis, multoque redundant
Eloquio. Nec desidiis, dapibusve paratis
Indulgere juvat: nec tanta licentia vitæ
Abripit, aut mores ætas lasciva relaxat:
Sed gravibus curis animum sortita senilem
Ignea longævo frænatur corde juventus.
Illis, quam propriam ducunt ab origine, sortem
Oramus præbere velis, annique futurum
Devoveas venientis iter. Non improba posco.
Non insueta dabis. Domus hoc de more requirit.
Annue. Sic nobis Scythicus famuletur Araxes,
Sic Rhenus per utrumque latus: Medisque subactis

" Support of Latium :—equally I know,
" That slaves and REBEL-FURIES felt thy blow.
" But if to thy regard some claim I've got:
" Though liberty thou gav'st, a boon allot;
" Our roof two charming infant brothers grace,
" Dear pledge of Probus :—sprung from noble race.
" These in my bosom, on their natal day,
" I fondly cherished ;—dressed their cradle gay,
" When to the mother's aid Lucina came,
" And joy their birth spread through the STARRY FRAME.
" Not valiant Decius, nor Metellus brave:
" Nor those two Scipios, who to Carthage gave
" The fatal stroke; nor e'en Camillus, famed
" For scourging Gaul, could more than these have claimed.
" In verse or eloquence their pow'rs are great:
" No charms they view in feasts or gaudy state;
" And, though in prime of youth, voluptuous ways
" Resistance meet that fortitude displays.
" Their minds, maturity, already show,
" And steady prudence checks the fires that glow.
" For these illustrious sons I now implore
" A dignity, their noble fathers bore:—
" Beneath their auspice, let the coming year—
" Propitiously commence its grand career—
" Nought indiscreet I ask; and nothing new
" Will be the favour, when conferred by you.
" The HOUSE, from usage long, the boon intreats;—
" Comply:—that where Araxes, Scythia, greets,
" For us its bold and rapid stream may flow:
" The Rhine, on ev'ry side, obedience show:
" The conquered Medes, Semiramis's tow'rs,
" Rome's ensigns, dread, and tremble at her pow'rs;

Nostra Semiramiæ timeant insignia turres ;
Sic fluat attonitus Romana per oppida Ganges.

Ductor ad hæc : Optata jubes, ultroque volentem,
Diva, rogas : non hæc precibus tentanda fuisset.
Usqueadeone meam condunt oblivia mentem,
Ut pigeat meminisse Probi, quo vindice totam
Vidimus Hesperiam fessasque resurgere gentes ?
Ante dabunt hiemes Nilum ; per flumina damæ
Errabunt, glacieque niger damnabitur Indus ;
Ante Thyesteis iterum conterrita mensis
Intercisa dies refugos vertetur in ortus,
Quam Probus a nostro possit discedere sensu.
Dixerat, & velox jam nuntius advolat urbem.
Extemplo strepuere chori, collesque canoris
Plausibus impulsi septena voce resultant.
Lætatur veneranda parens, & pollice docto
Jam parat auratas trabeas, cinctusque micantes
Stamine : quod molli tondent de stipite Seres,
Frondea lanigeræ carpentes vellera silvæ :
Et longum tenues tractus producit in aurum,
Filaque concreto cogit squalere metallo.
Qualis purpureas præbebat candida vestes
Numinibus Latona suis, cum sacra redirent

" And frightened Ganges water, in his course,
" Towns doomed to bend beneath the Latian force."

" O GODDESS!" cries the hero, " my desire,
" With zeal, anticipates what you require:
" For this no supplications need be made:—
" Shall Probus' virtues from remembrance fade?
" Whom we have seen avenge Hesperia's cause,
" And, humbled nations, free from tyrant-laws.
" The Nile, shall WINTER sooner turn aside;
" The deer at random range o'er rivers wide;
" The ice enchain the gloomy Indus' course;
" The SUN recede and seek its Eastern source,
" At sight of rites Thyestes' feasts supply,
" Than Probus' glory from our senses fly."

HIS words with swiftness through the city spread;
The choirs of nymphs reecho what is said;
The festive acclamations ring around,
And Rome's sev'n hills reverberate the sound.

WITH joy the mother, venerable grown,
Prepares HERSELF the robes that consuls own,
And brilliant dresses, formed of downy thread,
From leafy branches by the Seres shred,
Which, finely drawn, in filaments, is rolled,
And nicely covered o'er with ductile gold.

'TWAS thus Latona, for her offspring blessed,
With hands divine prepared the purple vest,

Ad loca nutricis jam non errantia Deli.
Illa feros saltus & desolata relinquens
Mænala, lassato certis venatibus arcu,
Phœbus adhuc nigris rorantia tela venenis
Extincto Pythone ferens. Tunc insula notos
Lambit amica pedes, ridetque Ægæus alumnis
Lenior, & blando testatur gaudia fluctu.
Sic Proba præcipuo natos exornat amictu;
Quæ decorat mundum: cujus Romana potestas
Fœtibus augetur. Credas ex æthere lapsam
Stare pudicitiam, vel sacro thure vocatam
Junonem Inachiis oculos advertere templis.
Talem nulla refert antiquis pagina libris,
Nec Latiæ cecinere tubæ, nec Græca vetustas:
Conjuge digna Probo: nam tantum cœtibus exstat.
Femineis, quantum supereminet ille maritos:
Ceu sibi certantes sexus quid possit uterque
Hunc legere torum. Taceat Nereida nuptam
Pelion, duplici fœcundam Consule matrem,
Felicemque uterum, qui nomina parturit annis.
Ut sceptrum gessere manu, membrisque rigentes
Aptavere togas, signum dat summus hiulca

When Delos*, lately moving from her place,
Recalled them to her nourishing embrace.
Diana, far from Mænalus' high hill
And savage thickets, leaves her bow of skill;
Bright Phœbus, Python's vanquisher renowned,
The darts still bears with poison reeking found;
The friendly isle, their feet with kisses meets:
Ægeus, calmed, with gentle billows greets.

Thus she, to whose pure worth the world assents;
Whose fruitfulness, the Roman pow'r, augments:
The virtuous Proba, for her sons prepares
The splendid ornaments each consul wears.
Descended from on high, we might suppose
Sweet Modesty;—or Juno when she throws
Her eyes on fumes that, soaring to the skies,
From incense burnt on Argos' altars, rise.
A mother such no ancient page displays;
Nor Muse of Greece nor Latium found to praise.
While Probus is the husbands' pattern shown,
His partner, for a rule, the wives should own.
The rival sexes anxiously have pressed,
By such an union, to produce the best.
No more let Pelion sound the blissful state
Of Nereus' daughter, when a wedded mate:
O happy mother! that at once can claim
Two sons who, consuls, give the year their name.

Now in their hands the iv'ry sceptres play:
Their limbs bedecked with dresses rich and gay;

* Delos was once a floating island, and therefore called *erratica Delos*.—See Ov. *Metam.* VI. 334.

Nube pater, gratamque facem per inane rotantes
Prospera vibrati tonuerunt omina nimbi.
Accepit sonitus curvis Tiberinus in antris,
Ima valle sedens, arrectisque auribus hæsit,
Unde repentinus cœli fragor. Ilicet herbis
Pallentes thalamos, & structa cubilia musco
Deserit, ac Nymphis urnam commendat herilem.
Illi glauca nitent hirsuto lumina vultu,
Cæruleis infecta notis, reddentia patrem
Oceanum: crispo densatur gramine colla,
Vertice luxuriat toto crinalis arundo:
Quam neque fas Zephyris frangi, nec sole perustam
Æstivo candore mori: sed vivida frondet
Æquævum complexa caput. Taurina levantur
Cornua temporibus raucos sudantia rivos.
Distillant per pectus aquæ. Frons hispida manat
Imbribus. In liquidos fontes se barba repectit.
Palla graves humeros velat, quam neverat uxor
Ilia, percurrens vitreas sub gurgite telas.

Est in Romuleo procumbens insula Tibri,
Qua medius geminas interfluit alveus urbes
Discretas subeunte freto, pariterque minantes
Ardua turrigeræ surgunt in culmina ripæ.
Hic stetit, & subitum prospexit ab aggere votum
Unanimes fratres, juncto stipante Senatu
Ire forum, strictasque procul radiare secures,
Atque uno bijuges tolli de limine fasces.
Obstupuit visu, suspensaque gaudia vocem
Oppressam tenuere diu; mox inchoat ore.

When suddenly the Heav'ns begin to shake;
From opening clouds the vivid flashes break;
Great Jove's loud thunders through the welkin roll,
And approbation spread from pole to pole.

The Tiber, in his winding vale profound,
Astonished hears in air the crackling sound.
In haste his bed of herbs and moss he quits,
And to the nymphs their master's urn commits.
The hard rough features and the opticks gray,
With streaks of green, old Ocean's son betray;
Around his neck thick grass; and on his head,
Instead of hair, reeds elegantly spread,
Which brave the Western winds and scorching sun,
And seem the same, whatever years have run.
The lofty horns upon his temples placed,
Pour streams that trickle down from chin to waist.
A mantle o'er his shoulders huge is thrown,
Of glossy threads, which Ilia's labours own.

Amid the Tiber's course an island stands:
Rome, like two cities, lies upon the strands,
With lofty tow'rs and battlements around,
That equally o'erspread the rising ground.
There, from a hill, as down he casts his eyes,
The god two brothers suddenly descries,
Encircled by the senators sedate,
Who, t'wards the Forum, move in solemn state;
The Axes, in advance, emitting light:
The Fasces, at the entrance, stand in sight.
Surprise and pleasure long his voice repress:
At length he silence breaks with this address.

Respice, si tales jactas aluisse fluentis,
Eurota Spartane, tuis. Quid protulit æquum
Falsus olor, valido quamvis decernere cæstu
Norint, & ratibus sævas arcere procellas?
En nova Ledæis soboles fulgentior astris.
Ecce mei cives: quorum jam Signifer optat
Adventum, stellisque parat convexa futuris.
Jam per noctivagos dominetur Olybrius axes
Pro Pulluce rubens, pro Castore flamma Probini.
Ipsi vela regent. Ipsis donantibus auras
Navita tranquillo moderabitur æquore pinum.
Nunc pateras libare Deis, nunc solvere multo
Nectare corda libet. Niveos jam pandite cœtus,
Naïdes, & totum violis prætexite fontem.
Mella ferant silvæ. Jam profluat ebrius amnis
Mutatis in vina vadis. Jam sponte per agros
Sudent irriguæ spirantia balsama venæ.
Currat, qui sociæ roget in convivia mensæ
Indigenas fluvios, Italis quicumque suberrant
Montibus, Alpinasque bibunt de more pruinas:
Vulturnusque rapax, & Nar vitiatus odoro

" HAVE e'er, Eurotas, noble Sparta's pride,
" Such brilliant nurselings shone upon thy side?
" The offspring of the god,—like swan concealed,
" Avaunt!—though these the cæstus* ably wield,
" Or, when fierce tempests agitate the deep,
" Direct the ships from danger how to keep.
" Let my young fav'rites meet thy eager sight:
" Behold two youths,—than Leda's stars more bright;
" For them already has the god of day
" Prepared a place within the spangled way.
" Olybrius, amid the vaulted sky,
" At night, will Pollux' splendid rays supply;
" While in Probinus' hand shall Castor's flame
" Illuminate the great etherial frame.
" The sails, at their command, with wind, will fill;
" Through seas becalmed the pilot steer at will.
" Now, now's the time to taste the flowing bowl,
" In honour of the pow'rs who ALL control;
" And, in the gen'rous juice that cheers the heart,
" Drown cank'ring care and soul-corroding smart.
" O Naiades!—your happy choirs display,
" And sweetest vi'lets o'er my fountain lay;
" Let honey-dews distil upon the trees:
" Replace with Nectar pure the rolling seas;
" While freely all the rivulets exhale
" The choicest perfumes to the passing gale.
" In haste—to feasts and banquets of delight,
" The streams, that glide through Latium's hills, invite,
" Which, in the season, suck the Alpine snows:—
" The fierce Vulturus, and the Nar that flows,

* A kind of club, or rather thong of leather, having plummets of lead fastened to it, used in boxing or wrestling.

Sulfure, tardatusque suis erroribus Ufens:
Et Phaëthonteæ perpessus damna ruinæ
Eridanus, flavæque terens quercetа Maricæ
Liris, & Œbaliæ qui temperat arva Galesus.
Semper honoratus nostris celebrabitur undis
Iste dies: semper dapibus recoletur opimis.
Sic ait, & Nymphæ patris præcepta secutæ
Tecta parant peplis: ostroque infecta corusco
Humida gemmiferis illuxit regia mensis.

O bene signatum fraterno nomine tempus!
O consanguineis felix auctoribus anne!
Incipe quadrifidum Phœbi torquere laborem.
Prima tibi procedat hiems, non frigore torpens,
Non canas vestita nives, non aspera ventis,
Sed tepido calefacta Noto. Ver inde serenum
Protinus, & liquidi clementior aura Favoni
Pratis te croceis pingat. Te messibus æstas
Induat, autumnusque madentibus ambiat uvis.
Omni nobilior lustro, tibi gloria soli
Contigit, exactum numquam memorata per ævum,
Germanos habuisse duces: te cuncta loquetur
Tellus, te variis scribent in floribus Horæ,
Longaque perpetui ducent in secula fasti.

" With sulph'rous vapours springing from the source;
" The tardy Ufens, winding in its course;
" The Po, to Phaeton a fatal stroke;
" The Liris clouded by Marica's oak;
" And smooth Galesus, that rich harvests yields,
" Diffusing plenty through Œbalia's fields.
" Each year, in my aquatick cell, this day
" Shall all that's mirth and jollity display."

He spoke: the Nymphs, attentive to his voice,
Their parent's palace, dress with sails of choice;
The humid mansion shines with purple dye,
And precious jewels on the tables lie.

O Happy epocha! auspicious year,
With name fraternal! mark of kindred dear,
Begin the four-cleft labours of the Sun:
May Winter, foremost where the coursers run,
Produce,—not numbing cold nor flaky snows,
Nor piercing wind that freezes while it blows,
But bring the moist and gentle Southern Breeze,
That warms the air and cheers the nodding trees.—
The charming Spring's return let Zephyrs greet;
The meadows, gild with flow'rets gay and sweet:—
The Summer spread rich harvests o'er the ground;—
And Autumn, purple grapes, intwine around.
The ages past no rival bring to view:
Blessed year! to thee alone the glory's due,—
Of like descent, two leaders to behold;
Through Earth thy favoured fortune shall be told:
On various flow'rs the Horæ write thy name,
And Time inscribe it in the page of fame.

CL. CLAUDIANI

IN RUFINUM.

LIBER I.

PRÆFATIO.

PHŒBEO domitus Python cum decidit arcu,
Membraque Cirrhæo fudit anhela jugo :
Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, sanguineis tangeret astra jubis :
Jam liber Parnassus erat, nexuque soluto
Cœperat erecta surgere fronde nemus.
Concussæque diu spatiosis tractibus orni
Securas ventis explicuere comas.
Et qui vipereo spumavit sæpe veneno
Cephissos liquidis purior ibat aquis.
Omnis, Io Pæan, regio sonat : omnia Phœbum
Rura canunt. Tripodas plenior aura rotat.
Auditoque procul Musarum carmine ducti,
Ad Themidis coëunt antra severa Dei.

INVECTIVES

AGAINST RUFINUS.

BOOK I.

PREFACE.

WHEN, by Apollo's bow, the Python died,
Which, in deep folds, could lofty mountains hide,
Streams swallow at a gasp, whate'er their size,
And strike his bloody crest against the skies,
His palpitating limbs the hill o'erspread
That shelters Cirrha with its biforked head.
At length Parnassus from the monster free,
And disentangled ev'ry branching tree,
Fresh buds appeared: the Ash which, in the plain,
Winds often shook, its leaves displayed again;
Cephissus' waters, that with venom foamed,
Now pure and limpid, t'wards the ocean roamed.
Loud acclamations rang the region round,
And Phœbus' praise reechoed in the sound.
The winds, no more obstructed in their course,
Again the Tripods rock with gentle force.
Hark! hark!—the MUSES have resumed their song:
The gods, in Themis' grot, to hear them, throng.

Nunc alio Domini telis Pythone peremto
Convenit ad nostram sacra caterva lyram.
Qui stabilem servant Augustis fratribus orbem,
Justitia pacem, viribus arma tegunt.

And now I sing another Python slain,
By one designed our glory to maintain.
Those who, for Cæsar's heirs, preserve the state,
With fond attention hear what I relate:—
Who find in justice and the force of arms,
The pledge of peace and potent shield from harms.

SÆPE mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
Curarent Superi terras, an nullus inesset
Rector, & incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
Nam cum dispositi quæsissem fœdera mundi,
Præscriptosque mari fines, annisque meatus,
Et lucis noctisque vices : tunc omnia rebar
Consilio firmata Dei, qui lege moveri
Sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,
Qui variam Phœben alieno jusserit igni
Compleri, Solemque suo : porrexerit undis
Litora : tellurem medio libraverit axe.
Sed cum res hominum tanta caligine volvi
Adspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes,
Vexarique pios : rursus labefacta cadebat
Relligio, caussæque viam non sponte sequebar.
Alterius, vacuo quæ currere semina motu
Affirmat, magnumque novas per inane figuras
Fortuna, non arte, regi : quæ Numina sensu
Ambiguo vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.
Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini pœna tumultum,
Absolvitque Deos. Jam non ad culmina rerum

BOOK I.

TWO adverse sentiments, with doubts combined,
Have oft divided my unsettled mind:—
If o'er this orb the Pow'rs ABOVE have sway,
Or MAN be blindly left to grope his way?
For when the mundane harmony I knew;—
The ocean limited:—the seasons true;—
The regular return of day and night:
I cried—a GOD directs with prescient light.
The stars his laws observe;—the fruits appear,
In turn, at diff'rent periods of the year;
Inconstant Phœbe freely borrows rays;
And SOL, his own resplendent beams, displays;
The wavy waters are by shores controlled;
And, balanced on its axis, EARTH is rolled.
But when the lot of human kind I found
Involved in mazy darkness, spread around;
CRIME revelling in joy and plenteous store,
While suff'ring VIRTUE dire distresses bore:
Religion, weakened, lost again her sway,
And, with regret, I turned another way.
All NATURE's elements, in empty space,
At random move and various figures trace;
No Heav'nly pow'r, but CHANCE appears to guide;
No gods:—or mortals' actions they deride.

RUFINUS dead!—my mind's at length relieved;
Absolved the deities by what's achieved;

Injustos crevisse queror. Tolluntur in altum,
Ut lapsu graviore ruant. Vos pandite vati
Pierides, quo tanta lues eruperit ortu.
Invidiæ quondam stimulis incanduit atrox
Alecto, placidas late cum cerneret urbes.
Protinus infernas ad limina tetra sorores
Consilium deforme vocat. Glomerantur in unum
Innumeræ pestes Erebi, quascumque sinistro
Nox genuit fœtu: nutrix Discordia belli,
Imperiosa Fames, leto vicina Senectus,
Impatiensque sui Morbus, Livorque secundis
Anxius, & scisso mœrens velamine Luctus,
Et Timor, & cæco præceps Audacia vultu,
Et Luxus populator opum, quem semper adhærens
Infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas,
Fœdaque Avaritiæ complexæ pectora matris
Insomnes longo veniunt examine Curæ.
Complentur vario ferrata sedilia cœtu,
Torvaque collectis stipatur Curia monstris.
Alecto stetit in mediis. Vulgusque tacere
Jussit, & obstantes in tergum reppulit hydros,
Perque humeros errare dedit: tum corde sub imo
Inclusam rabidis patefecit vocibus iram.

No wretch, to honours raised, shall me appal:
The higher carried, greater is the fall.

HARMONIOUS NINE to me the sources name,
From whence this execrable monster came.

WHEN tranquil peace the empire lately blessed,
Infuriate envy filled Alecto's breast;
In haste she called her hideous sisters round,
To form a council in the gloom profound:
Infernal, num'rous pests, detesting light,
Begot by Erebus and odious NIGHT.
Dire DISCORD, nurse of war, and FAMINE too;
OLD AGE with ghastly DEATH upheld to view;
DISEASE impatient, seeking to destroy;
And MALICE, pining at another's joy;
DEEP SORROW, covered with a tattered veil,
In sable robe distresses to bewail;
MISTRUST; and IMPUDENCE with brazen face;
And LUXURY where, ruin, empires trace;
And POVERTY, that trembles with alarms,
While in the mother, AVARICE's arms,
(Loathed, filthy monster!) nestle swarms of CARES,
Whose watchful eyes ne'er feel what SLEEP prepares.

THE iron benches of the dreary place
Were crowded soon by this infernal race;
Alecto stood amid the ghastly group,
And silence ordered to the noisy troop.
The snakes that twined about her brow and hair,
She o'er her shoulders threw with careless air,
And let them range at will, while she expressed
The frantick rage that burned within her breast.

Siccine tranquillo produci secula cursu,
Sic fortunatas patiemur vivere gentes?
Quo nova corrumpit nostros clementia mores?
Quo rabies innata perit? Quid inania prosunt
Verbera? Quid facibus nequicquam cingimur atris?
Heu nimis ignavæ, quas cœlo Jupiter arcet,
Theodosius terris. En aurea nascitur ætas.
En proles antiqua redit. Concordia, Virtus,
Cumque Fide Pietas alta cervice vagantur,
Insignemque canunt nostra de plebe triumphum,
Pro dolor, ipsa mihi liquidas delapsa per auras
Justitia insultat, vitiisque à stirpe recisis
Elicit oppressas tenebroso carcere leges.
At nos indecores longo torpebimus ævo,
Omnibus ejectæ regnis? agnoscite tandem
Quid furias deceat, consuetas sumite vires;
Conventuque nefas tanto decernite dignum.
Jam cupio Stygiis invadere nubibus astra,
Jam flatu violare diem, laxare profundo
Fræna mari, ruptis fluvios immittere ripis,

" SHALL quietly the AGES thus be rolled,
" And we mankind a happy race behold?
" What clemency unknown pervades our mind?
" Have we our native cruelty resigned?
" For what these whips?—these burning torches round?
" Alas! here's nought but sloth at present found.
" Against us Jupiter has shut the skies,
" And Theodosius what beneath them lies.
" Another golden age appears in view:
" Behold the ancient race returns anew;
" And CONCORD, VIRTUE, PIETY revered,
" With PUBLICK FAITH again their heads have reared;
" The universe they overrun at will,
" And sing their triumphs o'er our forces' skill.
" O grief!—e'en fallen JUSTICE braves my sight;
" Through liquid air she boldly takes her flight:
" Extirpates CRIMES, and from dark prisons draws
" Those long oppressed, incarcerated LAWS.
" Shall we, of ev'ry safe retreat bereft,
" In torpid rest eternally be left?
" Not so:—let us resume the FURIES' ways:
" Against mankind our usual weapons raise,
" And plans devise of villany with speed,
" That, worthy of ourselves, we may proceed.
" I long already round the stars to fix
" A cloud of noisome vapours from the Styx;
" With sulph'rous breath defile the beams of day;
" The depth profound of OCEAN open lay;
" The bursting rivers from their banks relieve,
" And desolation thoroughly achieve."

Et rerum vexare fidem. Sic fata cruentum
Mugiit, & tortos serpentum erexit hiatus,
Noxiaque effudit concusso crine venena.
Anceps motus erat, vulgi pars maxima bellum
Indicit Superis: pars Ditis jura tuentur.
Dissensuque alitur rumor. Ceu murmurat alti
Impacata quies pelagi, cum flamine fracto
Durat adhuc sævitque tumor, dubiumque per æstum
Lassa recedentis fluitant vestigia venti.

Improba mox surgit tristi de sede Megæra,
Quam penes insani fremitus, animique profanus
Error, & undantes spumis furialibus iræ.
Non nisi quæsitum cognata cæde cruorem,
Illicitumve bibit, patrius quem fuderit ensis,
Quem dederint fratres. Hæc terruit Herculis ora,
Et defensores terrarum polluit arcus:
Hæc Athamantheæ direxit spicula dextræ:
Hæc Agamemnonios inter bacchata penates
Alternis lusit jugulis: hac auspice tedæ
Œdipoden matri, natæ junxere Thyesten.
Quæ tunc horrisonis effatur talia dictis.

THIS said, her bloody mouth gave dreadful cries;
The twining snakes made gasps of hugest size;
And oft with fury as she shook her head,
A horrid poison from her hair was shed.

Two diff'rent sentiments among them reigned;
Some wished that war 'gainst Heav'n should be maintained;
While others felt respect for Pluto's laws:
Tumultuous clamour fed DISSENSION's cause.
Thus, after storms, the waving billows keep
A hollow roaring o'er the wat'ry DEEP;
In broken blasts the raging winds subside,
And feebly furrow OCEAN as they glide.

STRAIGHT, from her iron seat, Megæra rose,
From whom each heart-tormenting poison flows,
Whose pow'r can plunge the mind in anguish dire,
And frantick, foaming rage, at will, require.
If, by a father's hand, a son be slain,
Or death, from brother's sword, a brother gain,
Such kindred slaughter gratifies her spite,
And fills her hideous bosom with delight.
'Twas she who made e'en Hercules turn pale,
And, with his bow, the human race assail;
'Twas she directed Athamas's darts:
Her barb'rous freaks and sanguinary arts,
Through Agamemnon's palace mis'ry spread,
And, with a double crime, her malice fed;
'Twas she who, seeking anxiously for strife,
To Œdipus his mother gave for wife:
A daughter to Thyestes's embrace:
Thus spoke Megæra with infuriate face.

Signa quidem, ô sociæ, Divos attollere contra
Nec fas est, nec posse reor: sed lædere mundum
Si libet, & populis commune intendere letum,
Est mihi prodigium cunctis immanius hydris,
Tigride mobilius fœta, violentius Austris
Acribus, Euripi refluis incertius undis,
Rufinus. Quem prima meo de matre cadentem
Suscepi gremio. Reptavit parvus in isto
Sæpe sinu, teneroque per ardua colla volutus
Ubera quæsivit fletu, linguisque trisulcis
Mollia lambentes finxerunt ora cerastæ.
Meque etiam tradente dolos, artemque nocendi
Et didicit simulare fidem, sensusque minaces
Protegere, & blando fraudem prætexere risu,
Plenus sævitiæ, lucrique cupidine fervens.
Non Tartessiacis illum satiarit arenis
Tempestas pretiosa Tagi, non stagna rubentis
Aurea Pactoli: totumque exhauserit Hermum,
Ardebit majore siti. Quam fallere mentes
Doctus, & unanimos odiis turbare sodales!

" O SISTERS! 'gainst the gods our arms to use,
" Both pow'r and duty equally refuse;
" But if you fondly wish to lead mankind
" Where nought but wretchedness and death they'll find,
" A horrid monster will assistance lend:
" The Hydra's cruelty to his would bend;
" Not to the tigress, feeling for her young,
" Does more conspicuous wariness belong;
" Less boist'rous prove the piercing SOUTHERN GALES;
" Euripus less perfidious when he fails
" With regularity to ebb and flow:—
" Such is the monster!—such Rufinus know.
" The mother's arms resigned the child to mine;
" Oft round this neck his infant limbs he'd twine:
" With tender tears the sweet lactation seek,
" While my horned serpents tried to make him sleek:
" With three-forked tongues they used their utmost skill,
" And softly licked and fashioned him at will.
" Myself instructed him in ev'ry art,
" How best to dupe, or poignant pain impart;
" His crimes conceal; his sentiments disguise;
" And, smiles displaying, vilest plots devise.
" The love of gain and cruelty unite
" To fill his breast with vehement delight.
" Not Tagus' precious wave;—Tartessus' sands;—
" Nor golden bed, Pactolus' stream commands,
" His breast could satiate:—e'en the Hermus' ore,
" Were that exhausted, still he'd thirst for more.
" His cunning can the mind deceive at will,
" And bosom-friends with mutual hatred fill.

Talem progenies hominum si prisca tulisset;
Pirithoum fugeret Theseus; offensus Orestem
Desereret Pylades; odisset Castora Pollux.
Ipsa quidem fateor vinci rabidoque magistram
Prævenit ingenio: nec plus sermone morabor.
Solus habet quidquid scelerum possedimus omnes.
Hunc ego, si vestræ res est accommoda turbæ,
Regalem ad summi producam principis aulam.
Sit licet ille Numa gravior, sit denique Minos;
Cedet, & insidiis nostri flectetur alumni.

Orantem sequitur clamor, cunctæque profanas
Porrexere manus, inventaque tristia laudant.
Illa, ubi cæruleo vestes connexuit angue,
Nodavitque adamante comas, Phlegethonta sonorum
Poscit, & ambusto flagrantis ab aggere ripæ
Ingentem piceo succendit gurgite pinum,
Pigraque veloces per Tartara concutit alas.

Est locus, extremum qua pandit Gallia litus,
Oceani prætentus aquis, ubi fertur Ulysses
Sanguine libato populum movisse silentem.
Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantum
Flebilis auditur questus. Simulacra coloni

" Of old, had such another shown his head,
" 'Twould Theseus from Pirithoüs have led:
" From his Orestes, Pylades estranged;
" And Pollux' love for Castor wholly changed.
" That I'm outdone, indeed, I will allow;
" His wickedness requires no lessons now;
" Nor shall I longer on the subject dwell:
" In all our Hellish ways he can excel.
" If he, your views, is likely to support,
" I'll guide him to the greatest sov'reign's court,
" A prince considered—more than Numa sage:—
" Another Minos, possibly, with age.
" Our pupil's snares so artfully he'll lay,
" That Theodosius will at length give way."
LOUD acclamations followed what she said;
Their impious hands they t'wards her fondly spread;
Her fertile schemes and unrelenting ways
Received from all the most unbounded praise.
Now in a serpent's folds her dress she twined;
A clasp of adamant her hair confined,
Obtained from Phlegethon's harsh-sounding stream;
When, standing on the banks, 'mid sulph'rous steam,
She thrust a lofty pine, to take the fire,
Within the liquid flame of vengeance dire;
Then, with the brand, she took her rapid flight
O'er Tartarus, eternal realms of night!
WHERE Gaul's extensive coasts the OCEAN bound,
There lies a place in which Ulysses found,
A bloody sacrifice disturbed the shades,
Whom gloomy silence constantly pervades.
Still doleful moans from flitting spectres rise;
The natives phantoms see and hear their cries.

Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras.
Hinc Dea prosiliit, Phœbique egressa serenos
Infecit radios, ululatuque æthera rupit
Terrifico. Sensit ferale Britannia murmur,
Et Senonum quatit arva fragor, revolutaque Tethys
Substitit, & Rhenus projecta torpuit urna.
Tunc in canitiem mutatis sponte colubris
Longævum mentita senem, rugisque severas
Persulcata genas, & ficto languida passu,
Invadit muros Elusæ, notissima dudum
Tecta petens, oculisque diu liventibus hæsit,
Pejorem mirata virum. Tunc talia fatur.

Otia te, Rufine, juvant? frustraque juventæ
Consumis florem patriis inglorius arvis?
Heu nescis quid fata tibi, quid sidera donent,
Quid fortuna paret. Toti dominabere mundo,
Si parere velis. Artus ne sperne seniles.
Namque mihi magicæ vires, ævique futuri

MEGÆRA thither winged her airy way;
The fury's presence dimmed e'en Phœbus' ray;
And, as through ether's space she soared on high,
Her hideous howlings rent the vaulted sky.
The piercing, dismal screams reached Britain's shore:
Earth shook the Sinonés amid the roar;
The sea, repelled, stood still, devoid of force:
The Rhine, benumbed, no longer kept his course.

To look like age, herself she now arranged;
The twining snakes to hoary tresses changed;
Deep marks of lengthened years o'erspread her face,
And wrinkled furrows quickly found a place.
With languid steps she reached Elusa's* gate,
And to Rufinus' mansion hastened straight,
A roof well known, where fixed she stood awhile,
With piercing, livid eyes, and ghastly smile,
In admiration of the vilest man:
At length to greet the wretch she thus began.

" WHAT!—'mid paternal fields, Rufinus, waste
" Thy youthful bloom, and glory never taste?
" Thou know'st not surely what's for thee designed,
" By FATE, or bounteous HEAV'N, or FORTUNE kind.
" If thou'lt but listen and my will obey,
" Thou shalt the universe at pleasure sway.
" Respect this face, which aged looks conceal:
" I magick force can easily reveal;
" In me resides the pow'rful, sov'reign art,
" That can futurity's decrees impart.

* A town of Gascony, in France, where Rufinus was born.

Præscius ardor inest. Novi quo Thessala cantu
Eripiat lunare jubar, quid signa sagacis
Ægypti valeant, qua gens Chaldæa vocatis
Imperet arte Deis. Nec me latuere fluentes
Arboribus succi, funestarumque potestas
Herbarum, quidquid letali gramine pollens
Caucasus, & Scythicæ vernant in carmina rupes,
Quas legit Medea ferox, & callida Circe.
Sæpius horrendos Manes sacrisque citavi
Nocturnis Hecaten, & condita funera traxi
Carminibus victura meis, multosque canendo,
Quamvis Parcarum restarent fila, peremi.
Ire vagas quercus, & fulmen stare coëgi,
Versaque non prono curvavi flumina lapsu
In fontes reditura suos. Neu vana locutum
Me fortasse putes, mutatos cerne Penates.
Dixerat: & niveæ (mirum) cœpere columnæ
Ditari, subitoque trabes lucere metallo.
Illecebris capitur, nimiumque elatus avaro
Pascitur intuitu. Sic Rex ad prima tumebat
Mæonius, pulcro cum verteret omnia tactu.
Sed postquam riguisse dapes, fulvamque revinctos,
In glaciem vidit latices; tum munus acerbum
Sensit, & inviso votum damnavit in auro.

" I know the spell by which th' enchantress gains
" The lunar ray, that all her fame maintains;
" What mean those figures of th' Egyptians sage;
" And by what skill Chaldæans Heav'n engage;
" The juices drawn from trees; the pois'nous flow'r;
" The herbs of Caucasus with deadly pow'r;
" The charms that from the Scythian rocks arise:
" Whate'er Medea gleans, or Circé tries.
" Oft when at night I've sacrifices made,
" Around I've brought the horrid MANES' shade,
" And three-fold Hecaté, besides a train
" Of ghastly dead, who in the tomb had lain.
" E'en numbers by my voice have been undone,
" Though by the Parcæ still their thread was spun.
" I've made the nodding oaks their woods forsake:
" The thunder cease the elements to shake;
" And rivers, winding in their nat'ral course,
" I've forced to turn and seek again their source.
" But lest untrue thou should'st my words suppose:—
" Behold the change thy mansion undergoes!"

THIS said, O wonderful! the columns white
Began to shine and sparkle to the sight;
With precious gems the ceilings straight were dressed,
Which charmed Rufinus' avaricious breast.

SUCH proved the transports of Mæonia's king,
When first his touch commenced pure gold to bring;
But when his table-dainties solid grew,
And wine, like yellow metal, met his view,
The gift appeared most hateful to behold,
And Midas cursed his pow'r, 'mid odious gold.

Ergo animi victus, Sequimur quocumque vocaris
Seu tu vir, seu Numen, ait: patriaque relicta
Eoas jussu Furiæ tendebat ad arces,
Instabilesque olim Symplegadas, & freta remis
Inclita Thessalicis qua celsa Bosporus urbe
Splendet, & Odrysiis Asiam disterminat oris.
Ut longum permensus iter, ductusque maligno
Stamine fatorum claram subrepsit in aulam,
Ilicit ambitio nasci; discedere rectum;
Venum cuncta dari. Profert arcana, clientes
Fallit, & ambitos a principe vendit honores.
Ingeminat crimen, commoti pectoris ignem
Nutrit, & exiguum stimulando vulnus acerbat.

Ac velut innumeros amnes accedere Nereus
Nescit, & undantem quamvis hinc hauriat Istrum,
Hinc bibat æstivum septeno gurgite Nilum,
Par semper, similisque meat: sic fluctibus auri
Expleri calor ille nequit. Cuicunque monile

Rufinus' sentiments at once complied:—
"Whate'er thou be, or man or god," he cried,
"Thy call I'll follow."—Straight he took his way
Where bright Aurora opes the gates of day,
In distant climes;—the FURY smiled consent
As t'wards the famed Symplegades he went,
('Till lately, changing oft;)—the narrow shores
That form the strait where shone Thessalian oars;—
The Bosphorus, where stands the splendid place,
Which severs Asia from the coast of Thrace.

At length arrived where evidently led
The horrid DESTINIES' malicious thread;
He entered craftily a court renowned;
There fell AMBITION presently was found;
Away INTEGRITY her chariot rolled,
And to the highest bidder all was sold.
The royal secrets freely were disclosed;
Each client's business openly exposed;
And honours, through the prince's favour, gained,
For money easily might be obtained.
Each day was CRIME in blacker colours dressed;
With flame he fed the monarch's aking breast;
And, irritating with malicious art,
To trivial wounds applied th' envenomed dart.

THUS Nereus, while he swallows num'rous streams,
Insensible of augmentation seems;
Though *here* the Ister's waters he receives,
And *there* the sev'n-mouthed Nile its tribute leaves,
Yet still the same;—accumulation steals:
No added bulk the son of Tethys feels.

Contextum gemmis, aut prædia culta fuissent,
Rufino populandus erat, dominoque parabat.
Exitium fœcundus ager; metuenda colonis
Fertilitas. Laribus pellit, detrudit avitis
Finibus, aut aufert vivis, aut occupat heres.
Congestæ cumulantur opes, orbisque rapinas
Accipit una domus. Populi servire coacti,
Plenaque privato succumbunt oppida regno.

Quo vesane ruis? teneas utrumque licebit
Oceanum, laxet rutilos tibi Lydia fontes,
Jungantur solium Crœsi, Cyrique tiara:
Numquam dives eris, numquam fatiabere quæstu.
Semper inops, quicumque cupit. Contentus honesto
Fabricius parvo spernebat munera Regum,
Sudabatque gravi Consul Serranus aratro,
Et casa pugnaces Curios angusta tegebat.
Hæc mihi paupertas opulentior: hæc mihi tecta
Culminibus majora tuis. Tibi quærit inanes
Luxuries nocitura cibos. Mihi donat inemtas

So with Rufinus, burning still for more,
His thirst unquenched by floods of golden ore;
If he a collar richly set espy;
Or plains well cultivated meet his eye;
No matter who the property may own:
Their rights are by the monster overthrown.
If fertile fields the husbandman perceives,
His ruin near he instantly believes:
The ripening crops which wear a fruitful face,
Instead of wealth prognosticate disgrace.
THIS from his household gods is rudely torn;
THAT from a father's ancient meadows borne:
Whate'er the living occupy, he takes:
What's left the heir,—his own at once he makes;
One house the universe's wealth contains,
Where heaped in num'rous piles the spoil remains;
Compelled to serve, the people feel dismay;
And cities crouch to petty-tyrant sway.
O WHITHER, madman! does thy fury draw?
Were both the seas submitted to thy law:
Though Lydia's flowing streams for thee should shine,
Or Crœsus' throne and Cyrus' crown be thine,
Still would thy greedy bosom sigh for more:
Still pant,—ne'er satiated with precious ore.
While ardent appetite pervades the breast,
Man's ever needy:—always feels distressed.
In virtuous poverty content to live,
Fabricius scorned whatever kings could give;
Serranus, though a consul, held the plough,
While perspiration trickled o'er his brow;
And in a narrow hut those leaders dwelled,
Both Curius named, whose martial deeds excelled.

Terra dapes. Rapiunt Tyrios ibi vellera fucos,
Et picturatæ saturantur murice vestes :
Hic radiant flores, & prati viva voluptas
Ingenio variata suo. Fulgentibus illic
Surgunt strata toris : hic mollis panditur herba,
Sollicitum curis non abruptura soporem.
Turba salutantum latas ibi perstrepit ædes :
Hic avium cantus, labentis murmura rivi.
Vivitur exiguo melius. Natura beatis
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.
Hæc si nota forent, frueremur simplice cultu :
Classica non fremerent : non stridula fraxinus iret :
Non ventus quateret puppes, non machina muros.
Crescebat scelerata sitis, prædæque recentis
Incestus flagrabat amor, nullusque petendi
Cogendive pudor, crebris perjuria nectit
Blanditiis : sociat perituro fœdere dextras.
Si semel è tantis poscenti quisque negasset,
Effera prætumido quatiebat corda furore.

O mediocrity! thy charms I hold
Give more delight than all this plundered gold!'
The humble cot, to me, superior seems,
To what Rufinus stately mansions deems.
Thy dishes, wretch! are often baneful found:
Mine are unbought,—which EARTH bestows around.
For thee the fleece imbibes the Tyrian dye,
And purple figures o'er thy garments lie;
Here flow'rs alone their beauteous tints display,
And NATURE decks with green the meadows gay.
There beds superb, with all that art supplies
To make them soft and elegant, arise;
For *me* a couch of grass and herbs is spread,
Where, undisturbed by cares, I lay my head.
Thy doors the mob assail with clam'rous screams:—
Birds sing at mine, while murmur purling streams.
Most happiness is found in pittance small:
Bliss was a boon which NATURE meant for ALL.
If human-kind the value truly knew,
The charms of rural life they'd keep in view;
No clangs of war would then reecho round:
No arrows pierce the air with whistling sound;
The winds not rock the vessels on the DEEP;
Nor engines walls from mighty cities sweep.

EACH day in wickedness he bolder grew,
And, void of shame, still burned for something new;
To perjuries he joined the soft caress,
And hands, of victims marked, would fondly press.
If e'er opposed in what he wished to gain,
Rage filled his breast and rushed through ev'ry vein.

Quæ sic Gætuli jaculo percussa leæna,
Aut Hyrcana premens raptorem bellua Parthum,
Aut serpens calcata furit? jurata Deorum
Majestas teritur: nusquam reverentia mensæ,
Non conjux, non ipse simul, non pignora cæsa
Sufficiunt odiis: non exstinxisse propinquos,
Non notos egisse sat est. Excindere cives
Funditus, & nomen gentis delere laborat.
Nec celeri mittit leto: crudelibus ante
Suppliciis fruitur. Cruciatus, vincla, tenebras
Dilato mucrone parat. Prò sævior ense
Parcendi rabies, concessaque vita dolori!
Mors adeone parum? caussis fallacibus instat;
Arguit attonitos se judice. Cætera segnis,
Ad facinus velox: penitus regione remotas
Impiger ire vias. Non illum Sirius ardens,
Brumave Rhipæo stridens Aquilone retardat,

What wounded lioness the like has shown
When by Gætulian arrows overthrown?
Or fierce Hyrcanian tigress, as she tries
To make the Parthian plunderer her prize?
Or serpent, writhing with the poignant smart,
That spreads, if trodden on, from head to heart?

To oaths or gods he no attention paid;
'Mid feasts his bloody scenes were often laid;
Nor wife, nor husband, nor their children slain,
Sufficed his savage hatred to restrain;
Nor friends nor kindred from each other torn:
These death to suffer:—*those* to exile borne;
All insufficient for his spite malign,
Still would he citizens to dust consign,
And ev'ry fell device with labour frame,
To blot from memory their very name.

Nor would he doom to death at once his prey,
But seek, with cruel torments, to delay,
'Mid chains, and dungeons dark, and anguish dire,
The blow with which their suff'rings might expire.
O fury! worse thy pity than the sword:
Suspended tortures agonies afford;
And life's conceded but to rack the more,
As if the pains of death too soon were o'er!

His object he'd pursue with wily art:
Himself the judge, he'd dread surprise impart!
In Crimes most active;—dull in all beside:
Through distant climes with rapid course he'd glide;
Nor dog-days' heat; nor those with lengthened night,
When storms pervade Rhipheus' cloudy height;

Effera torquebant avidæ præcordia curæ,
Effugeret ne quis gladios, neu perderet ullum
Augusto miserante, nefas. Non flectitur annis: -
Non ætate labat. Juvenum rorantia colla
Ante patrum vultus stricta cecidere securi.
Ibat grandævus nato moriente superstes
Post trabeas exsul. Quis prodere tanta relatu
Funera, quis cædes possit deflere nefandas?
Quid tale immanes umquam gessisse feruntur
Vel Sinis Isthmiaca pinu, vel rupe profunda
Sciron, vel Phalaris tauro, vel carcere Sulla?
O mites Diomedis equi: Busiridis aræ
Clementes. Jam Cinna pius, jam Sparthace lenis
Rufino collatus eris. Dejecerat amens
Occultis odiis terror, tacitique sepultos
Suspirant gemitus, indignarique verentur.

At non magnanimi virtus Stiliconis eodem
Fracta metu: medio solus sed turbine rerum

Nor cold NORTH WINDS, that o'er the mountains sweep,
Could make him from his settled purpose keep,
His breast to dire disquietude a prey,
He feared lest some should plot to get away,
And suddenly escape the murd'rous knife:
Or, moved by pity, CÆSAR grant them life.
Nor age nor infancy could hope for grace:
Sons met the axe before the father's face;
And venerable parents, who had viewed
The weapon in their children's blood imbrued,
Escaping death, in exile doomed to sigh,
Dragged life and honours under foreign sky.

THE num'rous victims slaughtered, who could state,
Or impious havock thoroughly relate?
Were ever known such cruelties as these?—
Corinthian Sinis, with his bending trees,
Or Sciron's rock, or Phalaris's bull,
Or Scylla with his horrid dungeons full?
O gentle horses, Diomed, were thine!—
Busiris' altars equally benign!—
Compar'd to thee, Rufinus, Cinna's mild,
And Spartacus should merciful be styled.

THE dread of hatred lurking in his breast,
Their bursting sighs and sobs alone expressed;
Though by indignant rage their hearts were rent,
Yet still they durst not utter discontent.

HOWE'ER discouraged by prevailing fears,
Intrepid Stilicho the same appears.
Alone, in spite of terrours widely spread,
His archers with rapidity he led

Contra letiferos rictus, contraque rapacem
Movit tela feram, volucris non præpete cursu
Vectus equi, non Pegaseis adjutus habenis.
Hic cunctis optata quies, hic sola pericli
Turris erat, clipeusque trucem porrectus in hostem.
Hic profugis sedes, adversaque signa furori,
Servandis hic castra bonis : hucusque minatus
Hærebat, retroque fuga cedebat inerti.
Haud secus hiberno tumidus cum vortice torrens
Saxa rotat volvitque nemus, pontesque revellit,
Frangitur objectu scopuli, quærensque meatum
Spumat, & illisa montem circumtonat unda.
Qua dignum te laude feram, qui pene ruenti,
Lapsuroque tuos humeros objeceris orbi?
Te nobis trepidæ ceu sidus dulce carinæ
Ostendere Dei, geminis quæ lassa procellis
Tunditur, & victo trahitur jam cæca magistro.
Inachius rubro perhibetur in æquore Perseus
Neptuni domuisse pecus; sed tutior alis.
Te non penna vehit. Rigida cum Gorgone Perseus:
Tu non viperææ defensus crine Medusæ.

Against a monster, seeking to devour,
And overturn the constituted pow'r.
His horse's fleetness aided not his speed,
Nor seemed he Pegasus's wings to need;
The universe grew tranquil at his sight,
And dangers vanished with ignoble flight.
The virtuous ev'ry way protection found,
And menaces no more reechoed round.

So when, in winter, swollen torrents sweep
Large stones, and trees, and bridges, down the steep,
If intercepted by a lofty rock,
That bears immoveably th' impetuous shock:
Impatient of obstruction in their course,
They foam with thund'ring roar and broken force.

What praises, Stilicho, should thee await,
Whose nervous arm preserved a tott'ring state?
Propitious star! that came with sudden light
To save the ship amid the gloom of night,
When adverse winds began to overwhelm,
And drove the wearied pilot from the helm.

Acrisius' grandson*, formerly, 'tis said,
In Greece a monster from the sea struck dead;
Of wings possessed, retreat was always sure;—
But thou with pinions wert not thus secure.
The son of Jove, begot in show'r of gold,
Was armed with Gorgons, horrid to behold;
But thee no vipers from Medusa's hair,
With hideous heads and tongues, have made their care.

* Perseus, the son of Jupiter and Danaë.

Illum vilis amor suspensæ virginis egit;
Te Romana salus. Taceat superata vetustas:
Herculeos conferre tuis jam desinat actus.
Una Cleonæum pascebat silva leonem.
Arcadiæ saltum vastabat dentibus unum
Sævus aper: tuque ô compressa matre rebellis
Non ultra Libyæ fines, Antæe, nocebas:
Solaque fulmineo resonabat Creta juvenco,
Lernæamque virens obsederat Hydra paludem.
Hoc monstrum non una palus, non una tremebat
Insula: sed Latia quidquid ditione subactum
Vivit, & à primis Ganges horrebat Iberis.
Hoc neque Geryones triplex, nec turbidus Orci
Janitor æquabunt, nec si concurrat in unum
Vis Hydræ, Scyllæque fames, & flamma Chimæræ
Certamen sublime diu, sed moribus impar
Virtutum, scelerumque fuit. Jugulare minatur:
Tu prohibes. Ditem spoliat: tu reddis egenti.

When he relieved the virgin from her chains,
'Twas silly love alone that warmed his veins;
But thou with nobler views wert seen to move:
Thy country's safety:—Rome's support to prove.
O ages past! your heroes cease to name:
With this compare not Hercules's fame.
A single wood Cleonæ's lion fed:
The fierce wild boar with tusks that terrour spread,
To one Arcadian space his rage confined,
Where lofty trees and bushes closely twined.
And thou, Antæus, who new strength couldst get,
If by thy mother EARTH's embraces met,
Thy furious ravages were never found,
To reach beyond the banks that Libya bound.
In Crete alone was heard the bull's loud roar;
And Lerna's lake the Hydra's venom bore.

THIS monster spread not terrours o'er a lake,
Nor made, with fear, a petty island shake;
But far as Roman arms their pow'r extend,
And peaceful nations in subjection bend,
From Ganges' waters to the further Spain,
His name dire horrour thrilled through ev'ry vein.
Not triple-bodied Geryon's mighty force,
Nor Hell's fierce porter could have stopped his course,
Nor if the Hydra's strength and Sylla's ire
Had formed a junction with Chimæra's fire.

THE struggle, though unequal, lasted long,
'Tween WICKEDNESS upheld and VIRTUE strong;
Rufinus' sword was on destruction bent,
While thine protection 'gainst his terrours lent;

Eruit: instauras. Accendit prælia: vincis.
Ac velut infecto morbus crudescere cœlo
Incipiens primos pecudum depascitur artus;
Mox populos urbesque rapit, ventisque perustis
Corruptos Stygiam pestem desudat in amnes:
Sic avidus prædo jam non per singula sævit;
Sed sceptris inferre minas, omnique perempto
Milite, Romanas ardet prosternere vires.
Jam gentes Istrumque movet, Scythiamque receptat
Auxilio, traditque suas hostilibus armis
Relliquias. Mistis descendit Sarmata Dacis,
Et qui cornipedes in pocula vulnerat audax
Massagetes, cæsamque bibens Mæotida Alanus,
Membraque qui ferro gaudet pinxisse Gelonus,
Rufino collecta manus. Vetat ille domari,
Innectitque moras, & congrua tempora differt.

In him the rich a plunderer beheld:
By thee the poor were cheered,—their fears dispelled;
Dire desolation spread where'er he ranged;
Thy presence all again to order changed;
While he 'mid wars alarms prepared to shine,
The victor's eulogy was solely thine.

'Tis thus beneath a pestilential sky,
At first Disease, the cattle, dooms to die;
But soon increasing, flies with rapid wing
O'er men and cities with envenomed sting;
The winds convey the poison far and wide,
And Styx's vapours drop on Ocean's tide.

So this base plunderer, when weary grown
Of pillaging the multitude alone,
His savage menaces 'gainst sceptres turned,
And, warriours' tombs and Rome to stamp on, burned.

For him Barbarian tribes to arms repaired,
The Danube moved, and Scythia war declared;
His shattered troops, which valour oft displayed,
He, basely, to the hostile force betrayed.
The stout Sarmatians from their mountains came;
With these the Dacians mixed their flags of fame:
The bold Massagetæ who ruddy make
The cup with horses' blood ere drink they take:
The cold Alanus, sweeping as he goes
Mæotis' rugged shores o'erspread with snows:
And Gelons who, with swords, deform their skin,
Rufinus artfully contrived to win.
With just anxiety thou sought'st delay,
Deferring efforts 'till convenient day.

Nam tua cum Geticas stravisset dextra catervas,
Ulta Ducis socii letum, parsque una maneret
Debilior, facilisque capi: tunc impius ille
Proditor imperii conjuratusque Getarum
Distulit instantes eluso principe pugnas,
Hunnorum laturus opem: quos affore bello
Norat, & invisis mox se conjungere castris.

Est genus extremos Scythiæ vergentis in ortus
Trans gelidum Tanaïn: quo non famosius ullum
Arctos alit. Turpes habitus, obscenaque visu
Corpora; mens duro numquam cessura labori.
Præda cibus, vitanda Ceres; frontemque secari
Ludus, & occisos pulcrum jurare parentes.
Nec plus nubigenas duplex natura biformes
Cognatis aptavit equis. Acerrima nullo
Ordine mobilitas, insperatique recursus.
Quos tamen impavidus contra spumantis ad Hebri
Tendis aquas, sic ante tubas ferrumque precatus:

In blood of Getæ, when thou veng'dst thy friend,*
Who, Latium's foes opposing, met his end,
Some troops remaining, weaker than the rest,
And easy to defeat when closely pressed,
The impious traitor then delayed the hour,
And with his rivals seemed to blend his pow'r:
Deferred the battle's rage with artful view,
That, joined by Huns, whose near approach he knew,
Th' imperial camp they better might engage,
And, thus united, prosp'rous warfare wage.

Beyond the Tanaïs, in regions cold,
Where Scythia views Aurora's beams unfold,
A race of hideous, savage monsters dwell,
The Arctos' rays on fiercer brutes ne'er fell:
Deformed in features, horrid to the sight,
Their minds can ev'ry labour render light;
With prey, obtained by daily efforts, fed,
They never dream of bounteous Ceres' bread;
'Tis pleasure scars upon the face to tear,
And glorious by a murdered sire to swear!
The biformed Centaur, Nature never fixed
With closer ties, when man and horse she mixed.
No settled plan their rapid movements guides,
And their return all certainty derides.

However, 'twards the Hebrus' foaming shore,
Thy troops the Roman standards boldly bore;
And ere the trumpet sounded through the air,
Or sword was drawn, thou thus beganst thy prayer:

* Promotus.

Mavors, nubifero seu tu procumbis in Æmo,
Seu te cana gelu Rhodope, seu remige Medo.
Sollicitatus Athos, seu caligantia nigris
Ilicibus Pangæa tenent, accingere mecum
Et Thracas defende tuos : si lætior adsit
Gloria, vestita spoliis donabere quercu.
Audiit illa pater, scopulisque nivalibus Æmi
Surgit, & hortatur celeres clamore ministros.
Fer galeam, Bellona, mihi, nexusque rotarum
Tende, Pavor : frœna rapidos Formido jugales.
Festinas urgete manus. Meus ecce paratur
Ad bellum Stilico, qui me de more tropæis
Ditat, & hostiles suspendit in arbore cristas.
Communes semper litui, communia nobis
Signa canunt, junctoque sequor tentoria curru.
Sic fatus campo insiliit, lateque fugatas
Hinc Stilico turmas, illinc Gradivus agebant,
Et clipeis & mole pares. Stat cassis utrique
Sidereis hirsuta jubis, loricaque cursu
Æstuat, & largo satiatur vulnere cornus.

" O MARS! reclining on the summits high
" Of Hemus' mount, where clouds obscure the sky;
" Or on the Rhodopé, where frosts abound;
" Or Athos, echoing with the oars' dull sound;
" Or dark Pangæus, 'mid the Ilex' shade:—
" Assist our arms:—thy fav'rite Thracians aid.
" Should glory crown our efforts with success,
" An oak, in honour, with the spoil we'll dress."

To this the god gave ear and straight arose
From Hemus' lofty rocks o'erspread with snows;
His clamour through the airy regions broke,
And to his anxious ministers he spoke:

" MY helmet bring, Bellona;—FEAR away,
" And fix the chariot-wheels without delay;
" The fiery coursers, TERROUR, yoke in haste,
" And let the reins to guide be quickly placed,
" Our hands of ev'ry diligence have need:
" See, Stilicho is ready to proceed,
" Who richest trophies to my name decrees,
" And hostile helmets hangs upon the trees.
" Whene'er those signals or loud clarions sound,
" His camps I follow, and am near him found."

THIS said, with rapid course the field he sought:
The god and Stilicho with fervour fought,
And drove the savage foe along the plain:—
Alike their arms increased the heaps of slain;
Erect upon their helmets stood the plumes:
Heat overspread their armour with its fumes;
So great the slaughter made on ev'ry side,
The sated lance with streams of blood was dyed.

Acrior interea voto, multoque Megæra
Luxuriata malo, mœsta deprendit in arce
Justitiam, diroque prior sic ore lacessit.
En tibi prisca quies, revocataque secula rursus,
Ut rebare, vigent. En nostra potentia cessit,
Nec locus est usquam Furiis. Huc lumina flecte.
Adspice barbaricis jaceant quot mœnia flammis,
Quas mihi Rufinus strages, quantumque cruoris
Præbeat, & quantis epulentur cædibus hydri.
Linque homines, sortemque meam: pete sidera: notis
Autumni te redde plagis, qua vergit in Austrum
Signifer. Æstivo sedes vicina Leoni
Jam pridem geminæque vacant confinia Libræ,
Atque utinam per magna sequi convexa liceret.

Diva refert; Non ulterius bacchabere demens.
Jam pœnas tuus iste dabit: jam debitus ultor
Imminet, & terras qui nunc, ipsumque fatigat
Æthera; nec vili moriens condetur arena.
Jamque aderit læto promissus Honorius ævo.
Nec forti genitore minor, nec fratre corusco:

MEANWHILE Megæra, quite elated grown,
To find atrocities profusely sown,
Perceived Astræa, sadly in distress,
To whom she made this insolent address:

" THOSE days of calm, and ages free from pain,
" Thou hast contrived, it seems, to bring again;
" And thus the FURIES not a spot have left!
" Here turn thy eyes:—see towns of walls bereft;
" Observe the flames where savages give aid:
" The horrid slaughter by Rufinus made;
" What massacres achieves his active sword,
" Which my loved Hydra bloody feasts afford.
" Quit! quit mankind, and leave to me their fate:
" Return above and there resume thy state,
" Among the stars that t'wards the SOUTH incline,
" And with their twinkling rays on AUTUMN shine.
" The neighb'ring summer LION thee attends,
" With equal LIBRA, who thy cause befriends.
" O how I wish that, through the vaulted sky,
" I could pursue thee to the realms on high!"

" MAD wretch!" replied the goddess, " soon thy reign
" Of horrours dire, its utmost length will gain;
" Thy hero's death will set the world at rest:
" Already by a conqueror he's pressed;
" Both EARTH and HEAV'N abhor the monster's sight:
" E'en dust shall be denied his fun'ral rite.
" The youth of promise now upon the throne,
" Honorius, long shall choicest blessings own,
" The happy rival of a father great,
" And brother clothed in ORIENTAL state.

Qui subigat Medos, qui cuspide proterat Indos.
Sub juga venturi reges. Calcabitur asper
Phasis equo, pontemque pati cogetur Araxes.
Tuque simul gravibus ferri religata catenis
Expellere die, debellatasque draconum
Tonsa jubas imo Barathri condere recessu.
Tum tellus communis erit: tum limite nullo
Discernetur ager: nec vomere sulcus adunco
Findetur. Subitis messor gaudebit aristis.
Rorabunt querceta favis: stagnantia passim
Vina fluent, oleique lacus: nec murice tinctis
Velleribus quæretur honos: sed sponte rubebunt
Attonito pastore greges, pontumque per omnem
Ridebunt virides gemmis nascentibus algæ.

" The Medes, his laws, shall ev'ry-where obey:
" His arms, the Indians, thoroughly dismay;
" And pow'rful kings prepare to meet the stroke,
" That shall compel them to receive the yoke.
" On frozen Phasis shall proud coursers tread,
" And o'er Araxes' stream a bridge be spread.
" With heavy iron chains on ev'ry limb,
" No more thy sight the solar ray shall dim;
" The twining serpents from thy forehead shorn,
" For ever Hell will be thy state forlorn.
" The earth shall then in common be enjoyed;
" No marks as bounds to fields will be employed;
" The ploughshare cease to furrow up the soil:
" The harvests rise without the farmer's toil;
" In drops the honey on the woods distil:
" With wine and oil the pools and lakes shall fill:
" No longer purple dyes be fondly sought,
" To stain the wool for splendid honours brought;
" But on the flocks a beauteous red shall rise;—
" The shepherd's bosom glow with marked surprise;
" And precious gems shall 'mid the grass-wrack glare,
" Where Pontus' shores a smiling verdure bear."

CL. CLAUDIANI

IN RUFINUM.

LIBER II.

PRÆFATIO.

PANDITE defensum reduces Helicona sorores.
Pandite, permissis jam licet ire choris.
Nulla per Aonios hostilis buccina campos
Carmina mugitu deteriore vetat.
Tu quoque securis pulsa formidine Delphis,
Floribus ultorem Delie cinge tuum.
Nullus Castalios latices, & præscia fati
Flumina polluto Barbarus ore bibit.
Alpheus late rabuit, Siculumque per æquor
Sanguineas belli rettulit unda notas.
Agnovitque novos absens Arethusa triumphos,
Et Geticam sensit teste cruore necem.

INVECTIVES

AGAINST RUFINUS.

BOOK II.

PREFACE.

O Sisters Nine! your term of exile's o'er;
Again the paths of Helicon restore:
Your choirs are free; no hostile trumpet's sound,
To thwart your songs, is in Aonia found.
Great god of Delos! thy avenger's brow
Adorn with flow'rs intwined with laurel bough;
No longer Delphi trembles with alarms,
And tranquil peace around diffuses charms;
No more Barbarians, with polluted lip,
Presume Castalia's sacred springs to sip;
With blood Alpheus* reddened, and the wave
Sicilian shores dire marks of battle gave.
And Arethusa learned, though far away,
By gore of Getæ, who had lost the day.

* The Alpheus is a famous river of Arcadia, which the ancients feigned to have sunk underground, and so passed beneath the sea to the river Arethusa in Sicily. See Virg. *Æn.* iii. 694, and Ov. *Ars Am.* iii. 6.

Immensis, Stilico, succedant otia curis,
Et nostræ patiens corda remitte lyræ.
Nec pudeat longos interrupisse labores,
Et tenuem Musis constituisse moram.
Fertur & indomitus tandem post prælia Mavors
Lassa per Odrysias fundere membra nives,
Oblitusque sui, posïta clementior hasta,
Pieriis aures pacificare modis.

O STILICHO! may long repose succeed
Those great fatigues, from which thou now art freed:—
Our lyre successfully delight impart,
And pleasing calm restore around thy heart.
Without a blush thou may'st at ease recline,
And sacrifice a little to the NINE.
When battles o'er, Mars, weary limbs, extends
On Thrasian snows; his martial rage suspends;
His arms lays by; with clemency appears;
And to Pierian strains inclines his ears.

JAM post edomitas Alpes, defensaque regna
Hesperiæ, merita complexus sede parentem
Auctior adjecto fulgebat sidere mundus,
Jamque tuis, Stilico, Romana potentia curis,
Et rerum commissus apex. Tibi credita fratrum
Utraque majestas, geminæque exercitus aulæ.
Rufinus (neque enim patiuntur sæva quietem
Crimina, pollutæque negant arescere fauces)
Infandis iterum terras accendere bellis
Inchoat, & solito pacem vexare tumultu.
Hæc etiam secum : Quanam ratione tuebor
Spem vitæ fragilem? qua tot depellere fluctus
Arte queam? premor hinc odiis : hinc milite cingor.
Heu quid agam? non arma mihi, non principis ullus
Auxiliatur amor. Matura pericula surgunt
Undique, & impositi radiant cervicibus enses.
Quid restat, nisi cuncta novo confundere luctu,

BOOK II.

THE Alps submitted, and Hesperia's realm
Protected from attempts to overwhelm;
The hero's merit meets the fond embrace,
And, 'mong the stars of night, receives a place.
O Stilicho! to thy protecting hand
The reins are giv'n that, Rome's success, command.
With thee the two-fold cares of brothers rest:—
The arms of empires both in EAST and WEST.

BUT crimes of blackest dye are never still,
And blood can scarcely jaws polluted fill;
Again Rufinus sought to spread alarms,
And peace disturb with horrid din of arms.

THE hideous monster to himself exclaimed:
" Alas! what wily method can be framed,
" On which some slender hopes of life to found,
" And dissipate the storm that threatens round.
" With deepest hatred I'm regarded here,
" And num'rous armies 'gainst me now appear.
" What line shall I pursue?—what plan contrive?—
" No troops have I;—no prince for me will strive;—
" On ev'ry side impending perils stare:
" Swords, o'er my head and shoulders, seem to glare.
" What's left for me to do, 'mid ruin hurled,
" But, in my fall, to drag a guiltless world?

Insontesque meæ populos miscere ruinæ?
Everso juvat orbe mori. Solatia leto
Exitium commune dabit; nec territus ante
Decedam. Cum luce simul linquenda potestas.
Hæc fatus, ventis veluti si frena remittat
Æolus, abrupto gentes sic objice fudit,
Laxavitque viam bellis, &, ne qua maneret
Immunis regio, cladem divisit in urbes,
Disposuitque nefas. Alii per terga ferocis
Danubii solidata ruunt, expertaque remos
Frangunt stagna rotis. Alii per Caspia claustra,
Armeniasque nives inopino tramite ducti
Invadunt Orientis opes. Jam pascua fumant
Cappadocum, volucrumque parens Argæus equorum.
Jam rubet altus Halys: nec se defendit iniquo
Monte Cilix. Syriæ tractus vastantur amœni;
Assuetumque choris, & læta plebe canorum
Proterit imbellem sonipes hostilis Orontem.
Hinc planctus Asiæ: Geticis Europa catervis
Ludibrio prædæque datur, frondentis adusque
Dalmatiæ fines: omnis qua mobile Ponti

" With realms o'erthrown 'tis bliss to yield our breath :
" The universal wreck consoles in death.
" While terrours reign, let me enjoy the hour,
" And from me snatch at once both life and pow'r."

THIS having said,—as Æolus unchains
At times the winds which he at will restrains,
So obstacles removed, Rufinus brought
The nations to engage in what he sought;
War's horrours left no country in repose,
And crimes and slaughter ev'ry-where arose.
Some rapid Danube's frozen surface tried,
And chariots rolled where oars had often plied;
While num'rous hordes, along the Caspian shore,
And through Armenian snows, their courses bore,
Exploring narrow paths and ways unknown,
That opened to th' imperial ORIENT throne.
With slaughter reeked the Cappadocian fields,
And where Argæus, broods of horses, yields;
The Halys reddened with the heaps of gore:
Cilicians, 'mid their rocks, defence gave o'er;
Dire devastation spread on ev'ry side,
Through Syria's charming plains and surface wide;
No pleasing concerts gratified the ear:
The horse, whose brisk and lively neighings cheer,
With step majestick pressed upon the clay,
Where (hating war,) Orontes makes his way.
In tears was Asia;—Europe too appeared
The scorn of Getæ, who no laws revered;
The terrour raised extended far around:—
E'en reached the mountains which Dalmatia bound.

Æquor, & Adriacas tellus interjacet undas,
Squalet inops pecudum, nullis habitata colonis,
Instar anhelantis Libyæ, quæ, torrida semper
Solibus, humano nescit mansuescere cultu.
Thessalus ardet ager. Reticet pastore fugato
Pelion. Emathias ignis populatur aristas.
Jam plaga Pannoniæ, miserandaque mœnia Thracum,
Arvaque Mysorum. Jam nulli flebile damnum,
Sed cursus solennis erat, campusque furori
Expositus, sensumque malis detraxerat usus.
Eheu quam brevibus pereunt ingentia fatis!
Imperium tanto quæsitum sanguine, tanto
Servatum, quod mille ducum peperere labores,
Quod tantis Romana manus contexuit annis,
Proditor unus iners angusto tempore vertit.
Urbs etiam, magnæ quæ dicitur æmula Romæ,
Et Chalcedonias contra despectat arenas,
Jam non finitimo Martis terrore movetur;
Sed propius lucere faces, & rauca sonare
Cornua, vibratisque peti fastigia telis
Adspicit. Hi vigili muros statione tueri,
Hi junctis properant portus munire carinis.

From banks that limit Pontus' stormy wave,
To shores the Adriatick's billows lave,
Drear solitude prevailed:—no cattle fed:—
The husbandman had from the champaigns fled;
And all resembled Libya's steril soil,
Which, scorch'd by heat, regards not human toil.
The shepherd's voice, on Pelion, rang no more:
Flames ravaged Thessaly;—Emathia's store;
And o'er Pannonia and the walls of Thrace,
And Myria's fields, dread havock left its trace.
But nought of pity these dire terrours drew;
Each day the savage course began anew;
The plains were to BARBARIAN rage exposed,
And ev'ry feeling sense by use was closed.

ALAS! how soon is greatness overset,
When by the DESTINIES' decision met!
A mighty realm, by blood and labour raised,
The work of num'rous chiefs for valour praised,
Which Roman hands, with time, together placed,
A stupid traitor rapidly laid waste.

A CITY too, Rome's rival in command,
Which overlooks Chalcedon's arid sand,
Was filled with terrour,—not from Mars' dread arms,
But torches near, which blazed and spread alarms;
Harsh horns were sounded, and the lofty tow'rs
Were presently attacked by darts in show'rs.
Some on the walls, to watch, their stations took,
While others sought together ships to hook,
Which, carefully arranging side by side,
To shut the port securely, they applied.

Obsessa tamen ille ferus lætatur in urbe,
Exsultatque malis. Summoque è culmine turris
Impia vicini cernit spectacula campi.
Vinctas ire nurus, hunc in vada proxima mergi
Seminecem, hunc subito percussum vulnere labi,
Dum fugit, hunc animam portis efflare sub ipsis,
Nec canos prodesse seni, puerique cruore
Maternos undare sinus. Immensa voluptas,
Et risus plerumque subit. Dolor afficit unus,
Quod feriat non ipse manu. Videt omnia late
Exceptis incensa suis, & crinine tanto
Luxuriat, carumque sibi non abnuit hostem.
Jactabatque ultro, quod soli castra paterent,
Sermonumque foret vicibus permissa potestas,
Egregii quoties exisset fœderis auctor.
Stipatur sociis, circumque armata clientum
Agmina privatis ibant famulantia signis.
Ipse inter medios, ne qua de parte relinquat
Barbariem, revocat fulvas in pectora pelles,
Frænaque, & immanes pharetras, arcusque sonoros
Assimulat, mentemque palam testatur amictu.
Nec pudet Ausonios currus & jura regentem
Sumere deformes ritus, vestemque Getarum :

YET he, within the city's guarded space,
Exulted in the crimes which spread disgrace,
And from the highest tow'r enjoyed the sight,
Of horrours fell, that gave his heart delight.
Here, beauteous females, in the neighb'ring plains,
Moved slowly, bending under heavy chains;
There others, gasping 'mid the waves for breath,
Half dead still struggled 'gainst the shafts of Death:
Some in their flight received the fatal dart,
And others, at their door, the direful smart.
The hoary locks of age;—the mother's breast,
With bloody stains from dying child caressed:—
Gave heart-felt joy, while grief alone arose,
When those escaped, the monster deemed his foes.
Destructive flames extended far around;
But all, Rufinus owned, protection found;
The devastation gratified his sight,
And savages he viewed with fond delight.
He boasted openly the wily pow'r
To enter, by himself, at any hour,
The hostile camp and interviews obtain,
As often as he wished the same to gain.
Companions crowded round where'er he moved;
And num'rous clients, armed, their ardour proved.
'Mid these the monster, (proud of what appeared
The custom 'mong BARBARIANS he revered,)
With yellow fur his bosom covered o'er:—
Loose reins; and quivers with their wonted store;
A sounding bow he carefully displayed;
And all he wore, his sentiments betrayed.
Though to the height of Roman grandeur raised,
He sought, by savage Getæ, to be praised;

Insignemque habitum Latii mutare coactæ
Mœrent captivæ pellito judice leges.
Quis populi tunc vultus erat? quæ murmura furtim?
Nam miseris nec flere quidem, aut lenire dolorem
Colloquiis impune licet. Quonam usque feremus
Exitiale jugum? diræ quis terminus unquam
Sortis erit? quis nos funesto turbine rerum
Aut tantis solvet lacrimis? quos Barbarus illinc,
Hinc Rufinus agit: quibus arva fretumque negantur.
Magna quidem per rura lues; sed major oberrat
Intra tecta timor. Tandem succurre ruenti
Heu patriæ, Stilico. Dilecta hic pignora certe,
Hic domus: hic thalamis primum genialibus omen.
Hic tibi felices erexit regia tedas.
Vel solus sperate veni. Te prælia viso
Languescent, avidique cadet dementia monstri.
Talibus urgetur discors Aurora procellis.

Nor blushed to see BARBARIAN furs preside
In courts, while Latium's laws were laid aside.

ALAS! what woes o'erspread the nation's face!
What secret murmurs at the dire disgrace!
The wretch allowed no publick marks of grief,
Nor e'en from friendly talk to seek relief.

" WHAT!" cried the people to themselves, " shall we,
" From such a heavy yoke be never free?
" No end to misery and pain be found?—
" Who'll dissipate the storm that rages round,
" Or dry our tears?—*Here* savages oppress,—
" And *there* Rufinus heightens the distress.
" Alike to us are land and sea denied:
" Destruction o'er our fields spreads far and wide;
" But in our walls still greater horrours reign,
" Than those which overwhelm the open plain.
" Thy tott'ring country, Stilicho, befriend;
" And haste at once thy pow'rful aid to lend.
" The tender pledges of thy love are here,
" Thy house,—and all the objects held most dear;
" The place where first thy genial joys arose:—
" There nuptial blessings wait thy sweet repose.
" Thy presence let us hope without delay:
" Alone, 'twill strike the foe with dire dismay;
" The greedy monster, glutted with the slain,
" No more will try the contest to maintain."

THUS, 'mid discordant sounds, at early morn,
Aurora's beams the universe adorn.

At Stilico, Zephyris cum primum bruma remitti,
Et juga diffusis nudari cœpta pruinis,
Partibus Italiæ tranquilla in pace locatis,
Utraque castra movens, Phœbi properabat ad ortus,
Gallica discretis Eoaque robora turmis
Complexus. Nunquam tantæ ditione sub una
Convenere manus, nec tot discrimina vocum.
Illinc Armeniæ vibratis crinibus alæ
Herbida collectæ facili velamina nodo.
Inde truces flavo comitantur vertice Galli,
Quos Rhodanus velox, Araris quos tardior ambit,
Et quos nascentes explorat gurgite Rhenus,
Quosque rigat retro pernicior unda Garumnæ,
Oceani pleno quoties impellitur æstu,
Mens eadem cunctis, animique recentia ponunt
Vulnera. Non odit victus, victorve superbit.
Et quamvis præsens tumor, & civilia nuper
Classica, bellatrixque etiam nunc ira caleret,
In ducis eximium conspiravere favorem.
Haud aliter Xerxen toto simul orbe secutus
Narratur rapuisse vagos exercitus amnes,
Et telis umbrasse diem, cum classibus iret
Per scopulos, tectumque pedes contemneret æquor.

HOWE'ER, the ZEPHYRS softened winter's air,
And, in their course, laid snow-clad mountains bare;
Through Italy the charms of peace were spread,
When Stilicho, two noble armies, led
T'wards Phœbus' gates, with others in the rear,
From Gaul and EASTERN climes, his hopes to cheer.
Such num'rous forces ne'er one chief obeyed,
Nor various TONGUES were thus in arms arrayed.
Here, with curled hair, th' Armenian troops, behold,
In plaited robes that knots of grass infold;
There, daring Gauls, with locks of golden gleam,
From rapid Rhone or sluggish Arar's stream;
The Rhine's deep waters, where suspicions lave
The new-born infant in the flowing wave;
Or swift Garonne, that OCEAN, in its course,
Repels with rolling billows t'wards its source.

ALIKE with ardour glowed each warriour's breast;
No sense of recent ills their minds possessed;
The vanquished stifled hate:—the victor pride:—
Rage in the bosom throbbed on ev'ry side:
Dissensions unsubdued still fostered ire,
And war, each heart with fury, seemed to fire;
All anxiously desired to fan the flame,
And, with their gen'ral, take the road to fame.

So when those armies, drawn from various climes,
And led by Xerxes, marched in former times,
The rivers disappeared:—the beams of day,
Obscured by clouds of arrows, ceased to play;
The ships through dangers moved; and o'er the main,
The warriour safely trod the liquid plain.

Vix Alpes transgressus erat, nec jam amplius errat
Barbarus, adventumque tremens, se cogit in unam
Planitiem, tutoque includit pascua gyro.
Tum duplicem fossam non exsuperabile vallum
Asperat alternis sudibus, murique locata
In speciem cæsis obtendit plaustra juvencis.
At procul exsanguis Rufinum perculit horror:
Infectæ pallore genæ. Stetit ore gelato
Incertus peteretne fugam, veniamne subactus
Posceret, an fidos sese transferret in hostes.
Quid nunc divitiæ, quid fulvi vasta metalli
Congeries, quid purpureis effulta columnis
Atria, prolatæve juvant ad sidera moles?
Audit iter, numeratque dies, spatioque viarum
Metitur vitam. Torquetur pace futura,
Nec recipit somnos, & sæpe cubilibus amens
Excutitur, pœnamque luit formidine pœnæ.
Sed redit in rabiem scelerumque immane resumit

THE Alps once passed by Stilicho in arms,
BARBARIANS, trembling, ceased to spread alarms;
No longer, far and wide, they took their course,
But, in the champaign, joined their scattered force;
And, pasture for their horses circling round,
With double ditches they secured the ground;
Strong palisades were set on ev'ry side,
And wagons covered o'er with bullocks' hide.

HOWE'ER, though distant yet the dreaded pow'r,
Dire horrours seemed Rufinus to devour;
Wan was his cheek, and frozen ev'ry sense:
Awhile he stood unsettled, 'mid suspense,
If best by flight his safety to assure;—
Or make submission, pardon to secure:—
Or with the savage foes, who lent support,
His standards join, and all their favour court.

OF what advantage now his copious store,
Or all his heaps of precious yellow ore,
Rich palaces that splendid columns grace,
And lofty piles which reach the azure space?

HE learned the march;—each moment counted well,
Since, by the distance, he might better tell
The hours he had to live, which shorter grew
As Stilicho advanced, he fully knew.
The thoughts of peace with anguish filled his breast:—
Sleep fled his eyes:—distraction broke his rest:—
And dread of punishment gave poignant smart,
That multiplied DEATH'S torments round the heart.

BUT rage once more his cruel bosom fired:
Again to direful crimes the wretch aspired;

Ingenium, sacrasque fores prædivitis aulæ
Intrat, & Arcadium misto terrore precatur.
Per fratris regale jubar, per facta parentis
Ætherii, floremque tui te deprecor ævi,
Eripe me gladiis. Liceat Stiliconis iniquas
Evitare minas. In nostram Gallia cædem
Conjurata venit. Quidquid ligat ultima Tethys,
Extremos ultra volitat gens si qua Britannos,
Mota mihi. Tantis capiendi credimur armis?
Tot signis unum petitur caput? unde cruoris
Ista sitis? geminum cœli sibi vindicat axem,
Et nullum vult esse parem. Succumbere poscit
Cuncta sibi. Regit Italiam, Libyenque coërcet:
Hispanis Gallisque jubet. Non orbita Solis,
Non illum natura capit. Quascunque paravit
Hic Augustus opes, &, quas post bella recepit,
Solus habet. Possessa semel non reddere curat.
Scilicet ille quidem tranquilla pace fruatur:
Nos premat obsidio? quid partem invadere tentat?
Deserat Illyricos fines; Eoa remittat

He passed the doors that to the palace led,
And, mixing menace, to Arcadius said:

" By all your brother's majesty sublime,
" Who sways his sceptre in the WESTERN clime;—
" By that great parent, whose transcendant fame
" A seat secured him in th' ethereal frame;—
" O flow'r of youth! allow me to implore
" Protection from the sword imbrued with gore?
" Save, save me! pray, from Stilicho's fell rage:
" All Gaul's advancing, ready to engage;
" The nations limited by Tethys' foam:
" E'en those (if such) beyond the Britons' home:
" At me alone the whole united aim;
" Who would suppose for this such armies came?—
" So large a force to lop a single head?—
" From whence this thirst of blood, by which they're led?
" He claims the universe from pole to pole,
" And, freed from rivals, will the world control.
" O'er Italy he bears despotick sway;
" And Libya to his tyranny gives way;
" The Gauls and Spaniards, of his yoke, complain:
" Him Phœbus' course nor NATURE's bounds restrain;
" The treasures heaped by Theodosius' hand,
" And conquests made, are now at his command;
" In full possession, he no wish has shown,
" To render back the rights of CÆSAR's throne.
" Though he the fruits of tranquil peace enjoys,
" While in these walls a siege, our cares, employs,
" Where has he carried not oppression's law?
" Let, from th' Illyrian confines, him, withdraw;

Agmina; fraternas ex æquo dividat hastas;
Nec sceptri tantum fueris, sed militis, heres.
Quod si dissimulas nostræ succurrere morti,
Nec prohibere paras: Manes & sidera testor,
Hæc cervix non sola cadet. Miscebitur alter
Sanguis, nec Stygias ferar incomitatus ad umbras,
Nec mea securus ridebit funera victor.
Hæc ubi: dictatur facinus, missusque repente
Qui ferat extortas invito principe voces.

Interea Stilico jam lætior hoste propinquo,
Nec multo spatii distantibus æquore vallis,
Pugnandi cupidas accendit voce cohortes.
Armeniis frons læva datur; per cornua Gallos
Dexteriora locat. Spumis ignescere fræna,
Pulveris extolli nimbos, lateque videres
Surgere purpureis undantes anguibus hastas,
Serpentumque vago cœlum sævire volatu.
Implet Thessaliam ferri nitor, antraque docti
Cornipedis, teneroque amnis reptatus Achilli,
Et nemus Œtæum radiat, clamore nivalis
Ossa tonat, pulsoque fragor geminatur Olympo.

" Return the EASTERN armies, and divide,
" Between the brothers, troops their father's pride;
" Nor be you solely with the sceptre seen,
" But take to arms:—assume the soldier's mien.
" Yet should you hesitate to give me aid,
" And act like one, of Stilicho afraid,
" Bear witness, MANES:—stars of light, I call:
" This head, I swear, alone shall never fall;
" Another's blood with mine shall mingled be;
" The Stygian shades not singly will I see;
" Nor shall his laurels safely him adorn,
" Who treats my fun'ral obsequies with scorn."

THIS said, he dictated the charge required;
With sudden haste a messenger retired;
The odious orders, thus at length possessed,
And wrested from the prince, were forward pressed.

HOWE'ER, as Stilicho approached the foe,
His breast with rapt'rous joy began to glow;
A narrow space between the camps appeared:
The hero's voice his eager cohort's cheered;
Th' Armenians on the left:—Gauls held the right:—
The noble coursers' reins with foam were white:—
Thick clouds of dust obscured the beams of day:
Rich purple serpents o'er the lances lay,
And floated in the air:—the glitt'ring arms
Filled Thessaly with terrible alarms;
Sage Chiron's grot; the young Achilles' stream,
Where first his eyes beheld the solar beam.
Th' Œtean wood a glowing aspect wore,
And snowy Ossa thundered with the roar;

Intumuit virtus, & lucis prodigus arsit
Impetus. Haud illos rupes, haud alta vetarent
Flumina. Præcipiti stravissent omnia cursu.
His si tunc animis acies collata fuisset,
Prodita non tantas vidisset Græcia clades :
Oppida semoto Pelopeia Marte vigerent :
Starent Arcadiæ, starent Lacedæmonis, arces :
Non mare fumasset geminum flagrante Corintho,
Nec fera Cecropias traxissent vincula matres.
Illa dies potuit nostris imponere finem
Cladibus, & sceleris caussas auferre futuri.
Invida, proh, quantum rapuit Fortuna triumphum.
Inter equos, interque tubas mandata feruntur
Regia, & armati veniunt ductoris ad aures.
Obstupuit. Simul ira virum, simul obruit ingens
Mœror, & ignavo tantum licuisse nocenti
Miratur. Dubios anceps sententia volvit
Eventus : peragat pugnas, an fortia cœpta
Deserat? Illyricis ardet succurrere damnis :

Through high Olympus spread the boist'rous sound,
Which with redoubled echoes rang around.

EACH virtuous breast with noble fervour glowed,
And, prodigal of life, such ardour showed,
That neither lofty rocks nor rivers deep
Had proved sufficient back their steps to keep:
All forward would have rushed; and if their swords,
While thus disposed, had pressed the savage hordes,
Greece, sacrificed by treason, ne'er had viewed
Such ravages and bloody scenes pursued;
The cities, Pelops built, would still remain,
Unhurt by Mars' fell, desolating stain;
Arcadia's ramparts:—Lacedæmon's wall,
Might yet be seen;—and Corinth, in her fall,
Had ne'er two seas with flames of light o'erspread,
Nor Athens' matrons been in fetters led;
The day had terminated, through our climes,
The rage of war, and hindered future crimes.
Ah! envious of the laurels by us worn,
What triumphs from our bands has FORTUNE borne!

'MID eager coursers and the trumpets' sound,
The royal mandate passed the tented ground,
And reached the chief in arms, who stood distressed:
Alternate grief and anger filled his breast;
He wondered how such favour, from the throne,
Should to a guilty dastard-wretch be shown;
Within his mind each circumstance he viewed,
And doubtful felt the course to be pursued;
T'avenge Illyricum he much desired,
Yet feared to act but as the prince required;

Præceptis obstare timet. Reverentia frangit
Virtutis stimulos. Hinc publica commoda suadent,
Hinc metus invidiæ. Tandem indignatus ad astra
Extollit palmas, & ab imo pectore fatur :

Numina Romanis necdum satiata ruinis,
Si juvat imperium penitus de stirpe revelli,
Uno si placuit deleri sæcula lapsu,
Si piget humani generis ; prorumpat in arva
Libertas effræna maris, vel limite justo
Devius errantes Phaëthon confundat habenas.
Cur per Rufinum geritur ? procumbere mundum
Hoc auctore pudet. Mediis revocamur ab armis,
Proh dolor, & strictos deponere cogimur enses,
Vos arsuræ urbes, perituraque mœnia testor.
Cedo equidem, & miserum permitto casibus orbem.
Flectite signa, duces. Redeat jam miles Eois.
Parendum. Taceant litui. Prohibete sagittas.
Parcite contiguo, Rufinus præcipit, hosti.

His dictis, omnes una fremuere manipli ;
Quantum non Italo percussa Ceraunia fluctu :
Quantum non madidis elisa tonitrua Coris.

Respect for laws his fervent wish enchained :—
Now publick good,—now dread of envy reigned,
Within his heart : at length, with hands compressed,
He thus, indignantly, the HEAV'NS addressed :

" O GODS ! not satiated with Roman wo ;
" If pleased you feel this empire to o'erthrow :—
" At once to raze the work of ages past :—
" If human kind deserve the baleful blast,
" Let seas o'erwhelm ; or Phaeton again,
" Confounding reins, stray through the azure plain.
" What !—is Rufinus to achieve the stroke,
" And ALL, without a blush, to bear his yoke ?
" O grief !—Are we to quit the tented field,
" Our swords, prepared for battle, up to yield ?
" Ye cities, doomed to flames ! on you I call :
" My sorrows witness, ramparts, in your fall !
" I bend howe'er ! and, 'mid fell horrours hurled,
" Resign to fate a miserable world.
" O leaders ! bear your standards far away :
" Return, let those around, t'wards MORN's bright ray ;
" Obedience should pervade the soldier's heart ;
" Be silent, clarions :—stop the pointed dart :—
" Respect the enemy that near you stands :—
" Rufinus orders : such are his commands."

ON this the cohorts raged with clam'rous heat ;—
Less noise produce th' Italian waves that beat
And wash Ceraulia's rocky summit o'er,
Or thunders which through rainy Cora roar.

Secernique negant, ereptaque prælia poscunt;
Insignemque ducem populus defendit uterque,
Et sibi quisque trahit. Magno certatur amore,
Alternamque fidem non illaudata lacessit
Seditio, talique simul clamore queruntur:

Quis mihi nudatos enses, quis tela lacertis
Excutit, & solvi curvatos imperat arcus?
Quisnam audet leges vibrato imponere ferro?
Inflammata semel nescit mitescere virtus.
Jam mihi barbaricos sitientia pila cruores
Sponte volant, ultrixque manus mucrone ruenti
Ducitur, & siccum gladium vagina recusat.
Num patiar? semperne Getis discordia nostra
Proderit? en iterum belli civilis imago.
Quid consanguineas acies, quid dividis olim
Concordes aquilas? non dissociabile corpus,
Conjunctumque sumus. Te, quo libet ire, sequemur,
Te vel Hyperboreo damnatam sidere Thulen,
Te vel ad incensas Libyæ comitabor arenas.
Indorum si stagna petas, rubrique recessus
Litoris, auriferum veniam poturus Hydaspen.
Si calcare Notum, secretaque litora Nili
Nascentis jubeas, mundum post terga relinquam.

THE troops to separate would not consent:
For war they asked, and showed their discontent;
Alike the EAST and WESTERN armies vied,
To keep the chief whose worth had oft been tried;
With fond affection each the hero claimed:
No senseless turbulence their breasts inflamed;
ALL anxious for the warriour they preferred,
With one accord their accents thus were heard:

" THESE swords unsheathed, what strength shall from us wrest?
" Or who, our hands of darts and bows, devest?
" While arms thus glitter, who shall laws impose?—
" Once valour's roused, not calm the breast soon grows.
" Our arrows, thirsting for BARBARIAN gore,
" The liquid air spontaneously explore;
" Th' avenging arms, from hands unconscious, fly;
" And scabbards close 'gainst swords remaining dry.
" Why suffer this disgrace?—Shall our disputes
" Produce eternally, to Getæ, fruits?
" Of civil war once more a prospect view!
" Why armies sever, to each other true?
" Harmonious bands, by blood and friendship tied:
" Not corps contrarious, but in ALL allied.
" We'll follow wheresoe'er you wish to go:—
" To Thulé, covered with eternal snow;
" Or Libya's burning sands, or India's shores;
" The RED SEA's banks:—or rich Hydaspes' ores.
" At your commands the Notus' plains we'll tread,
" Or penetrate where Nile conceals his head;
" The universe alone shall prove the bound:—
" Where'er your tent,—OUR COUNTRY shall be round."

Et quocumque loco Stilico tentoria figet.
Hic patria est. Dux inde vetat: Desistite, quæso,
Atque avidam differte manum. Cadat iste minacis
Invidiæ cumulus. Non est victoria tanti,
Ut videar vicisse mihi. Vos, fida juventus,
Ite mei quondam socii. Nec plura locutus
Flexit iter; vacuo qualis discedit hiatu
Impatiens remeare leo, quem plurima cuspis,
Et pastorales pepulerunt igne catervæ,
Inclinatque jubas, demissaque lumina velat,
Et trepidas mœsto rimatur murmure silvas.
Ut sese legio vidit disjuncta relinqui,
Ingentem tollit gemitum, galeasque solutis
Humectat lacrimis, pressamque morantia vocem
Thoracum validos pulsant suspiria nexus.
Tradimur, heu, tantumque sequi prohibemur amorem,
Exclamant, spernisne tuas Dux optime dextras,
Quas tibi victrices toties Bellona probavit?
Nos adeo viles? adeo felicior axis
Hesperius, meruit qui te rectore teneri?
Quid nobis patriam, quid cara revisere tandem

" GIVE o'er, I pray now," Stilicho replied;
" Those shafts of eager vengeance lay aside;
" Let ENVY's pile of menaces expire:
" The victor's wreath I cannot thus desire;
" For me alone the laurel would be thought,
" And such a triumph never shall be sought;
" Ye faithful youths: companions brave, adieu!"—
This said,—reluctantly he then withdrew.

So when a famished lion, seeking prey,
Is forced to turn and measure back his way,
By num'rous shepherds, who large torches wield,
To guard their flocks from beasts that range the field:
He bends his neck to earth, and shuts his eyes,
And, loudly roaring, through the forest flies.

THE legions thus resigned heaved sighs profound;
With flowing tears their eyes the helmets drowned;
The voice, by sobs, was stifled in the breast,
Which, strongly throbbing, 'gainst the armour pressed.

" ALAS! we are forsaken then!" they cried;
" And him we love,—to follow too denied;
" O best of gen'rals! troops do you disdain,
" That battles oft Bellona taught to gain?—
" For you we vanquished;—have we this deserved,
" Who, from your conqu'ring standards, never swerved?
" Above the EAST, what has th' Hesperian clime,
" To merit government from one sublime?—
" What use to see again our country dear?—
" Or pledge of love or household gods to cheer?

Pignora, dilectosve juvat coluisse penates?
Te sine dulce nihil. Jam formidata tyranni
Tempestas subeunda mihi: qui forte nefandas
Jam parat insidias: qui nos aut turpibus Hunnis,
Aut impacatis famulos præstabit Alanis.
Quanquam non adeo robur defecerit omne,
Tantave gestandi fuerit penuria ferri.
Tu licet occiduo maneas sub cardine Solis,
Tu mihi dux semper, Stilico, nostramque vel absens
Experiere fidem. Dabitur tibi debita pridem
Victima. Promissis longum placabere sacris.

Tristior Æmoniis miles digressus ab oris
Tangebat Macetum fines, murosque subibat
Thessalonica tuos. Sensu dolor hæret in alto
Abditus, & tacitas vindictæ præstruit iras,
Spectaturque favens odiis locus, aptaque leto
Tempora, nec quisquam tanta de pube repertus,
Proderet incautis qui corda minantia verbis.
Quæ non posteritas, quæ non mirabitur ætas
Tanti consilium vulgi potuisse taceri,
Aut facinus tam grande tegi? mentisque calorem
Non sermone viæ, non inter pocula rumpi?

" From Stilicho withdrawn, adieu delight!
" The tyrant on our heads will vent his spite;
" Perhaps already horrid snares are laid,
" And we, to hateful Huns, shall slaves be made;
" Or, with th' implacable Alani placed,
" Drag heavy chains, eternally disgraced.
" But are our spirits sunk, our nerves unstrung,
" That thus, 'mid misery, we should be flung?
" In WESTERN climes, where sets the STAR of DAY,
" If you are destined, Stilicho, to stay,
" Still as our gen'ral we shall look on you:
" However distant,—to our honour true.
" The promised victim shall at last be found,
" And, in the tyrant's blood, your rage be drowned."

THE ORIENT soldiers, stung with poignant pain,
Left, with regret at length, th' Hæmonian plain,
And, reaching Macedonia's fertile falls,
They entered soon Thessalonica's walls.
Each breast with smothered rage was overspread,
And flames of vengeance secretly were fed.
The favoured place of death they viewed with hate,
And period when the wretch should meet his fate.
Not one was found among such num'rous youth,
Whose lips unwarily disclosed the truth;
Posterity will marvel this to hear,
And future ages all amazed appear:—
A secret by such multitudes concealed!
Nor high nor low the mystery revealed;
Nor warmth of heart, nor babble on the way,
Nor even banquets could their tongues betray,

Æqualis tantam tenuit constantia turbam,
Et fuit arcanum populo. Percurritur Hebrus,
Deseritur Rhodope, Thracumque per ardua tendunt,
Donec ad Herculei perventum nominis urbem.

Ut cessisse ducem, propius venisse cohortes,
Cognita Rufino: magna cervice triumphat,
Omnia tuta ratus, sceptrumque capessere fervet,
Et conjuratos accendit voce clientes:
Vicimus: expulimus. Facilis jam copia regni.
Nullus ab hoste timor. Quis enim quem poscere solum
Horruit, hunc tanto munitum milite vincat?
Quis ferat armatum, quem non superavit inermem?
I nunc, exitium nobis meditare remotus
Incassum, Stilico. Dum nos longissima tellus
Dividat, & mediis Nereus interstrepat undis,
Alpinas transire tibi me sospite rupes
Haud dabitur. Jaculis illinc me figere tenta.

But equal perseverance each maintained,
And not a hint the people from them gained.

THEY passed the Hebrus; Rhodopé's white face;
Then moved with steady steps through rocky Thrace;
And to the city* gates with ardour came,
Which took from mighty Hercules its name.

THE chief's retreat, and cohorts' drawing nigh,
Rufinus learned, which raised his spirits high;
All safe supposing, he a project planned,
To wrest the sceptre from the prince's hand.
The base supporters, who around him pressed,
And with him leagued, the traitor thus addressed:

" FRIENDS, we have conquered and expelled the foe;
" 'Tis facile now the throne to overthrow;
" No more alarms the enemy will spread:
" Alone, I've made him bend his haughty head;
" And, thus encircled with a host renowned,
" An easy conquest should our arms be found?
" If, when defenceless, he against us failed,
" Should we, 'mid armies, fear to be assailed?
" Go, Stilicho, in distant climes, prepare
" Thy useless trammel and ignoble snare;
" While such extent of country us divides,
" And Nereus intervenes with stormy tides,
" Thou shalt not Alps, while I've existence, climb,
" To show'r thy arrows here a future time;

* Constantinople, formerly Byzantium, which Hercules is said to have dedicated to the memory of his companion Bysas.

Quære ferox ensem, qui nostra ad mœnia tendi
Possit ab Italia. Non te documenta priorum,
Non exempla vetant? Quis par conatus adire
Has jactat vitasse manus? Detrusimus orbe
Te medio, tantisque simul spoliavimus armis.
Nunc epulas tempus, socii, nunc larga parare
Munera, donandumque novis legionibus aurum.
Opportuna meis oritur lux crastina votis.
Quod nolit, Rex ipse velit, jubeatque coactus
In partem mihi regna dari. Contingat in uno
Privati fugisse modum, crimenque tyranni.

Talibus acclamant dictis infame nocentum
Concilium, qui perpetuis crevere rapinis,
Et quos una facit Rufino caussa sodales,
Illicitum duxisse nihil. Delicta fuêre
Nexus amicitiæ. Jam jam connubia læti
Despondent aliena sibi, frustraque vicissim
Promittunt quas quisque petat, quas devoret urbes.

Cœperat humanos alto sopire labores
Nox gremio, pigrasque sopor diffuderat alas.

" Nor seek a sword which, from th' Italian shore,
" Shall hither reach to be imbrued with gore.
" Can no examples, drawn from days of old,
" Nor recent lessons, thy presumption hold?
" With similar assurance, who would say,
" He managed from these hands to get away?
" From half the universe we've thrust him out,
" And gained at once as many warriours stout.
" Now, now's the time, companions, to rejoice,
" 'Mid social merriment and banquets choice:
" To lavish presents, and large sums to show'r
" On those new legions who support our pow'r.
" To-morrow's dawn my wish will bring to light;
" And, though displeasing to the prince's sight,
" I shall succeed:—partake of sov'reign sway;—
" The tyrant's crimes escape;—yet NOT OBEY."

AT this address, the monsters, standing round,
Made, with their plaudits, ev'ry quarter sound:
Fell wretches! whom the publick spoil had fed;
Congenial comrades! by Rufinus led;
One cause united them with heart and hand:—
Nought was unlawful, when they could command!
Alike immersed in crimes of deepest dye,
They held together with the closest tie.
New genial joys they fondly hoped to taste:
What one desired, the others fixed in haste;
The cities, as ideally they rose,
Were vainly parcelled out as fancy chose.

NIGHT had the weary mortal plunged in sleep,
And o'er the universe spread darkness deep:

Ille diu curis animum stimulantibus ægrum
Labitur in somnos. Vix toto corde quierat,
Ecce videt diras alludere protinus umbras,
Quas dedit ipse neci : quarum, quæ clarior, una
Visa loqui : proh surge toro : quid plurima volvis
Anxius? hæc requiem rebus finemque labori
Allatura dies. Omni jam plebe redibis
Altior, & læti manibus portabere vulgi.
Has canit ambages : occulto fallitur ille
Omine, nec capitis sentit præsagia fixi.
Jam summum radiis stringebat Lucifer Æmum,
Festinamque rotam solito properantior urget,
Tandem Rufini visurus funera Titan.
Desiluit stratis, densæque capacia turbæ
Atria regifico jussit splendere paratu
Exceptura dapes, &, quod post vota daretur,
Inscribi propriis aurum fatale figuris.
Ipse salutatum reduces post prælia turmas

Rufinus, with a load of cares oppressed,
No rest could find, such anguish filled his breast;
Lo! suddenly dread spectres met his sight,
Who, by the monster, had been robbed of light.
One, whose resplendence some importance spoke,
And seemed superior, thus the silence broke:

"ROUSE! leave thy couch; nor longer think of grief:
"The coming day will bring thee full relief;
"Thy labours then shall end, and thou wilt rise
"Above the vulgar, who, with sparkling eyes,
"Expressive of their joy, will bear thee high,
"And, o'er their shoulders, raise thee t'wards the sky."

THIS said, the omen, wrapped in words obscure,
Deceived the wretch, who thought his blessings sure,
Nor, 'mid the mist that round his senses spread,
Perceived the presage pendent o'er his head.

ON Hæmus' top the STAR of MORN's bright ray
Now shone, and pressed the rapid wheels of DAY;
SOL, with his coursers, fervency displayed,
To view at length Rufinus prostrate laid.
The monster left his couch, and gave command
Large rooms to furnish for a num'rous band;
Where noble banquets might be served in state,
And his own image ornament the plate,
On gold engraved, which proudly would be shown,
And, at the feast's conclusion, be their own.

WHEN, from th' embattled field, the troops returned,
At once to welcome them Rufinus burned;

Jam regale tumens, & principe celsior, ibat,
Collaque femineo jactabat mollia gestu,
Imperii certus: tegeret ceu purpura dudum
Corpus, & ambirent ardentes tempora gemmæ.

Urbis ab angusto tractu, qua vergit in Austrum,
Planities vicina patet. Nam cetera Pontus
Circuit, exiguo dirimi se tramite passus.
Hic ultrix acies ornatu fulgida Martis
Explicuit cuneos. Pedites in parte sinistra
Consistunt: equites illic poscentia cursum
Ora reluctantur pressis sedare lupatis.
Hic alii sævum cristato vertice nutant,
Et tremulos humeris gaudent vibrare colores,
Quos operit, formatque chalybs. Conjuncta per artem
Flexilis inductis animatur lamina membris,
Horribilis visu. Credas simulacra moveri
Ferrea, cognatoque viros spirare metallo.
Par vestitus equis. Ferrata fronte minantur,
Ferratosque levant securi vulneris armos,
Diviso stat quisque loco. Metuenda voluptas
Cernenti, pulcerque timor; spirisque remissis
Mansuescunt varii vento cessante dracones.

With ostentatious pride he forward pressed,
And seemed above the prince to raise his crest.
He moved his head with soft, luxurious air,
As if the empire were his certain share,
And long the purple had his shoulders graced,
While on his brow a diadem were placed.

Not far from where the city proudly stands,
The Southern Breeze, a spacious plain*, commands;
The other side the Pontus' wave defends,
In which a narrow neck of land extends.
There, clothed in martial pomp, with armour bright,
The troops, for vengeance armed, engaged the sight.
Upon the left, the infantry in force:
The right the horse impatient for the course.
Some their fierce tufts let loosely float in air:
The trembling shadows played amid the glare,
From polished steel that on their shoulders pressed,
And closely joined around from back to breast:
Plates bent, the work of art, so nicely fixed,
That seemingly therewith life intermixed;
Th' astonished eye might iron statues view,
Which moved and breathed as if to Nature true;
The horses clad the same:—with steel the head;—
Their sides, to guard from wounds, with armour spread.
The warriours stood admired by all around:
The lookers on delights and terrours found;
The waving serpents, as the air grew still,
Within the banners' folds reclined at will.

* The field of Mars, before the palace of Hebdomon, about a mile from Constantinople.

Augustus veneranda prior vexilla salutat.
Rufinus sequitur, quo fallere cuncta solebat
Callidus affatu, devotaque brachia laudat
Nomine quemque vocans: natosque patresque reversis
Nuntiat incolumes. Illi, dum plurima ficto
Certatim sermone petunt, extendere longos
A tergo flexus insperatoque suprema
Circuitu sociare parant: decrescere campus
Incipit, & clipeis in se redeuntia junctis
Curvo paulatim sinuantur cornua ductu.
Sic ligat immensa virides indagine saltus
Venator. Sic attonitos ad litora pisces
Æquoreus populator agit, rarosque plagarum
Contrahit anfractus, & hiantes colligit oras.
Excludunt alios. Cingi se fervidus ille
Nescit adhuc, graviterque apprensa veste morantem
Increpat Augustum: scandat sublime tribunal:
Participem sceptri, socium declaret honoris.
Cum subito stringunt gladios, vox desuper ingens
Infremuit: Nobis etiam, deterrime, nobis
Sperasti famulas imponere posse catenas?
Unde redi nescis? patiarne audire satelles,

To greet the standards of imperial fame,
Arcadius first, and then Rufinus, came.
Accustomed to deceive with flatt'ring phrase,
Upon the troops the latter lavished praise,
The soldiers called by name, and cheered their mind,
With news of children dear and parents kind.
While some were pleased these soothing sounds to hear,
The troops were closing in Rufinus' rear;
The flanks wheeled inward, and compressed the field,
'Till, in a circle formed, shield touched on shield.

Thus round the lofty, verdant forest's space,
Extensive toils the wily hunters place;
And those who, plund'ring Ocean of his store,
Th' astonished fish drive captive to the shore:
Together draw the snares and trammels wide,
And close the winding nets from side to side.

The rest were all excluded from the spot:
Rufinus, unsuspicious of a plot,
And full of self-importance in his look,
Arcadius by the royal mantle took;
Blamed his delays; and wanted to ascend
The high tribunal, equal pow'r to blend:
Th' imperial sceptre with the prince to own,
And be declared the partner of his throne.
But on a sudden, swords were raised around,
And thus was heard a voice* of thund'ring sound:

"Wretch! dost thou think like slaves to give us chains!
"And know'st thou not, we come from famed campaigns?

* Gainas gave the signal of death.

Qui leges aliis, libertatemque reduxi?
Bis domitum civile nefas, bis rupimus Alpes.
Tot nos bella docent nulli servire tyranno.
Diriguit. Spes nulla fugæ. Seges undique ferri
Circumfusa micat. Dextra lævaque revinctus
Hæsit, & ensiferæ stupuit mucrone coronæ.
Ut fera, quæ montes nuper dimisit avitos,
Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
Muneribus, commota ruit: vir murmure contra
Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit.
Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
Respicit, & tanti miratur sibila vulgi.
Unus per medios audendi pronior ense
Prosilit exerto, dictisque, & vulnere torvus
Hac petit, hac Stilico, quem jactas pellere, dextra
Te ferit: hoc absens invadit viscera ferro.

" Gave laws and liberty where'er we moved?
" O'er civil discords twice we victors proved:—
" As often passed the Alps; and will not now,
" Thus taught by wars, to tyrant-orders bow."

THE monster felt dismay:—no hopes of flight:—
On ev'ry side swords glitter'd to the sight:
Surrounded thoroughly from right to left,
He stood amazed, as if of sense bereft;
Where'er he looked, th' encircling pointed arms
Glared in his eyes and filled him with alarms.

So when a savage beast, but lately caught,
And, from its native haunts and mountains, brought,
Within the amphitheatre is shown,
Darts to and fro', amid distractions thrown:
Th' opposing man gives animating cheer,
And, knee on earth, presents his threat'ning spear.
But, lifting up its head, the creature eyes,
With signs of fright, the num'rous crowds that rise,
Tier over tier, and wonders at the sound
Of clam'rous tongues reechoing around.

FORTH from the ranks a valiant warriour flew,
With wounds o'erspread:—his sword he waved to view;
His looks disclosed the rage that filled his breast,
And thus aloud Rufinus he addressed:

" Though Stilicho, thou boastest, has retired,
" By thee repulsed, his cause this breast has fired;
" While he's away, I'll lend him willing aid,
" And, with this sword, thou prostrate shalt be laid."

Sic fatur, meritoque latus transverberat ictu.
Felix illa manus, talem quæ prima cruorem
Hauserit, & fessi pœnam libaverit orbis.
Mox omnes fodiunt hastis, artusque trementes
Dilaniant, uno tot corpore pila tepescunt,
Et non infecto puduit mucrone reverti.
Hi vultus avidos, & adhuc spirantia vellunt
Lumina: truncatos alii rapuere lacertos.
Amputat ille pedes, humerum quatit ille solutis
Nexibus: hic fracti resecat curvamina dorsi.
Hic jecur, hic cordis fibras, hic pandit anhelas
Pulmonis latebras. Spatium non invenit ira,
Nec locus est odiis. Consumpto funere vix tum
Deseritur, sparsumque perit per tela cadaver.
Sic mons Aonius rubuit, cum Penthea ferrent
Mænades, aut subito mutatum Actæona cornu
Traderet insanis Latonia visa Molossis.
Criminibusne tuis speras Fortuna mederi?
Et male donatum certas æquare favorem
Suppliciis? una tot millia morte rependis?

On which, within his side, he plunged the steel,
And made him, at a blow, death's torments feel.
Blessed hand! that first such horrid blood should draw,
And free the weary world from direful law!
Straight ev'ry lance was in the body thrust;
The mangled limbs lay quiv'ring in the dust;
T'imbrue their jav'lins, all the circle strained,
Ashamed to leave the plain with swords unstained.
His avaricious mien was blurred with gore,
And from the sockets e'en his eyes they tore;
The sinewy arms were severed from the corse:—
The feet lopt off:—the shoulders wrenched by force.
Some broke the back, while others oped the chest:
This seized the liver:—*that* the heart possessed;
The lungs were from their close recesses rent:
Rage scarcely space could find dire hate to vent;
Reluctantly they left the bloody ground,
The body by the lances scattered round.

SUCH ruddy stains th' Aonian hill displayed,
When Pentheus' limbs the Mænades conveyed;
Or chaste Diana, by resentment led,
With branching horns bedecked Actæon's head,
And left him to his hungry hounds a prey,
For letting eyes impertinently stray.

WHAT!—Wouldst thou, FORTUNE, *thus* thy crimes efface?
And balance favours past against disgrace?
Dost thou compensate, by a single death,
For thousands wantonly deprived of breath?

Eversis agedum Rufinum divide terris.
Da caput Odrysiis, truncum mereantur Achivi.
Quid reliquis dabitur? nec singula membra peremtis
Sufficiunt populis. Vacuo plebs obvia muro,
Jam secura, ruit. Senibus non obstitit ætas,
Virginibusve pudor. Viduæ, quibus ille maritos
Abstulit, orbatæque ruunt ad gaudia matres,
Insultantque alacres. Laceros juvat ire per artus,
Pressaque calcato vestigia sanguine tingi.
Nec minus assiduis flagrant elidere saxis
Prodigiale caput, quod jam de cuspide summa
Nutabat, digna rediens ad mœnia pompa.
Dextera quinetiam ludo concessa vagatur
Æra petens, fraudesque animi persolvit avari
Terribili lucro, vivosque imitata retentus
Cogitur adductis digitos inflectere nervis.

Desinat elatis quisquam confidere rebus,
Instabilesque Deos, ac lubrica Numina discat.
Illa manus, quæ sceptra sibi gestanda parabat,
Cujus se toties submisit ad oscula supplex
Nobilitas, inhumata diu, miseroque revulsa

Well! well!—Rufinus 'mong those states divide,
Where devastation spread on ev'ry side:
Give Thrace the head;—let Greece the trunk obtain;—
But what for other districts will remain?—
The severed limbs would not enough be found
For all the injured provinces around.

Now terrour over, none at home remained;
Nor age the old, nor shame the maid restrained;
The widows wretched, by the monster made,
And mothers, he deprived of children's aid,
Rushed to the plain, their hearts with joy elate,
And on the guilty relicks wreaked their hate.
O'er scattered limbs with fond delight they moved,
And, trampling in his blood, their pleasure proved.
His hideous head was t'wards the walls conveyed,
Raised on a spear, 'mid ridicule displayed;
Which, waved around with ostentation meet,
They sought with massy stones to pelt and beat.
E'en his right hand was borne from door to door,
To supplicate, in jest, the golden ore,
And made to act the avaricious part,
With hideous merriment and horrid art:
The nerves, forced back, their nat'ral motions showed,
And bending fingers grasped the gifts bestowed.

Desist then, mortals! confidence to place
In what appears to wear a prosp'rous face;
No more rely on fickle gods around:
Divine protection is inconstant found.
That hand which at the royal sceptre aimed:
Whose favour oft obsequious nobles claimed,

Corpore feralem quæstum post fata poposcit.
Adspiciat quisquis nimium sublata secundis
Colla gerit. Triviis calcandus spargitur ecce,
Qui sibi pyramidas, qui non cedentia templis
Ornatura suos extruxit culmina Manes,
Et, qui Sidonio velari creditus ostro,
Nudus pascit aves. Jacet en, qui possidet orbem,
Exiguæ telluris inops, & pulvere raro
Per partes tegitur, nusquam totiesque sepultus.
Senserunt convexa necem, tellusque nefandum
Amolitur onus. Jam respirantibus astris,
Infernos gravat umbra lacus. Pater Æacus horret,
Intrantemque etiam latratu Cerberus urget.
Tunc animæ, quas ille fero sub jure peremit,
Circumstant, nigrique trahunt ad judicis urnam,
Infesto fremitu. Veluti pastoris in ora
Commotæ glomerantur apes, qui dulcia raptu
Mella trahit, pennasque cient, & spicula tendunt,

And pressed against their lips, respect to pay:
Which, for a length of time, unburied lay,
And, from a mangled corpse, men fiercely tore,
Was forced, 'mid scorn, compassion to implore.
Behold this wretch, whoe'er of rank feels vain,
His clay-cold limbs lie scatter'd o'er the plain!
He, who raised pyramids, with pride elate;
Who scarcely yielded to the gods in state;
Who lofty temples built, most sumptuous made,
Where he at last expected to be laid;
Who hoped Sidonian purple to display:—
Lo! naked left, to birds becomes a prey!
He, who the empire grasped, abandoned lies,
In want of earth to hide him from the skies,
A little dust alone his fragments gain:
No common sepulcre the whole obtain.

Rufinus' death the vaulted regions knew,
And Earth aside the impious burden threw;
The stars took breath;—o'er Styx the monster's shade,
To dreary Tartarus was now conveyed.
With horrour Æacus the wretch beheld,
And hideous Cerberus astonished yelled.
The souls of numbers, who had victims proved
To his fell crimes, in crowds around him moved,
And to the judge's seat conveyed him straight,
With murmurs loud, expressive of their hate.

So bees, enraged by shepherds of the plain,
Who plunder honey from the hoarded gain,
Protrude their stings and flutter o'er the door,
That enters to the dear, delicious store;

Et tenuis saxi per propugnacula cinctæ
Rimosam patriam, dilectaque pumicis antra
Defendunt, pronoque favos examine velant.

Est locus, infaustis quo conciliantur in unum
Cocytos Phlegethonque vadis: inamœnus uterque
Alveus. Hic volvit lacrimas; hic igne redundat.
Turris per geminos flammis vicinior amnes
Porrigitur, solidoque rigens adamante sinistrum
Proluit igne latus. Dextra Cocytia findit
Æquora, triste gemens, & fletu concita plangit.
Huc post emeritam mortalia secula vitam
Deveniunt. Ibi nulla manent discrimina fati,
Nullus honos, vanoque exutum nomine Regem
Proturbat plebeius egens. Quæsitor in alto
Conspicuus solio pertentat crimina Minos,
Et justis dirimit sontes: quos nolle fateri
Viderit, ad rigidi transmittit verbera fratris.
Nam juxta Rhadamantus agit. Cum gesta superni
Curriculi, totosque diu perspexerit actus;
Exæquat damnum meritis, & muta ferarum
Cogit vincla pati. Truculentos ingerit ursis,
Prædonesque lupis. Fallaces vulpibus addit.
At qui desidia semper vinoque gravatus.

Defend the cells that grace their sweet repair,
And hover round in swarms with anxious care.

THERE lies a fatal spot in realms below,
Where Phlegethon and black Cocytus flow,
Conjoined in one deep course, 'mid horrours dire:
This rolls with tears, and *that*—dread liquid fire.
Within these streams, and nearest that of flame,
There stands a tow'r of adamantine frame;
The firm *left* side the burning waters lave:
The *right* resists Cocytus' weeping wave,
Which with loud murmurs through drear regions roars,
And, foaming rage, resounds along the shores.
Here mortals come when life's career is past;
Their rank forgot:—without distinctions classed;
The mean plebeian by the monarch moves;
And royalty an empty title proves.
Aloft, in solemn state, is Minos found,
To judge the sins of those assembled round:
Probe all the deep recesses of the heart,
And, from the guilty, innocence to part.
Such as he cannot to confession urge,
He sends to feel his rigid brother's scourge;
Beside him Rhadamanthus sits in state,
Who hears whate'er to mortals may relate;
His rule is equal justice to dispense:
The forms of beasts the measure of offence;
To frame of bears the cruel are consigned;
In that of wolves the plunderer's confined;
And those, who fraud and falsehood make their care,
Are doomed the cunning fox's shape to wear.

Indulgens Veneri voluit torpescere luxu,
Hunc suis immundi pingues detrudit in artus.
Qui justo plus esse loquax, arcanaque suevit
Prodere, piscosas fertur victurus in undas,
Ut nimiam pensent æterna silentia vocem.
Quos ubi per varias annis ter mille figuras
Egit Lethæo purgatos flumine; tandem
Rursus ad humanæ revocat primordia formæ.
Tum quoque, dum lites, Stygiique negotia solvit
Dura fori, veteresque reos ex ordine quærit,
Rufinum procul ecce notat, visuque severo
Lustrat, & ex imo concussa sede profatur.

Huc superûm labes, huc insatiabilis auri
Proluvies, pretioque nihil non ause parato.
Quodque mihi summum scelus est, huc improbe legum
Venditor, Arctoi stimulator perfide Martis,
Cujus ob innumeras strages angustus Averni
Jam sinus, & plena lassatur portitor alno.
Quid demens manifesta negas? en pectus inustæ

But sluggards drowned in wine, and such as wade
Through gross voluptuousness, or sense degrade
By ways which filth and selfishness combine,
Are forced to take the forms of grov'ling swine.
The babbler, who has secresy disgraced,
Within the waves, 'mong shoals of fish, is placed;
Condemned to lasting silence to belong,
In retribution for licentious tongue.
Through various transformations having run,
While, thousand years thrice travelled has the sun,
At length the guilty, plunged in Lethe's stream,
Their former state are suffered to redeem.

As thus the judge within the Stygian court,
Pronounced decrees, stern justice to support,
Rufinus at a distance he beheld:
With look severe his eyes upon him dwelled;
Straight from his lips these accents spread around,
And Hell's foundations trembled with the sound:

" Here! wretch without remorse!—vile dross of gold,
" By whom dire crimes were ordered:—justice sold;
" Approach!—By thee the villain's aid was bought,
" And, 'gainst thy country, hordes thy influence brought
" So many thy fell perfidy has slain,
" That Tartarus can scarcely all contain;
" The ferry-man complains, he's weary grown:—
" Such loads within his boat were never known.
" Would'st thou thy flagrant wickedness deny?—
" The spots upon thy bosom open lie,
" Which bear those hideous characters impressed,
" And mark the baseness that pervades thy breast.

Deformant maculæ, vitiisque molevit imago,
Nec sese commissa tegunt. Genus omne dolorum
In te ferre lubet. Dubio tibi pendula rupes
Immineat lapsu. Volucer te torqueat axis.
Te refugi fallant latices, atque ore natanti
Arescat decepta sitis, dapibusque relictis
In tua mansurus migret præcordia vultur.
Quamquam omnes alii, quos hæc tormeta fatigant,
Pars quota sint, Rufine, tui; quid tale vel audax
Fulmine Salmoneus, vel lingua Tantalus egit,
Aut inconcesso Tityos deliquit amore?
Cunctorum si facta simul jungantur in unum,
Præcedes numero. Cui tanta piacula quisquam
Supplicio conferre valet? quid denique dignum
Omnibus inveniam, vincant cum singula pœnas?
Tollite de mediis animarum dedecus umbris.
Adspexisse sat est. Oculis jam parcite nostris,
Et ditis purgate domos. Agitate flagellis
Trans Styga, trans Erebum. Vacuo mandate Barathro
Infra Titanum tenebras, infraque recessus
Tartareos, nostrumque Chaos. Qua noctis opacæ
Fundamenta latent, penitusque immersus anhelet,
Dum rotet astra polus, feriant dum littora venti.

" For thee let all Hell's torments now be spread:
" A rolling stone, which threatens, o'er thy head;
" Fixed on a wheel, thy limbs most swiftly turn;
" Thy throat, for liquors, all inviting, burn;
" 'Mid floods immersed, still parched and thirsty feel;
" Th' immortal vulture from his banquet steal,
" To gnaw and torture thy inhuman heart,
" And anguish dire inflict on ev'ry part.
" The guilt of those, who such dread tortures bear,
" Can never with thy infamy compare.
" Salmoneus, with pretended thunder, armed;
" Or Tantalus, who blabbed and gods alarmed;
" Or Tityus, victim of unchaste design:—
" Not all their crimes collected equal thine.
" For such fell acts, what tortures can atone?—
" Each, singly taken, merits them alone;
" Hell's punishments are insufficient found:
" Remove the hideous wretch from SHADES around;
" 'Tis quite enough the monster to have seen:
" Relieve our eyes from his detested mien;
" To loiter longer here, he's no pretence:
" Beyond the Styx, with scourges drive him hence;—
" Beyond e'en Erebus; there throw him down
" The void immense, th' abyss of dread renown,
" Beneath the Titans, and the horrours dire
" Of Tartarus' eternal realms of fire,
" Where Chaos, source of lasting darkness, lies,
" There, 'mid drear terrours, let him breathe his sighs,
" While through high HEAV'N the stars preserve their course,
" And winds, against the shores, huge billows force."

CL. CLAUDIANI

DE

Tertio Consulatu

HONORII AUGUSTI

PANEGYRIS.

PRÆFATIO.

PARVOS non aquilis fas est educere fœtus
Ante fidem Solis, judiciumque poli.
Nam pater, excusso saliit cum tegmine proles,
Ovaque maternus rupit hiulca tepor,
Protinus implumes convertit ad æthera nidos,
Et recto flammas imperat ore pati.
Consulit ardentes radios, & luce magistra
Natorum vires ingeniumque probat.
Degeneres refugo torsit qui lumine visus,
Unguibus hunc sævis ira paterna ferit.
Exploratores oculis qui pertulit ignes,
Sustinuitque acie nobiliore diem;
Nutritur volucrumque potens & fulminis heres,
Gesturus summo tela trisulca Jovi.

PANEGYRICK

On the THIRD CONSULSHIP of

HONORIUS.

PREFACE.

THE king of birds examines well the skies,
Before, his eaglets, he with food supplies.
For when maternal heat has burst the shell,
And light pervades the oped, testaceous cell,
Their plumeless heads the father turns with care,
To face, unmoved, the sun's all-powerful glare.
He carefully consults the god of day,
And tries the nestlings 'gainst the solar ray;
Degen'rate those which turn the eye aside:
Parental claws, with rage, their limbs divide.
But such, as nobly dare the piercing fire,
Are fondly cherished by the lofty sire,
As heirs of thunder, swiftly air to rove,
And bear the three-forked bolts of mighty Jove.

Me quoque Pieriis tentatum sæpius antris
Audet magna suo mittere Roma Deo.
Jam dominas aures, jam regia tecta meremur,
Et chelys Augusto judice nostra sonat.

FROM sweet Pierian grots, where oft the sound
Of my attempts has been reechoed round;
At Rome's command, I hasten to obey,
And, at her altars, my devotions lay:
The royal ear and palace I acquire,
And, to Honorius' judgment, tune my lyre.

TERTIA Romulei sumant exordia fasces,
Terque suas ducat bellatrix pompa curules.
Festior annus eat, cinctusque imitata Gabinos
Dives Hydaspeis augescat purpura gémmis.
Succedant armis trabeæ : tentoria lictor
Ambiat, & Latiæ redeant ad signa secures.
Tuque, ô, qui patrium curis æqualibus orbem
Eoo cum fratre regis, procede secundis
Alitibus, Phœbique novos ordire meatus,
Spes votumque poli, quem primo à limine vitæ
Nutrix aula fovet : strictis quem fulgida telis
Inter laurigeros aluerunt castra triumphos.
Ardua privatos nescit fortuna penates,
Et regnum cum luce dedit cognata potestas.
Excepit Tyrio venerabile pignus in ostro,
Lustravitque tuos aquilis victricibus ortus
Miles, & in mediis cunabula præbuit hastis.

THE RODS of Romulus already twice
Have, you, preceded:—let them now make thrice,
With warriours circling round the iv'ry throne,
In martial pomp and splendour proudly shown.
Again let mirth and joy pervade the year:
Hydaspes' richest ornaments appear,
To deck the purple, which from Gabii came,
And we adopted, honour to proclaim.
To arms let consul-dresses now succeed;
The lictor to the tents give proper heed;
And let the AXES in the camp remain,
To follow Roman standards o'er the plain.

YOU, who the cares of sov'reignty divide
With that resplendent star by blood allied,
Proceed:—propitious smiles on you attend;
The god of light will your career befriend;
Heav'n's cherished hope and vow, whose infant days
The palace nursed, and who, 'mid laurel-bays,
And arms assembled, learned from tented fields,
In early age, the art which glory yields.
Superior FORTUNE shuns the humble cot;
To you, with breath, she gave th' imperial lot;
Pledge of high birth, in Tyrian purple laid
At dawn of life, with guards who round displayed
Victorious eagles, and your cradle-years
Protected in the midst of num'rous spears.

Te nascente ferox toto Germania Rheno
Intremuit, movitque suas formidine silvas
Caucasus, & positis numen confessa pharetris
Ignavas Meroë traxit de crine sagittas.
Reptasti per scuta puer, regumque recentes
Exuviæ tibi ludus erant, primusque solebas
Aspera complecti torvum post prælia patrem,
Signa triumphato quoties flexisset ab Istro
Arctoa de strage calens, & poscere partem
De spoliis, Scythicosve arcus, aut rapta Gelonis
Cingula, vel jaculum Daci, vel frena Suëvi.
Ille coruscanti clipeo te sæpe volentem
Sustulit arridens, & pectore pressit anhelo
Intrepidum ferri, galeæ nec triste timentem
Fulgur, & ad summas tendentem brachia cristas.
Tum sic lætus ait: Rex ô stellantis Olympi,
Talis perdomito redeat mihi filius hoste,
Hyrcanas populatus opes, aut cæde superbus
Assyria. Sic ense rubens, sic flamine crebro
Turbidus, & grato respersus pulvere belli,
Armaque graviso referat captiva parenti.

At your nativity the Rhine was chilled;
Through savage Germany dire terrour thrilled;
The woods of Caucasus affrighted shook;
Her useless quivers, Meroë forsook;
Confessed your pow'r divine, and, from her head,
Threw off the darts around her temples spread.
With shields you often played while yet a child,
And royal spoils, your infant hours, beguiled.

When from the Arctos' snows and Ister's shore,
Your father back in triumph laurels bore;
In spite of aspect rough, you t'wards him flew,
And round his neck your arms with fondness threw;
Begged Scythian bows, or belts from Getæ gain;
The Dacian's javelin, or Suevi's rein.
With smiles he oft, upon his shining shield,
Aloft would raise you; to your wishes yield;
His panting breast you climbed, nor seemed afraid
Of glare the helmet or the sword displayed;
But boldly stretched your eager hands on high,
To seize the tufts which nodded o'er his eye.

With lively joy great Theodosius cried:—
" O monarch of Olympus' starry pride!
" May thus my son, one day, from wars alarms,
" Return, with conquest crowned, to bless my arms!
" Th' Hyrcanian pow'r on ev'ry side laid waste,
" And proud Assyria in subjection placed!
" May he, with sword thus stained, eyes flashing fire,
" And dust of war besprinkling his attire,
" To his delighted parent's presence bring,
" The glorious trophies which from triumph spring!"

Mox ubi firmasti recto vestigia gressu,
Non tibi desidias molles, nec marcida luxu
Otia, nec somnos genitor permisit inertes:
Sed nova per duros instruxit membra labores,
Et cruda teneros exercuit indole vires:
Frigora sæva pati, gravibus non cedere nimbis,
Æstivum tolerare jubar, tranare sonoras
Torrentum furias, adscensu vincere montes,
Planitiem cursu, valles & concava saltu.
Nec non in clipeo vigiles producere noctes,
In galea potare nives; nunc spicula cornu
Tendere, nunc glandes Baleari spargere funda.
Quoque magis nimium pugnæ inflammaret amorem,
Facta tui numerabat avi, quem littus adustæ
Horrescit Lybiæ, ratibusque impervia Thule.
Ille leves Mauros, nec falso nomine Pictos
Edomuit, Scotumque vago mucrone secutus,
Fregit Hyperboreas remis audacibus undas,
Et geminis fulgens utroque sub axe tropæis
Tethyos alternæ refluas calcavit arenas.
Hos tibi virtutum stimulos, hæc semina laudum,
Hæc exempla dabat. Non ocius hausit Achilles
Semiferi præcepta senis, seu cuspidis artes,
Sive lyræ cantus, medicas seu disceret herbas.

With firmer step however, soon you moved;
To soft voluptuousness unfriendly proved;
Nor lazy ease, nor idle, useless sleep,
Your father suffered o'er the sense to creep;
But tried your tender limbs fatigues to bear,
And exercised the pow'rs of youth with care:—
To stand severest cold, or tempests fierce:
Endure the summer's heat;—loud torrents pierce;
Climb mountains steep, and dart along the plain;
Deep valleys leap:—repose on shields obtain;
Drink snow from helmets; and the arrow place
Within th' elastick bow's inflected space;
Or, like the Balearick natives, fling,
Through air, on high, rough pebbles with a sling.
With love of martial fame he filled your breast;
His father's glory on your notice pressed:—
The terrours spread o'er burning Libya's shore,
And Thulé's fright, which vainly ships explore.
His conqu'ring sword the active Moor subdued;
The Pict, so truly named, his arm pursued;
The Scot, who through the Hyperborean tide
Audaciously the oar with labour plied,
He drove; and proofs of triumph nobly gave
In North, in South, and sands both oceans lave.

To you thus Theodosius open laid
The seeds of praise: example's piercing aid.
Not great Achilles, by the Centaur's care,
Was sooner taught the warriour's lance to bear,
Or strike the sounding lyre, or comprehend
The healing virtues vegetables lend.

Interea turbata fides, civilia rursus
Bella tonant, dubiumque quatit discordia mundum.
Proh crimen superum, longi proh dedecus ævi!
Barbarus Hesperias exul possederat urbes,
Sceptraque dejecto dederat Romana clienti.
Jam Princeps molitur iter, gentesque remotas
Colligit Auroræ, tumidus quascunque pererrat
Euphrates, quas lustrat Halys, quas ditat Orontes.
Turiferos Arabes saltus, vada Caspia Medi,
Armenii Phasin, Parthi liquere Niphaten.

Quæ tibi tunc Martis rabies, quantusque sequendi
Ardor erat? quanto flagrabant pectora voto,
Optatas audire tubas, campique cruenta
Tempestate frui, truncisque immergere plantas?
Ut Leo, quem fulvæ matris spelunca tegebat
Uberibus solitum pasci, cum crescere sensit
Ungue pedes, & terga jubis, & dentibus ora;
Jam negat imbelles epulas, & rupe relicta
Gætulo comes ire patri, stabulisque minari
Æstuat, & celsi tabo sordere juvenci.

MEANWHILE the calm was troubled;—wars arose;
And DISCORD broke again the world's repose.
Oh shameful crime!—oh age of dire disgrace!
A banished culprit*, of Barbarian race,
Hesperian towns and cities to o'erthrow,
And Roman sceptres on a wretch bestow!

Now Theodosius marched, and round him came
The distant nations from Aurora's flame:
The countries watered by Euphrates' wave;
The banks that Halys and Orontes lave:
Th' Arabians from the woods which perfumes bless;
The Medes who coasts of Caspian sea possess;
Th' Armenians from the Phasis' flowing store;
And Parthians who o'errun Niphates' shore.

THEN martial fire within your bosom glowed;
To follow, ev'ry anxious wish you showed,
And longed to hear the trumpet's piercing sound;
To see the bloody streams upon the ground,
And trample on the num'rous heaps of slain:
The trunks and limbs that overspread the plain.

So a young lion, which the mother's care
With milk has fostered in her lone repair,
When he perceives his feet supplied with claws;
Hair on his neck; and teeth around his jaws;
Disdains the simple food: the den forsakes;
And to Gætulian woods and deserts takes:
Longs terrours, like his sire, 'mong herds to spread;
And, from a lofty bull, with gore be fed.

* Argobastes.

Ille vetat, rerumque tibi commendat habenas,
Et sacro meritos ornat diademate crines.
Tantaque se rudibus pietas ostendit in annis,
Sic ætas animo cessit, quererentur ut omnes
Imperium tibi sero datum. Victoria velox
Auspiciis effecta tuis. Pugnastis uterque:
Tu fatis, genitorque manu. Te propter & Alpes
Invadi faciles. Cauto nec profuit hosti
Munitis hæsisse locis. Spes irrita valli
Concidit, & scopulis patuerunt claustra revulsis.
Te propter gelidis Aquilo de monte procellis
Obruit adversas acies, revolutaque tela
Vertit in auctores, & turbine reppulit hastis.
O nimium dilecte Deo, cui fundit ab antris
Æolus armatas hyemes; cui militat æther,
Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti.
Alpinæ rubuere nives, & Frigidus amnis
Mutatis fumavit aquis, turbaque cadentum
Staret, ni rapidus pavisset flumina sanguis.
At ferus inventor scelerum trajecerat altum

YOUR royal father checked the wish disclosed;
On you the reins of empire he reposed;
And round the brow where he such merits traced,
The sacred diadem of sov'reigns placed.
The virtues, unattained at early age,
Were found in you attention to engage;
And all lamented the retarded hour,
That you invested with imperial pow'r.
Beneath your auspices, our armies round
Were presently beheld with conquest crowned;
For your great sire the hand of valour fought:
For you the DESTINIES protection brought;
For you the lofty Alps were open laid:
The cautious foe in vain 'mid ramparts stayed;
The hoped defence, the pallisade and rock,
Which stood around, straight yielded to the shock.
For you, from summits high, the NORTHERN blast,
On rebel armies snowy masses cast:
Repelled the arrows on the hostile force,
And turned the lance to measure back its course.
O HEAV'N's delight!—For you, from dreary cave,
Oft Æolus spreads tempests o'er the wave;
For you the skies contend; and winds conspire
To fly where'er your trumps their pow'r require!
The Alpine snows a ruddy aspect gained;
The FRIGID RIVER smoked and, red, was stained;
The heaps of slain awhile delayed the flood;
But, all proceeded, swelled by streams of blood.
Howe'er the fell disturber of our rest
Has many stabs inflicted on his breast;

Non uno mucrone latus, duplexque tepebat
Ensis, & ultrices in se converterat iras,
Tandem justa manus. Jam libertate reducta,
Quamvis emeritum peteret natura reverti
Numen, & auratas astrorum panderet arces,
Nutaretque oneri venturo conscius Atlas,
Distulit Augustus cupido se credere cœlo,
Dum tibi pacatum præsenti traderet orbem :
Nec mora ; Bistoniis alacer consurgis ab oris,
Inter Barbaricas ausus transire cohortes
Impavido vultu. Linquis Rhodopeïa saxa
Orpheis animata modis : juga deseris Oetes
Herculeo damnata rogo : post Pelion intras
Nereis illustre toris. Te pulcer Enipeus
Celsaque Dodone stupuit, rursusque locutæ
In te Chaoniæ moverunt carmina quercus.
Illyrici legitur plaga littoris : arva teruntur
Dalmatiæ : Phrygii numerantur stagna Timavi.

Two swords, still reeking, have his entrails torn;
Avenging rage at length his hand has borne,
To turn against himself the fatal steel,
And, stern decrees of justice, make him feel.

Now Liberty restored, the hour drew near
That marked the prince's limited career.
In vain his presence Nature might demand,
Or Heav'n its spangled arch of stars expand;
Already Atlas tottered with the load,
Which ready seemed to reach the high abode
But Theodosius was not yet inclined
To take the seat, th' Immortals him designed:
Within your hands, he anxiously desired
To leave the realm at peace, when he retired.

Soon you, beyond the lofty hills of Thrace,
Broke through Barbarian ranks with fearless face;
Passed Rhodopé's high brow, whose rocks had proved
Obedient to the strings by Orpheus moved;
Left Œta's top, where Hercules's frame
Was ashes made amid funereal flame;
And penetrated rugged Pelion's shade,
Illustrious by the Nereid marriage made.
Th' Enipeus, and Dodona's tow'ring height,
Were, by your presence, filled with fond delight.
For you the oaks, that in Chaonia spoke,
Again, in oracles, their silence broke.
Along Illyricum you kept the shore;
Dalmatia's fallow fields your footsteps bore.
Timavus' waters you with care o'erran,
Where ceased the wand'rings of the Phrygian clan.

Gaudent Italiæ sublimibus oppida muris
Adventu sacrata tuo. Submissus adorat
Eridanus, blandosque jubet mitescere fluctus,
Et Phaëthonteas solitæ deflere ruinas
Roscida frondosæ revocant electra sorores.

Quanti tum juvenes, quantæ sprevere pudorem
Spectandi studio matres, puerisque severi
Certavere senes, cum tu genitoris amico
Exceptus gremio mediam veherere per urbem,
Velaretque pios communis laurea currus.
Quis non Luciferum roseo cum Sole videri
Credidit, aut junctum Bromio radiare Tonantem?
Floret cristatis exercitus undique turmis,
Quisque sua te voce canens. Præstringit aëna
Lux oculos, nudique seges Mavortia ferri
Ingeminat splendore diem. Pars nobilis arcu,
Pars longe jaculis, pars cominus horrida contis.
Hi volucres tollunt aquilas, hi picta draconum
Colla levant, multusque tumet per nubila serpens
Iratus stimulante Noto; vivitque receptis
Flatibus, & vario mentitur sibila tractu.

Ut ventum ad sedes; cunctos discedere tectis
Dux jubet, & generum compellat talibus ultro:
Bellipotens Stilico, cujus mihi robur in armis,

Th' Italian splendid cities joy expressed,
When you, within their ramparts, they possessed;
The Po due rev'rence and attention showed:
Devoid of noise, its undulations flowed;
The amber tears no more from leaves distilled,
And grief th' Heliades no longer filled.

How many youths and mothers then forgot
The laws, decorum's rigid rules allot,
And gratified their opticks with delight:
E'en age with boys contended for the sight,
When you, through Rome, your father fondly bore,
Raised on a car which, simple laurel, wore.
The STAR of MORN seemed joined with SOL's bright rays,
Or Bacchus with the god who, THUNDER, sways.

THE warriours' tufted plumage waved around,
And, in their accents, were your praises found.
The glare of polished brass fatigued the view;
Drawn swords, on day, redoubled splendour, threw;
Bows, monuments of glory;—javelins strong:—
And other horrid weapons, sharp and long.
Here eagles floated:—dragons raised their crest;
And, t'wards the clouds, the angry serpents pressed:—
Appeared to stimulate the SOUTHERN gale,
Which, lending life, seemed hisses to exhale.

THE sov'reign having reached the palace gate,
The crowd, he ordered from the house of state:

"INTREPID Stilicho!" he then exclaimed,
"In war or peace, alike for honour famed,

Pace probata fides. Quid enim per prælia gessi
Te sine? Quem merui te non sudante triumphum?
Odrysium pariter Getico fœdavimus Hebrum
Sanguine, Sarmaticas pariter prostravimus alas,
Rhipæaque simul fessos porreximus artus
In glacie, stantemque rota sulcavimus Istrum.
Ergo age, me quoniam cœlestis regia poscit,
Tu curis succede meis, tu pignora solus
Nostra fove, geminos dextra tu protege fratres.
Per consanguineos thalamos, noctemque beatam,
Per tedas, quas ipsa tuo Regina levavit
Conjugio, sociaque nurum produxit ab aula,
Indue mente patrem, crescentes dilige fœtus,
Ut ducis, ut soceri. Jam jam securus ad astra
Te custode ferar. Rupta si mole Typhœus
Vinclis prosiliat, Tityos si membra resolvat,
Si furor Enceladi projecta mugiat Ætna,
Opposito Stilicone cadant. Nec plura locutus,
Sicut erat, liquido signavit tramite nubes,
Ingrediturque globum Lunæ, limenque reliquit
Arcados, & Veneris clementes advolat auras.
Hinc Phœbi permensus iter, flammamque nocentem

" Without thy arm, what feats have I achieved?
" Or triumphs gained where thou wert not perceived?
" In Thrace united we our efforts tried,
" And Heber's stream with blood of Getæ dyed;
" Conjointly we subdued Sarmatian foes;
" Together stretched our limbs on Scythian snows;
" And Ister's surface, when with ice congealed,
" Impressed with furrows as our chariot wheeled.
" Since then my presence is required ABOVE,
" Be here my agent: cherish those I love;
" The pledges of my fondness, ward with care:
" Let both the brothers thy protection share.
" By all our consanguineous marriage ties;
" By that blessed hour when, to thy eager eyes,
" Thy bride was by the queen, with torches, led,
" From royal parents to the nuptial bed:—
" Be to my children as a father kind,
" And let their youth a shield and guardian find!
" Assured of thy attention, now I'll fly
" To constellations in the azure sky.
" Should huge Typhœus break his massy chains,
" And burst the mountain which his steps restrains;
" Or brawny Tityus free his fettered bones;
" Or Ætna, by Enceladus's groans
" And frantick energies, be forced away:
" All would before thee impotence betray."

THIS said, through clouds aloft he marked his flight,
Where LUNA's globe revolves 'mid beams of light;
Passed Merc'ry's orbit; Venus' calm repair;
The course of Phœbus; Mars' injurious glare;

Gradivi, placidumque Jovem, stetit arce suprema,
Algenti qua zona riget Saturnia tractu.
Machina laxatur cœli, rutilæque patescunt
Sponte fores. Arctoa parat convexa Bootes.
Australes reserat portas succinctus Orion,
Invitantque novum sidus, pendentque vicissim,
Quas partes velit ille sequi, quibus esse sodalis
Dignetur stellis, aut qua regione morari.
O decus ætherium, terrarum gloria quondam;
Te tuus Oceanus natali gurgite lassum
Excipit, & notis Hispania proluit undis.
Fortunate parens, primos cum detegis ortus,
Adspicis Arcadium: cum te proclivior urges,
Occiduum visus remoratur Honorius ignem.
Et quocunque vagos flectas sub cardine cursus,
Natorum per regna venis, qui mente serena,
Maturoque regunt victas moderamine gentes;
Secula qui rursus forment meliore metallo.
Luget avarities Stygiis innexa catenis,
Cumque suo demens expellitur ambitus auro.
Non dominantur opes: non corrumpentia sensus
Dona valent. Emitur sola virtute potestas.

The placid Jupiter's ethereal throne;
And stopt on high in Saturn's icy zone.
The HEAV'NS were then unlocked: the doors spread wide;
To deck the ARCTICK space Bootes tried;
Orion quickly oped the AUSTRAL gate;—
And both the coming star appeared to wait:
Observed, by turns, what course he seemed to bend:
To what society his steps might tend;
The choice of company with which he'd mix;
And in what region ultimately fix.

O BLESSED, celestial ornament on high,
The glory late, of all beneath the sky,
Your toils will now be plunged in OCEAN's wave,
Which, Spain, your cradle, pleasure took to lave.
O lucky father!—when you first arise,
To beam around, Arcadius meets your eyes;
And, pressing downward in your WESTERN flight,
Honorius' view arrests your setting light.
Where'er you take your course, from EAST to WEST,
You move through kingdoms by your sons possessed,
Who, conquered nations, rule with mandates sage,
And cherish virtues of the brightest age.
In Stygian chains is AVARICE confined,
And knavish bribes to INFAMY consigned;
No longer store of wealth has pow'r to harm;
Nor gifts corrupt, the faculty to charm;
But due regard to virtuous worth is shown,
And honour's made the price of that alone.

O BROTHERS! joined in unity of sway;
Whom sea and earth, by Fate's decrees, obey,

Unanimi fratres, quorum mare terraque fatis
Debentur, quodcumque manus evasit avitas,
Quod superest patri. Vobis jam Mulciber arma
Præparat, & Sicula Cyclops incude laborat.
Brontes innumeris exasperat ægida signis;
Altum fulminea crispare in cuspide conum
Festinat Steropes: nectit thoraca Pyracmon;
Ignifluisque gemit Lipare fumosa cavernis.
Vobis Ionia virides Neptunus in alga
Nutrit equos, qui summa freti per cærula possint
Ferre viam, segetemque levi percurrere motu,
Nesciat ut spumas, nec proterat ungula culmos.
Jam video Babylona rapi, Parthumque coactum
Non ficta trepidare fuga: jam Bactra teneri
Legibus, & famulis Gangen pallescere ripis,
Gemmatosque humilem dispergere Persida cultus.
Ite per extremum Tanaïn, pigrosque Triones.
Ite per ardentem Libyam: superate vapores
Solis, & arcanos Nili deprendite fontes.
Herculeum finem, Bacchi transcurrite metas.
Vestri juris erit quidquid complectitur axis,
Vobis rubra dabunt pretiosas æquora conchas,
Indus ebur, ramos Panchaia, vellera Seres.

And whatsoe'er your ancestors retained,
Or in subjection to your sire remained;
For you now Vulcan forges arms complete:—
The Cyclop's blows, Sicilian anvil, heat.
The shield, with num'rous figures, Brontes graves;
The crest, that o'er the lofty helmet waves,
In haste by Steropes is fixed with art:
Pyracmon fits the breast-plate, part to part;
And smoky Lipara's recesses dire
Roar with the flame intense of flowing fire.
Old Neptune, on Ionia's verdant strand,
The finest horses rears, for your command,
Which shall the sloping ways along the shore,
With speed dart down: the corn-ground scamper o'er;
Nor with white froth the waving fields bespread;
Nor under foot the yellow harvests tread.

Now, to my sight, is Babylon subdued;
The Parthians take to flight, as if pursued;
To Roman laws, submission Bactria shows;
The Ganges, pale, 'mid captive borders flows;
And Persia, at our feet, with humble air,
Spreads costly ornaments and jewels rare.
To Tanaïs, to NORTHERN regions, run;
Through burning Libya:—brave the sultry sun;
Search where the Nile conceals his secret spring;
To Hercules' extensive pillars, wing;
Your course to Bacchus' utmost limits bend;
From pole to pole your empire shall extend.
The RUDDY-SEA will you with pearls supply;
On Indus' stream for ivory rely;
Panchaïa rich perfumes will afford;
And, by the Seres, you'll with silk be stored.

CL. CLAUDIANI

DE

Quarto Consulatu

HONORII AUGUSTI

PANEGYRIS.

AUSPICIIS iterum sese regalibus annus
Induit, & nota fruitur jactantior aula.
Limina nec passi circum privata morari
Exultant reduces Augusto Consule fasces.
Cernis ut armorum proceres, legumque potentes
Patricios sumunt habitus, & more Gabino
Discolor incedit legio, positisque parumper
Bellorum signis sequitur vexilla Quirini?
Lictori cedunt aquilæ, ridetque togatus
Miles, & in mediis effulget Curia castris?
Ipsa Palatino circumvallata Senatu
Jam trabeam Bellona gerit, parmamque removit

PANEGYRICK

ON THE FOURTH CONSULSHIP

OF

HONORIUS.

WITH royal auspices begins the year;
And joys again th' imperial palace cheer.
Honorius consul, now the FASCES leave
The private roof, and to AUGUSTUS cleave.
The noble senators and warriours bold,
Together mixed, in robes of state, behold:
And legions decked in Consular array,
Aside the martial, waving banner lay,
To follow, for th' appropriated hour,
The peaceful signs of Romulus's pow'r.
To give the Lictor place, the eagles press:
The soldier smiles to see his civick dress;
And, with the marks of war encompassed round,
The senators, in pomp, o'erspread the ground.
Bellona e'en, her armour laid aside,
And with the consular attire supplied,

Et galeam, sacras humeris vectura curules.
Nec te laurigeras pudeat, Gradive, secures
Pacata gestare manu, Latiaque micantem
Loricam mutare toga, dum ferreus hæret
Currus, & Eridani ludunt per prata jugales.
Haud indigna coli, nec nuper cognita Marti
Ulpia progenies, &, quæ diademata mundo
Sparsit, Ibera domus : nec tantæ vilior unda
Promeruit gentis seriem. Cunabula fovit
Oceanus. Terræ dominos, pelagique futuros
Immenso decuit rerum de principe nasci.
Hinc processit avus : cui, post Arctoa frementi
Classica, Massylas annexuit Africa lauros.
Ille, Caledoniis posuit qui castra pruinis,
Qui medios Libyæ sub casside pertulit æstus,
Terribilis Mauro, debellatorque Britanni
Litoris, ac pariter Boreæ vastator & Austri.
Quid rigor æternus cœli, quid frigora prosunt,

Appears, amid th' imperial band, to wait
And lend her shoulders to the car of state.
Nor signs of shame shows Mars, with peaceful hand,
To bear the AXES, twined with laurel-band,
And, for the Roman gown, his arms lay by;
While motionless his wheels of iron lie,
And, in the meadows, bord'ring on the Po,
His coursers bound, and scamper to and fro'.

OUR utmost gratitude to Spain is due,
For diadems which o'er the world we view:
Mars fully knows what Trajan's race supplies:—
No springs inglorious from that source arise.
The OCEAN their Aurora fondly cheered:
Of land and sea, the future lords revered:
Decreed by DESTINY, who fixed their birth,
Where pow'rs concentre that pervade the earth.

'TWAS there your grandfather* first saw the day,
Who, after triumphs near the ARCTICK ray,
To Africa extended his renown,
And, at Massyla, gained the laurel-crown.
His camps in Caledonia's snows he placed;
The burning Libya's heat his helmet faced;
The Moor felt terrour; Britain he subdued;
From NORTH to SOUTH dread havock he pursued.
Whate'er the rigour of th' ethereal throne,
The realms of ice, or narrow seas unknown,

* Theodosius, father of the emperor Theodosius the Great, who, on vague suspicion that his name and services were superior to the rank of a subject, was ignominiously beheaded at Carthage in the year 376.

Ignotumque fretum? maduerunt Saxone fuso
Orcades. Incaluit Pictorum sanguine Thule.
Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis Ierne.
Quis calor obsistat forti? per vasta cucurrit
Æthiopum, cinxitque novis Atlanta maniplis.
Virgineum Tritona bibit, sparsosque venenis
Gorgoneis vidit thalamos, & vile virentes
Hesperidum risit, quos ditat fabula, ramos.
Arx incensa Jubæ, rabies Maurusia ferro
Cessit, & antiqui penetralia diruta Bocchi.
Sed laudes genitor longe transgressus avitas
Subdidit Oceanum sceptris, & margine cœli
Clausit opes: quantum distant à Tigride Gades,
Inter se Tanaïs quantum Nilusque relinquunt,
Hæc tamen innumeris per se quæsita tropæis:
Non generis dono, non ambitione potitus.
Digna legi virtus. Ultro se purpura supplex
Obtulit, & solus meruit regnare rogatus.
Nam cum barbaries penitus commota gementem
Irrueret Rhodopen, & misto turbine gentis

The Orkneys he o'erspread with Saxon gore:
The blood of Picts besprinkled Thulé's shore;
And o'er the num'rous heaps of Scottish dead,
The tears of bitterness chilled Ireland shed.
No scorching beams could e'er his force withstand:
His banners moved through Ethiopia's sand;
With num'rous legions Atlas was beset;
His lips the virgin wave of Triton met;
The couch with Gorgon poisons, he beheld;
Th' Hesperian gardens, which so much excelled,
As fabled stories state, he laughed to view:—
On Juba's palace, flames his forces threw;
Fierce Mauritania yielded to his sway;
And ancient Bocchus' walls in ruins lay.

HIGH as your grandfather these actions raise,
Your royal sire still more was worthy praise.
To his imperial sceptre, OCEAN bowed;
No bounds but sky he to his realms allowed.
Far as from banks that Tigris' waters lave,
To where Alcides' pillars meet the wave;
Or Tanaïs from Nile's extensive course:—
Climes more expanded owned his pow'rful force.
These num'rous triumphs worth alone obtained:
No gift of birth, nor by ambition gained,
But VIRTUE led the way; the PURPLE came
And humbly sought to grace his glorious name;
Sole prince solicited to mount a throne,
He ruled the state with merits all his own.

FOR when, from climes remote, BARBARIANS flew,
And Rhodopé their dire oppression knew:

Jam deserta suas in nos transfunderet Arctos,
Danubii totæ vomerent cum prælia ripæ,
Cum Geticis ingens premeretur Mysia plaustris,
Flavaque Bistonios operirent agmina campos :
Omnibus afflictis, & vel labentibus ictu,
Vel prope casuris, unus tot funera contra
Restitit, extinxitque faces, agrosque colonis
Reddidit, & leti rapuit de faucibus urbes.
Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra,
Nì pater ille tuus jam jam ruitura subisset
Pondera, turbatamque ratem ; certaque levasset
Naufragium commune manu. Velut ordine rupto
Cum procul insanæ traherént Phaëthonta quadrigæ,
Sæviretque dies, terramque & stagna propinqui
Haurirent radii, solito cum murmure torvis
Sol occurrit equis : qui postquam rursus heriles
Agnovere sonos ; rediit meliore magistro
Machina concentusque poli, currusque recepit
Imperium, flammæque modum. Sic traditus illi,
Servatusque Oriens. At non pars altera rerum
Tradita, bis possessa manu, bis parta periclis.

When forth the ARCTICK BEAR, against us sent
Tumultuous hordes on devastation bent;
When, from both banks along the Danube's course,
Was vomited, in arms, a daring force;
When Mysia heavy cars of Getæ bore;
When Thracian plains with swarms were covered o'er:
Dismay prevailed: the fatal blow was made,
Or ready seemed to fall:—then ONE* displayed,
Against dread ravages, superior pow'r:
Quenched flames that threatened empires to devour;
Restored the fields to AGRICULTURE's laws;
And cities snatched from DEATH's extended jaws.
The ROMAN name was ready to expire,
When, to support the state, appeared your sire*;
With steady hand the stormy tide he braved,
And, from impending wreck, the vessel saved.

So when, 'mid elements confused around,
SOL's horses, Phaeton unruly found,
And earth and sea were scorched with piercing flame:
No sooner Phœbus to his coursers came,
Than, yielding to his well known voice and hand,
They showed obedience to his firm command;
The chariot took again its usual way,
And order reigned through all the realms of day.

THUS Theodosius, having gained the reins,
Restored tranquillity through ORIENT plains;
But other parts, unused to feel his care,
Twice he was forced to seize:—twice dangers dare.

* Theodosius the Great.

Decidit in fluctus: illum suus abstulit ensis.
Hunc Alpes, hunc pontus, habet. Solatia cæsis
Fratribus hæc ultor tribuit. Necis auctor uterque
Labitur. Augustas par victima mitigat umbras.
Has dedit inferias tumulis, juvenumque duorum
Purpureos merito placavit sanguine Manes.
Illi justitiam confirmavere triumphi;
Præsentes docuere Deos. Hinc secula discant
Indomitum nihil esse pio, tutumve nocenti.
Nuntius ipse sui longas incognitus egit
Prævento rumore vias. Inopinus utrumque
Perculit, & clausos montes, ut plana, reliquit.

Extruite immanes scopulos, attollite turres,
Cingite vos fluviis, vastas opponite silvas,
Garganum Alpinis, Apenninumque nivalem
Permistis sociate jugis, & rupibus Æmum
Addite Caucasis, involvite Pelion Ossæ.
Non dabitis murum sceleri. Qui vindicet, ibit.
Omnia subsident meliori pervia causæ.
Nec tamen oblitus civem cedentibus atrox

Already had their leaders found a grave:
One* by his sword:—the second† in the wave:
Their own destroyers both!—Alps covers *this*:—
The *other* lies within the Deep Abyss.
For direful vengeance called two brothers‡ slain;
Unpitied fell the authors of their pain.
The victims pacified each royal shade;
To sepulchres the sacrifice was made;
The Manes of the youths in purple vest,
The culprits' immolation laid to rest.
These triumphs seemed security to lend
The cause of justice, which the gods befriend.
Learn, future ages, nought withstands the Just,
And Crime, for safety, can to nothing trust.
With steps concealed the hero forward moved:
E'en rumour failed, his sudden coming proved.
Long ways he passed: the paths obscure he took:
And hills of strength, and plains, alike forsook.
Heap rocks on rocks; tow'rs strong and lofty found;
Enclose the streams; vast woods with ramparts bound;
Garganus on the Alpine summits set;
The cold and snowy Apenninus get
Upon the Pyrenees' rough cloud-capt space;
On Caucasus' high top, Mount Hæmus place;
To Ossa Pelion join;—'twould all be vain:—
No walls in safety villany maintain;
Th' avenging hand shall steadily proceed,
And ev'ry pass the cause of virtue heed.

X

* Arbogastes. † Andragathius. ‡ Valentinian II. and Gratian.

Partibus infremuit. Non insultare jacenti
Malebat, mitis precibus, pietatis abundans,
Pœnæ parcus erat. Paci non intulit iram
Post acies. Odiis idem, qui terminus armis.
Profuit hoc vincente capi, multosque subactos
Prospera laturæ commendavere catenæ.
Magnarum largitor opum, largitor honorum:
Pronus & in melius gaudens convertere fata.
Hinc amor, hinc validum devoto milite robur.
Hinc natis mansura fides. Hoc nobilis ortu
Nasceris, æquæva cum majestate creatus,
Nullaque privatæ passus contagia sortis.
Omnibus acceptis ultro te regia solum
Protulit, & patrio felix adolescis in ostro,
Membraque vestitu nunquam temerata profano
In sacros cecidêre sinus. Hispania patrem
Auriferis eduxit aquis. Te gaudet alumno
Bosporus. Hesperio de limite surgit origo:
Sed nutrix Aurora tibi. Pro pignore tanto
Certatur. Geminus te civem vindicat axis.
Herculis, & Bromii sustentat gloria Thebas.
Hæsit Apollineo Delos Latonia partu;

YET always mindful of the civick name,
To act with clemency appeared his aim;
Not insult add to those who prostrate lay,
Nor from their supplications turn away;
With kindness Theodosius' bosom glowed,
And to their suff'rings, tenderness he showed.
By pardon peace was sealed;—contention o'er,
Ill-will and enmity were felt no more.
Such captives happy should esteem their lot,
Who chains, instead of favour, might have got.
With lib'ral hand he boons and honours gave;
And, trembling culprits, pleasure took to save.
The people's love and sturdy warriour's sword
Will to his race be true, and strength afford.
ILLUSTRIOUS prince, who spring from such a line:
Honorius! born with majesty to shine,
Who ne'er by private station were debased,
But who, from dawn of life, the palace graced;
In native purple grew, and never laid
Your limbs on clothes for humble stations made:—
With sacred coverlets intwined around,
Repose within th' imperial mansion found:
Spain's golden streams your father's morning cheered;
The Bosphorus your early smiles revered;
First viewed your ancestors the WESTERN rays;
AURORA nourished your primeval days;
For such a precious pledge contentions spring:
Both worlds their claims with anxious fervour bring.
The glory, which attends Alcides' name
And rosy Bacchus' brow, to Thebes gives fame;
Latonian Delos, at Apollo's birth,
Her wand'ring changed to stationary earth;

Cretaque se jactat tenero reptata Tonanti.
Sed melior Delo, Dictæis clarior oris,
Quæ dedit hoc numen regio. Non litora nostro
Sufficerent angusta Deo. Nec inhospita Cynthi
Saxa tuos artus duro læsere cubili.
Acclinis genitrix auro, circumflua gemmis,
In Tyrios enixa toros. Ululata verendis
Aula puerperiis. Quæ tunc documenta futuri?
Quæ voces avium? quanti per inane volatus?
Quis vatum discursus erat? Tibi corniger Ammon,
Et dudum taciti rupere silentia Delphi.
Te Persæ cecinere Magi. Te sensit Etruscus
Augur, & inspectis Babylonius horruit astris.
Chaldæi stupuere senes, Cumanaque rursus
Intonuit rupes, rabidæ deluhra Sibyllæ.
Nec te progenitum Cybeleius ære sonoro
Lustrabat Corybas. Exercitus undique fulgens
Adstitit. Ambitus signis augustior infans
Sentit adorantes galeas, redditque ferocem
Vagitum lituis. Vitam tibi contulit idem
Imperiumque dies. Inter cunabula Consul
Proveheris. Signas posito modo nomine fastos;
Donaturque tibi, qui te produxerat, annus.
Ipsa Quirinali parvum te cinxit amictu

And Crete feels proud that, on her favoured sod,
The mighty THUNDERER, in childhood trod.
But better, far from Delos' narrow shore
And Dicté's top, the clime your cradle bore.
High Cynthus, with inhospitable head,
Had for your limbs been found a rugged bed.
'Mid gold, and gems, and dress with purple wrought,
You, by a mother fond, to life were brought;
The palace rang with resonance revered:—
What omens then of future times appeared!
With anxious care predictors sought for light,
From notes of birds,—their number,—and their flight.
For you great Jupiter of Ammon spoke,
And Delphi, lately mute, drear silence broke.
For you their voice the Persian sages raised;
Th' Etrurian augur your fair promise praised;
The stars looked strange to Babylonian eyes;
The old Chaldæans felt extreme surprise;
Again Cumæan rocks produced the sound
Which oft had spread the frantick Sibyl round.
  NOR Corybas, from Cybelé's abode,
Did then with tinkling metal incommode.
A line of warriours shone on every side:
The royal ensigns waved in silent pride;
The helmets bowed; the clarions pierced the sky,
And mixed their echoes with your infant cry.
The day, that gave you birth, gave empire too;
And, from the cradle, you a consul grew.
Graced with your name the calendars appear:
To you is sacred made your natal year.
Your infant limbs were by your mother twined,
With robes that Romulus for state designed.

Mater, & ad primas docuit reptare curules.
Uberibus sanctis, immortalique Dearum
Crescis adoratus gremio. Tibi sæpe Diana
Mænalios arcus venatricesque pharetras
Suspendit, puerile decus. Tu sæpe Minervæ
Lusisti clipeo, fulvamque impune pererrans
Ægida, tractasti blandos interritus angues.
Sæpe tuas etiam jam nunc gaudente marito
Velavit Regina comas, festinaque voti
Præsumptum diadema dedit. Tum lævibus ulnis
Sustulit, & magno porrexit ad oscula patri.
Nec dilatus honos. Mutatus principe Cæsar
Protinus æquaris fratri: nec certius unquam
Hortati Superi. Nullis præsentior æther
Affuit ominibus. Tenebris involverat atra
Lumen hiems, densosque Notus collegerat imbres.
Sed mox, cum solita miles te voce levasset,
Nubila dissolvit Phœbus, pariterque dabantur
Sceptra tibi mundoque dies. Caligine liber
Bosporus adversam patitur Chalcedona cerni.
Nec tantum vicina nitent: sed tota repulsis
Nubibus exuitur Thrace. Pangæa renident,
Insuetosque palus radios Mæotia vibrat.

When crawling forth, your early pow'rs to prove,
She taught you t'wards the iv'ry throne to move.
On sacred bosoms, in your childhood placed;
With fondest care by goddesses embraced:
You grew away:—Diana 'bout you tied
Bows that on Mænalus she oft had tried,
And quivers, to amuse your eager sight;
Minerva's shield you viewed with great delight;
And, wand'ring fearlessly the ægis round,
Your dauntless eye the serpents fawning found.
Enchanted with her spouse, the royal dame,
Anticipating joys from future fame,
Before the time, with anxious haste was led
To place a diadem upon your head.
Then in her arms she bore the precious prize,
To greet a father's lip with longing eyes.
With princely gracefulness you soon appeared;
Your brother's equal, Cæsar, now revered;
More cheering signs ne'er showed the pow'rs on high:
Ill omens overspread the azure sky;
Black tempests far and wide drear darkness cast;
Thick rains were gathered by the Southern blast;
But when the soldiers' acclamations strong
Announced, your elevation, to the throng,
Aside at once these clouds bright Phœbus hurled:—
To you a Sceptre gave, and Light the world.
The Bosphorus, from gloomy mists relieved,
Allowed Chalcedon's tow'rs to be perceived:
The neighb'ring fields were clear;—the haze, removed;
And distant Thrace, an open prospect, proved;
Pangæa shone; and o'er Mæotis' wave,
Reflected rays unusual splendour gave,

Non Boreas nimbos, non Sol ardentior egit.
Imperii lux illa fuit. Præsagus obibat
Cuncta nitor: risitque tuo Natura sereno.
Visa etiam medio populis mirantibus audax
Stella die, dubitanda nihil, nec crine retuso
Languida, sed quantus numeratur nocte Bootes.
Emicuitque plagis alieni temporis hospes
Ignis, & agnosci potuit, cum Luna lateret.
Sive parens Augusta fuit, seu forte reluxit
Divi sidus avi, seu te properantibus astris
Cernere Sol patiens cœlum commune remisit.
Apparet quid signa ferant. Ventura potestas
Claruit Ascanio, subita cum luce comarum
Innocuus flagraret apex, Phrygioque volutus
Vertice, fatalis redimiret tempora candor.
At tua cœlestes illustrant omina flammæ.
Talis ab Idæis primævus Jupiter antris
Possessi stetit arce poli, famulosque recepit
Naturâ tradente Deos. Lanugine nondum
Vernabant vultus, nec adhuc per colla fluebant
Moturæ convexa comæ. Tum scindere nubes
Discebat, fulmenque rudi torquere lacerto.
Lætior augurio genitor, natisque superbus
Jam paribus, duplici fultus consorte redibat,

Nor BOREAS' breath, nor SOL's more piercing pow'r,
With vapours caused the atmosphere to low'r;
Upon the empire was the light bestowed:—
Smiles o'er you spread, and NATURE fondly glowed.
A STAR audacious, in the midst of day,
With wonder filled the people, by its ray.
No languid beams, nor blunted, dubious light;
But like Bootes in the depth of night.
The flame unseen before attention drew
When Luna's lustre was concealed from view.
Your royal mother, doubtless, 'twas appeared,
Or else the god, your grandfather, who cheered,
'Mong stars that anxiously your presence sought,
And which the SUN permitted to be brought
Within his course, awhile at large to range:—
The signs were clearly seen, however strange.
PROSPECTIVE greatness on Ascanius gleamed,
When o'er his head propitious brightness beamed;
And round the Phrygian prince's brow was twined
The lucid emblem DESTINY designed.
But Heav'n itself your elevation showed,
And with celestial flame the omen glowed.
So youthful Jupiter, from Ida's grot,
When on Olympus' sacred heights he got,
The world his own, received the homage due,
From gods that NATURE to obedience drew.
Not yet had down begun his chin to shade,
Nor o'er his shoulders were those locks displayed,
Designed to shake the world:—then first he tried
To hurl the thunder and the air divide.
THE royal father, by the omen cheered,
And proud of sons whom he so much revered,

Splendebatque pio complexus pignora curru.
Haud aliter summo gemini cum patre Lacones
Progenies Ledæa sedent: in utroque relucent
Frater, utroque soror. Simili chlamys effluit auro.
Stellati pariter crines. Juvat ipse Tonantem
Error, & ambiguæ placet ignorantia Matri.
Eurotas proprios discernere nescit alumnos.
Ut domus excepit reduces, ibi talia tecum
Pro rerum stabili fertur ditione locutus.
Si tibi Parthorum solium fortuna dedisset,
Care puer, terrisque procul venerandus Eois
Barbarus Arsacio consurgeret ore tiaras:
Sufficeret sublime genus, luxuque fluentem
Deside nobilitas posset te sola tueri.
Altera Romanæ longe rectoribus aulæ
Conditio, virtute decet, non sanguine niti:
Major & utilior fato conjuncta potenti,
Vile latens virtus. Quid enim submersa tenebris
Proderit obscuro? veluti sine remige puppis.
Vel lyra, quæ reticet; vel, qui non tenditur, arcus.
Hanc tamen haud quisquam, qui non agnoverit ante
Semet, & incertos animi pacaverit æstus,
Inveniet. Longis illuc ambagibus itur.

Two pledges of support which he possessed,
As back the chariot drove he fondly pressed.
THUS Leda's sons, the Spartan twins, repose
With that great parent who the lightning throws;
Alike in each fraternal features shine:—
Their sister Helen's lineaments divine;
On flowing robes of gold, and round their hair,
Innumerable stars of splendid glare.
Mistake if made, the THUNDERER, delights;
Th' uncertainty the mother's smiles excites;
And e'en Eurotas almost vainly pores
To know the nurslings nourished on his shores.
HOWE'ER, returned within the palace gate,
To you thus spoke your sire on things of state.
" DEAR son, had FORTUNE placed within thy hands
" The Parthian sceptre; and BARBARIAN bands,
" From EASTERN climes, had bowed to thy renown,
" Triumphant o'er Arsaces' triple crown;
" Thy lofty birth would luxury defend:
" On royalty alone thou might'st depend.
" But other claims imperial Rome requires:—
" Not solely blood the breast of VIRTUE fires;
" Most great and useful when by acts revealed;
" And small the value while she lies concealed.
" In darkness sunk she useless must remain,
" Just like a ship that ploughs the liquid plain
" Without a mariner the helm to guide;
" Or lyre unstrung; or bow with string untied.
" Not one, howe'er, can this expect to find,
" Who has not first examined well his mind,
" And learned to calm the angry gusts that rise:—
" Through winding ways the road to VIRTUE lies.

Disce orbi, quod quisque sibi. Cum conderet artus
Nostros, ætheriis miscens terrena Prometheus,
Sinceram patrio mentem furatus Olympo
Continuit claustris, indignantemque revinxit.
Et, cum non aliter possent mortalia fingi,
Adjunxit geminas. Illæ cum corpore lapsæ
Intereunt: hæc sola manet, bustoque superstes
Evolat. Hanc alta capitis fundavit in arce
Mandatricem operum, prospecturamque labori.
Illas inferius collo, præceptaque summæ
Passuras dominæ digna statione locavit.
Quippe opifex, veritus confundere sacra profanis,
Distribuit partes animæ, sedesque removit.
Iram sanguinei regio sub pectore cordis
Protegit imbutam flammis, avidamque nocendi,
Præcipitemque sui. Rabie succensa tumescit.
Contrahitur stupefacta metu. Cumque omnia secum
Duceret, & requiem membris vesana negaret
Invenit pulmonis opem, madidumque furenti
Præbuit, ut tumidæ ruerent in mollia fibræ.
At sibi cuncta petens, nil collatura cupido
In jecur, & tractus imos compulsa recessit.
Quæ velut immanes reserat dum bellua victus,

"LEARN for the world, what each for self should weigh;
" Prometheus, mixing air with ductile clay,
" Our bodies formed, purloining REASON pure,
" On high Olympus, and to make her sure,
" Placed chains around, in spite of efforts made
" A prison's close confinement to evade.
" Unable otherwise to fashion man,
" Two pow'rs he added to complete the plan;
" While life remains they in the body vest:
" When that expires, they perish with the rest.
" This mixed formation REASON sole survives,
" And, from destruction to escape, contrives.
" Placed in the head, she o'er the whole presides,
" Directs the actions, and proceedings guides.
" Her slaves below, subjected to her will,
" Have settled stations worthy of their skill.
" For, fearing to confound what's sacred thought,
" With what is held profane, Prometheus sought
" To fix in various seats the parts of SENSE:—
" Beneath the heart, where veins of blood commence,
" Within the space that burns and swells with rage,
" And chilling fears again the heat assuage,
" Sits ANGER armed with flame, in crime profuse,
" Possessed with phrensies that to ill conduce:—
" Her fury all o'ercame; each limb was moved
" With agitations that fatiguing proved:
" Th' opposing lungs a humid rampart lay,
" And timid fibres presently gave way.
" But anxious all to grasp, and nought bestow,
" CUPIDITY was driven far below,
" Within the liver's region to reside:
" A horrid beast, whose jaws, extended wide,

Expleri pascique nequit: nunc verbere curas
Torquet avaritiæ, stimulis nunc flagrat amorum,
Nunc gaudet, nunc mœsta dolet, satiataque rursus
Exoritur, cæsaque redit pollentius Hydra.
Hos igitur si quis potuit sedare tumultus,
Inconcussa dabit puræ sacraria menti.
Tu licet extremos late dominere per Indos,
Te Medus, te mollis Arabs, te Seres adorent:
Si metuis, si prava cupis, si duceris ira,
Servitii patiere jugum: tolerabis iniquas
Interius leges. Tunc omnia jure tenebis,
Cum poteris rex esse tui. Proclivior usus
In pejora datur, suadetque licentia luxum,
Illecebrisque effræna favet. Tum vivere caste
Asperius, cum prompta Venus, tum durius iræ
Consulitur, cum pœna patet. Sed comprime motus:
Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit,
Occurrat, mentemque domet respectus honesti.
Hoc te præterea crebro sermone monebo,
Ut te totius medio telluris in ore
Vivere cognoscas, cunctis tua gentibus esse
Facta palam; nec posse dari regalibus usquam
Secretum vitiis. Nam lux altissima fati

" Can ne'er be filled, nor satisfied her will:—
" She writhes with avaricious longings still;
" Now burns for love, now joy; now smarts with grief:
" A Hydra,—nothing gluts nor gives relief.
" Whoe'er these ebullitions can subdue,
" Will find pure REASON to his int'rests true.
" IN vain should distant India thee obey,
" The Medes to thy commands due honours pay,
" To thee the Arabs and the Seres bow:
" If fear within thy breast thou shouldst allow,
" Depravity prevail, or anger move:
" To thee the worst of bondage would they prove;
" Iniquity thy bosom will pervade,
" And vicious laws which excellence degrade.
" But o'er thyself with due attention reign,
" And then the world with justice thou shalt gain.
" From bad to worse the inclination leads,
" And, from unbridled license, ill proceeds;
" Allurements rise;—then innocence appears
" A rugged life, while Venus' solace cheers;
" We scarcely can succeed to stifle rage,
" When vengeance prompts our feelings to engage.
" But keep thy motives thoroughly concealed;
" Consider well, these always unrevealed,
" Not what thou *canst*, but what thou *should'st* decide,
" And let the sense of honour be thy guide.
" To thee I often shall these hints renew,
" That thou may'st ever fully hold in view,—
" Thy life, to observation open lies,
" And on thy actions nations fix their eyes.
" The faults of royalty can no where find
" A secret corner to concealment kind;

Occultum nihil esse sinit, latebrasque per omnes
Intrat, & abstrusos explorat fama recessus.
Sis prius in primis. Nam cum vincamur in omni
Munere, sola Deos æquat clementia nobis.
Neu dubie suspectus agas: neu falsus amicis,
Rumorumve avidus. Qui talia curat, inanes
Horrebit strepitus nulla non anxius hora.
Non sic excubiæ, non circumstantia pila,
Quam tutatur amor. Non extorquebis amari,
Hoc alterna fides, hoc simplex gratia donat.
Nonne vides, operum quo se pulcerrimus ille
Mundus amore liget, nec vi connexa per ævum
Conspirent elementa sibi? quod limite Phœbus
Contentus medio, contentus litore pontus?
Et qui perpetuo terras ambitque vehitque,
Nec premat incumbens, oneri nec cesserit aër?
Qui terret, plus ipse timet. Sors ista tyrannis
Convenit. Invideant claris, fortesque trucident,
Muniti gladiis vivant septique venenis,
Ancipites habeant arces, trepidique minentur.
Tu civem, patremque geras. Tu consule cunctis,

" The splendid light, on princes, cast by FATE,
" Will nothing suffer to disguise their state;
" Each dark recess the piercing rays receives,
" And FAME no spot unpenetrated leaves.
" Be thy first pride in mercy to excel:—
" Whatever feelings in our bosoms dwell,
" Still higher virtue by the gods is shown:
" We equal HEAV'N by CLEMENCY alone.
" Esteem with hesitation ne'er bestow,
" Nor let thy friends dissimulation know;
" No willing ear to idle rumours give:
" Each hour, 'mid fear and horrour, list'ners live,
" Nor guards nor num'rous armies render sure:—
" The people's love is always most secure.
" Affection ne'er canst thou obtain by force:
" In mutual faith and kindness lies the source:
" Look round the universe:—below;—on high;—
" 'Tis CONCORD forms the everlasting tie;
" In harmony the elements, retains;
" To certain limits Phœbus' course, restrains;
" Confines the foaming Ocean's billowy roar,
" To bounds defended by the craggy shore;
" And Earth is balanced by the ambient air,
" Which seems, without constraint, the weight to bear.
" FEAR fills his breast who, terrours, spreads around;
" And such each tyrant's destiny is found.
" Of glory envious, and to valour foes,
" 'Mid swords they dwell:—on poisons seek repose;
" And from high domes, commanding ev'ry way,
" With trepidation menaces convey.
" Thou bear'st the citizen and father's name:
" The good of ALL should be a consul's aim;

Non tibi. Nec tua te moveant, sed publica vota.
In commune jubes si quid, censesve tenendum,
Primus jussa subi. Tunc observantior æqui
Fit populus, nec ferre negat, cum viderit ipsum
Auctorem parere sibi. Componitur orbis
Regis ad exemplum. Nec sic inflectere sensus
Humanos edicta valent, ut vita regentis.
Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.
His tamen effectis, neu fastidire minores,
Neu pete præscriptos homini transcendere fines.
Inquinat egregios adjuncta superbia mores.
Non tibi tradidimus dociles servire Sabæos
Armeniæ dominum non te præfecimus oræ;
Non damus Assyriam, tenuit quam femina, gentem.
Romani, qui cuncta diu rexere, regendi:
Qui nec Tarquinii fastus, nec jura tulere
Cæsaris. Annales veterum delicta loquentur.
Hærebunt maculæ. Quis non per sæcula damnet
Cæsareæ portenta domus? Quem dira Neronis
Funera, quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Incesto possessa seni? Victura feretur
Gloria Trajani; non tam quod Tigride victo,

" To self no marked prelation should be shown:
" Prefer the people's welfare to thy own.
" WHATE'ER thou order'st for the common weal,
" Or thou should'st proper for the publick feel,
" Be first thyself obedience to observe,
" And none will from thy laws attempt to swerve.
" To mandates of their own if monarchs bow,
" The people readily their force allow.
" The sov'reign's actions modify the whole:
" No pow'rs the human mind so well control,
" As bright examples beaming from the throne:
" The prince to copy are the vulgar prone.
" YET other duties still demand thy care:—
" To show disdain and violence, forbear;
" Nor seek to trample on the human race:
" Pride oft the highest virtues will disgrace.
" We grant not docile Sabé for thy sway,
" Nor to thy rule Armenia's realm convey,
" Nor to thy hands intrust Assyria's climes,
" Which to a female bowed in former times;
" But Romans who, long masters of the world,
" From pow'r, both Tarquin proud and Cæsar, hurled.
" Old annals to posterity will show
" The horrid stains disgraceful crimes bestow.
" Through future ages won't each virtuous breast
" The Cæsars' monstrous wickedness detest?
" With execration learn the cruel pain,
" Which those endured by bloody Nero slain;
" And hideous guilt that Capr'æ's rocks concealed,
" Where hoary age, detested vice, revealed?
" In after times will Trajan's fame be known;
" Not merely bands on Tygris' banks o'erthrown,

Nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
Alta quod invectus fractis Capitolia Dacis;
Quam patriæ quod mitis erat. Ne desine tales,
Nate, sequi, si bella tonant, prius agmina duris
Exerce studiis; & sævo præstrue Marti.
Non brumæ requies, non hibernacula segnes
Enervent torpore manus. Ponenda salubri
Castra loco: præbenda vigil custodia vallo.
Disce ubi densari cuneos, ubi cornua tendi
Æquius, aut iterum flecti: quæ montibus aptæ,
Quæ campis acies, quæ fraudi accommoda vallis:
Quæ via difficilis. Fidit si mœnibus hostis,
Tum tibi murali libretur machina pulsu.
Saxa rota. Præceps aries protectaque portas
Testudo feriat. Ruat emersura juventus
Effossi per operta soli. Si longa moretur
Obsidio; tum vota cave secura remittas,
Inclusumve putes. Multis damnosa fuere
Gaudia. Dispersi pereunt, somnove soluti.
Sæpius incautæ nocuit victoria turbæ.
Neu tibi regificis tentoria larga redundent
Deliciis, neve imbelles ad signa maniplos
Luxuries armata trahat: neu flantibus Austris,

" Nor num'rous Parthians in subjection placed,
" Nor Dacians conquered, who his triumphs graced,
" As t'wards the Capitol his chariot moved:—
" 'Twas MERCY that his brightest glory proved.
" O son, let such be ever in thy view:
" The great example steadily pursue.
" IF war resounds, thy young battalions train
" To bear fatigue and martial knowledge gain;
" Nor winter's rest nor slothful ease permit
" To make their hands to wield the sword unfit.
" For thy encampments choose a healthy space,
" And watchful sentinels on ramparts place.
" Learn where to close the columns:—where extend;—
" Or when the flanks again should inward bend;
" What troops should occupy the heights around,
" And those most proper for the level ground;
" The valleys best for artful ambuscades;
" And winding ways perplexity pervades.
" In ramparts should the enemy confide,
" Against his walls let engines be applied:
" Hurl heavy stones;—the batt'ring ram employ,
" And (safe with TORTOISE-ROOF,) the gates destroy;
" While subterraneous paths the YOUTH explore,
" And, on a sudden, spread the city o'er.
" If long the siege, security suspect;
" 'Gainst sallies from within, no means neglect;
" Oft joys too confident have lost the day:—
" The force dispersed, or sleeping, fell a prey.
" In VICT'RY might th' unwary often trace
" The latent cause of subsequent disgrace.
" Keep from thy tents the splendid, courtly glare,
" Lest, round thy standards, lux'ry should repair;

Neu pluviis cedas : neu defensura calorem
Aurea summoveant rapidos umbracula Soles.
Inventis utere cibis : solabere partes
Æquali sudore tuas. Si collis iniquus,
Primus ini. Silvam si cedere provocat usus,
Sumpta ne pudeat quercum stravisse bipenni.
Calcatur si pigra palus, tuus ante profundum
Prætentet sonipes. Fluvios tu protere cursu
Hærentes glacie, liquidos tu scinde natatu.
Nunc eques in medias equitum te consere turmas :
Nunc pedes assistas pediti. Tum promptius ibunt
Te socio : tum conspicuus, gratusque feretur
Sub te teste labor. Dicturum plura parentem
Voce subis : Equidem, faveant modo Numina cœptis,
Hæc effecta dabo : Nec me fratrique, tibique
Dissimilem populi commissaque regna videbunt.
Sed cur non potius, verbis quæ disseris, usu
Experior? gelidas certe nunc tendis in Alpes.
Duc tecum comitem. Figant sine nostra tyrannum
Spicula. Pallescat nostro sine barbarus arcu.
Italiamne feram furiis prædonis acerbi.

" Brave SOUTHERN blasts and penetrating rain;
" Nor of the heat in open air complain;
" Nor seek, beneath gold canopies, a shade,
" Where thou, the piercing sun-beams, may'st evade.
" With frugal, common dishes be content;
" To share the soldiers' toil, be always bent;
" First climb thyself the craggy hillock's side;
" And if, in traversing a forest wide,
" 'Tis requisite to fell some lofty oak:
" Ne'er blush to take the axe and give the stroke.
" The fens, in depth, let first thy courser try;
" To rivers frozen o'er, thy foot apply;
" Swim thro' the streams: now 'mid the squadrons move:
" Then, to the infantry thy love to prove,
" Among them mix and march as they proceed:
" While thou art by, fatigue they less will heed;
" Partaker of their toil, they'll freely go:
" With ardour, at thy sight, each breast will glow."
STILL more your royal father would have said,
When you, to interrupt him, thus were led:
" IF gracious HEAV'N's decrees will me allow,
" To your advice implicitly I'll bow;
" Beneath me, men no diff'rent rule shall view,
" Than what Arcadius and my sire pursue.
" But rather should not I by practice gain
" What your instructions purport to obtain?
" Now t'wards the icy Alps your footsteps bend,
" Permit me on your progress to attend.
" The tyrant, from my arrows, death, will feel,
" And o'er BARBARIANS trembling terrours steal.
" Shall I behold fair Italy a prey
" To plunderers that horrours round display?

Subjectam. Patiar Romam servire clienti?
Usqueadeone puer? nec me polluta potestas,
Nec pia cognati tanget vindicta cruoris?
Per strages equitare libet. Da protinus arma.
Cur annos obicis? pugnæ cur arguor impar?
Æqualis mihi Pyrrhus erat, cum Pergama solus
Verteret, & patri non degeneraret Achilli.
Denique si princeps castris hærere nequibo,
Vel miles veniam. Delibat dulcia nati
Oscula, miratusque refert; Laudanda petisti:
Sed festinus amor. Veniet robustior ætas.
Ne propera. Necdum decimas emensus aristas
Aggrederis metuenda viris. Vestigia magnæ
Indolis agnosco. Fertur Pellæus Eoum
Qui domuit Porum, cum prospera sæpe Philippi
Audiret, lætos inter flevisse sodales,
Nil sibi vincendum patris virtute relinqui.
Hos video motus. Fas sit promittere patri.

" Rome bear beneath a vassal to submit?—
" Am I a child for ev'ry thing unfit?
" Shall I unmoved see insults to the throne,
" And vile attempts on blood so near my own?
" Through fields of gore and slaughter let me ride?
" To give me proper arms, at once decide;
" Why should an obstacle be made my age?
" Why thought unfit amid the battle's rage?
" Like me was Pyrrhus, when alone his pow'rs
" O'erthrew Troy's battlements and lofty tow'rs,
" And showed distinctly, by the course begun,
" His prowess worthy great Achilles' son.
" If then in camps, as prince, I cannot move,
" I'll thither go, a soldier's plight to prove."
YOUR father fondly clasped you to his breast,
And, smiling, thus his sentiments expressed :—
" THY anxious wishes merit ev'ry praise;
" But don't too soon thy expectations raise;
" Though greatly eagerness a parent cheers,
" Yet wait the strength derived from added years;
" Be not in haste;—thou scarcely yet hast seen
" Ten summers beam upon thy youthful mien,
" And thou, with men, aspirest to engage:—
" Such traces, doubtless, excellence presage.
" The prince*, who first his breath at Pella drew,
" And Oriental Porus overthrew,
" When told the num'rous laurels Philip gained,
" To joyous friends around, 'tis said, complained,
" With floods of tears, so great his sire's renown,
" No wreaths were left his own fond hopes to crown.

* Alexander the Great.

Tantus eris : nostro nec debes regna favori,
Quæ tibi jam natura dedit. Sic mollibus olim
Stridula ducturum pratis examina regem
Nascentem venerantur apes, & publica mellis
Jura petunt, traduntque favos. Sic pascua parvus
Vindicat, & necdum firmatis cornibus audax
Jam regit armentum vitulus. Sed prælia differ
In juvenem, patiensque meum cum fratre tuere
Me bellante locum. Vos impacatus Araxes,
Vos celer Euphrates timeat. Sit Nilus ubique
Vester, & emisso quidquid Sol imbuit ortu.
Si pateant Alpes, habeat si caussa secundos
Justior eventus, aderis, partesque receptas
Suscipies, animosa tuas ut Gallia leges
Audiat, & nostros æquus modereris Iberos.
Tunc ego securus fati, lætusque laborum
Discedam, vobis utrumque regentibus axem.
Interea Musis, animus dum mollior, insta,
Et, quæ mox imitere, legas: nec desinat unquam

" These dispositions I with joy behold;
" In thee may HEAV'N a father's wish unfold!
" Thou'lt equal Macedonia's lofty line;
" The various realms denominated thine,
" Are not derived from favour fondly shown,
" But NATURE's gifts, already all thy own.
" THUS bees, their new-born monarch honour, pay,
" Designed loud swarms to lead through meadows gay,
" And gather sweets along th' enamelled field,
" Which, for the honey-comb, materials yield.
" So, scarcely horned, the growing bull maintains,
" Audaciously, his pow'r o'er herds and plains.
" BUT wait for youth, in warfare to engage;
" And, while I hasten 'mid the battle's rage,
" Do thou, together with thy brother, try
" To rule the state, my station to supply.
" May swift Euphrates and Araxes bold,
" With trembling fear, your arms, one day, behold:
" Be yours whate'er Nile waters in his course,
" And every clime that feels SOL's rising force.
" Should Alps give way when I their barriers press;—
" If cause most just be crowned with full success;
" The sev'ral parts reconquered by our hands
" Shall then subjected be to thy commands;
" Fierce Gaul submissly shall thy laws obey,
" And our Iberia own thy equal sway.
" Of FATE secure, I finish my career,
" Well pleased both worlds your government revere.
" HOWEVER, to the MUSES now attend,
" While early years the best impression lend;
" [illegible]e various books thou readest in thy youth,
" [illegible]age mature thou'lt reverence for truth.

Tecum Graia loqui, tecum Romana vetustas.
Antiquos evolve duces. Assuesce futuræ
Militiæ. Latium retro te confer in ævum.
Libertas quæsita placet? mirabere Brutum.
Perfidiam damnas? Metî satiabere pœnis.
Triste rigor nimius? Torquati despue mores.
Mors impensa bonum? Decios venerare ruentes.
Vel solus quid fortis agat, te ponte soluto
Oppositus Cocles, Mucii te flamma docebit.
Quid mora perfringat, Fabius: quid rebus in arctis
Dux gerat, ostendat Gallorum strage Camillus.
Discitur hinc nullos meritis obsistere casus:
Prorogat æternam feritas tibi Punica famam,
Regule. Successus superant adversa Catonis.
Discitur hinc quantum paupertas sobria possit:
Pauper erat Curius, cum Reges vinceret armis.
Pauper Fabricius, Pyrrhi cum spernere taurum.
Sordida Serranus flexit Dictator aratra.
Lustratæ lictore casæ, fascesque salignis
Postibus affixi, collectæ Consule messes,
Et sulcata diu trabeato rura colono.

" Let Greece her famed antiquities present,
" And Rome the glories of her wide extent;
" On former heroes' actions fully dwell;
" The future fields for war consider well;
" The long renown of ancient Latium view;—
" If LIBERTY's return thou wouldst pursue,
" Contemplate Brutus;—Shouldst thou treach'ry hate,
" Thyself with Metius' frightful torments sate.
" If rigour most severe distress thy breast,
" Torquatus' dread austerity detest.
" Should death, for country's good, thy plaudits claim,
" Adore the Decii, of immortal name.
" Still further wouldst thou?—Cocles proudly own,
" Who, on the bridge in ruins, stood alone.
" From Mutius' suff'ring flame, example take;
" Let Fabius' caution due impression make;
" See what, with careful steps, may be obtained,
" By battles that, o'er Gauls, Camillus gained.
" Learn hence that merit, howsoever tost,
" With perseverance never will be lost.
" Thou liv'st, O Regulus! in mem'ry's page,
" Through Punick cruelty, from age to age;
" And Cato, by adversity, was set
" Above his rivals, who successes met.
" Hence know what temp'rate poverty can do:
" The frugal Curius mighty kings o'erthrew;
" Fabricius, poor, could Pyrrhus' gold withstand;
" Serranus, though dictator, ploughed the land;
" The humble huts were by the lictor graced:
" Against their willow-doors the FASCES placed;
" In harvest consuls laboured, crops to store;
" And tilled the ground while robes of state they wore."

Hæc genitor præcepta dabat. Velut ille carinæ
Longævus rector, variis quem sæpe procellis
Exploravit hyems, ponto jam fessus & annis
Æquoreas alni nato commendat habenas,
Et casus artesque docet, quo dextra regatur
Sidere, quo fluctus possint moderamine falli:
Quæ nota nimborum: quæ fraus infida sereni:
Quid Sol occiduus prodat: quo saucia vento
Decolor iratos attollat Cynthia vultus.
Adspice nunc, quacumque micas, seu circulus Austri,
Magne parens, gelidi seu te meruere Triones:
Adspice, completur votum. Jam natus adæquat
Te meritis, &, quod magis est optabile, vincit,
Subnixus Stilicone tuo: quem fratribus ipse
Discedens clipeum defensoremque dedisti.
Pro nobis nihil ille pati, nullumque recusat
Discrimen tentare sui: non dura viarum,
Non incerta maris. Lybiæ squalentis arenas
Audebit superare pedes, madidaque cadente
Pleiade Gætulas intrabit navita Syrtes.
Hunc tamen in primis populos levitate feroces,
Et Rhenum pacare jubes. Volat ille citatis
Vectus equis, nullaque latus stipante caterva,
era nubiferas qua Rhætia porrigit Alpes,

To you these precepts Theodosius gave:—
Like one, who num'rous years on Ocean's wave
The vessel steered and oft dread tempests tried,
Now, old and weary of the stormy tide,
To guide the helm o'er waters trusts his son,
And him instructs how perils best to shun;
Points out the star that aids the sailor's course;
Shows how to counteract the billows' force;
The signs that token heavy clouds of rain:
What marks perfidious azure skies maintain:
The presages when Sol at eve descends,
And raging winds the moon's pale look portends.
O Parent Great! where'er you rays unfold,
In regions South,—or North 'mid icy cold,
Accomplished see your anxious, fond desire:—
A son whose merit emulates his sire;
And, what's still greater, he has e'en excelled,
By your own Stilicho's support upheld,
Whom to the brothers gladly you bequeathed,
As guardian shield, when at the last you breathed.
For us he ev'ry toil and danger dares;
The rugged road and troubled ocean bears;
Will boldly traverse Libya's sandy waste;
And, where the Pleiades, at setting, haste,
Audacious mariner, without dismay,
He'll through Gætulian quicksands make his way.
At your commands, fierce nations to subdue,
Who on the banks of Rhine disquiet grew,
He straight proceeded t'wards the hostile shore;
O'er cloud-capped Alps his coursers swiftly bore;
He unescorted passed rough Rhetia's height,
And reached the spot unruffled with affright.

Pergit, & hostiles, tanta est fiducia, ripas
Incomitatus adit. Totum properare per amnem
Attonitos humili Reges cervice videres.
Ante ducem nostrum flavam sparsere Sicambri
Cæsariem, pavidoque orantes murmure Franci
Procubuere solo. Juratur Honorius absens,
Imploratque tuum supplex Alamania nomen.
Bastarnæ venere truces. Venit accola silvæ
Bructerus. Hercynias. Latisque paludibus exit
Cimber, & ingentes Albin liquere Cherusci.
Accipit ille preces varias, tardeque rogatus
Annuit, & magno pacem pro munere donat.
Nobilitant veteres Germanica fœdera Drusos,
Marte sed ancipiti, sed multis cladibus empta.
Quis victum meminit sola formidine Rhenum?
Quod longis alii bellis potuere mereri,
Hoc tibi dat Stiliconis iter. Post otia Galli
Limitis, hortaris Graias fulcire ruinas.
Ionium tegitur velis, ventique laborant
Tot curvare sinus, servaturasque Corinthum
Prosequitur facili Neptunus gurgite classes.
Et puer Isthmiaci jam pridem littoris exul
Secura repetit portus cum matre Palæmon.

Astonished kings were seen with fallen crest,
Who eagerly across the river pressed;
The fierce Sicambrians, frantick with despair,
Before our gen'ral, spread their flaxen hair;
And, consternation painted on the face,
The Franks, with trembling lips, entreated grace.
Their oaths to witness was Honorius named,
And suppliant Germany his mercy claimed.
Bastarnæ cruel thither quickly flew;
From woods Hercynian, near the Bruct'ri drew;
Their wide extended fens the Cimbri left;
And of Cherusci was the Elbe bereft.
From ev'ry side petitions he received,
And by degrees their terrours were relieved:
A boon of magnitude the chief bestowed,
When peace at length they to his goodness owed.
To Drusus, glory German treaties brought;
But that by slaughter great, and dearly bought.
Who can the Rhine remember overthrown,
And subjugated by dismay alone?
What others, by a length of warfare, gained,
You, from this step of Stilicho, obtained.
When Gaul's extent to order was restored,
Greece tott'ring, for support, your arms implored:
Ionia's waves a num'rous fleet beheld,
And winds with labour on the canvass dwelled.
The ships their course, by Neptune's favour, bore
Along the liquid plain to Corinth's shore.
At length Palæmon, who had left his home,
An exile from the isthmus forced to roam,
In safety with his mother now returned,
To greet the port for which their bosoms burned.

Plaustra cruore natant: metitur pellita juventus.
Pars morbo, pars ense perit. Non lustra Lycæi,
Non Erymantheæ jam copia sufficit umbræ
Innumeris exusta rogis, nudataque ferro
Sic flagrasse suas lætantur Mænala silvas.
Excutiat cineres Ephyre; Spartanus & Arcas
Tutior exangues pedibus proculcet acervos;
Fessaque pensatis respiret Græcia pœnis.
Gens, qua non Scythicos diffusior ulla Triones
Incoluit, cui parvus Athos, augustaque Thrace,
Cum transiret, erat; per te, viresque tuorum
Fracta Ducum, lugetque sibi jam rara superstes,
Et, quorum turbæ spatium vix præbuit orbis,
Uno colle latent. Sitiens, inclusaque vallo
Ereptas quæsivit aquas, quas hostibus ante
Irriguas alio Stilico deflexerat actu,
Mirantemque novas ignota per avia valles
Jusserat averso fluvium migrare meatu.
Obvia quid mirum vinci, cum Barbarus ultro
Jam cupiat servire tibi? tua Sarmata discors
Sacramenta petit: projecta pelle Gelonus

In floods of gore the wheels of warriours moved;
The fur-clad youths no longer pow'rful proved:
By dire disease had some been swept away,
While others victims of the battle lay.
Not all Lycæus' branches, brought in aid,
Nor plenteous stores from Erymanthus' shade,
When heaped the lofty fun'ral piles to raise,
Were found sufficient for the holy blaze;
And Mænalus, with pleasure, wood supplied,
To burn the relicks of the havock wide.
Let Corinth scatter ashes to the air:—
Let Sparta and Arcadia (freed from care,)
On slaughtered heaps of lifeless bodies tread;
And weary Greece take breath, relieved from dread!
A nation which o'erspread wide Scythia's snows:—
Fierce hordes that Athos' brow could not enclose,
And e'en too narrow proved th' extent of Thrace,
To give the savages sufficient space,
Now, breathless, by your blows and gen'rals, fell:
Few scaped, with mournful sighs their grief to tell;
And those, the world of late could scarcely bound,
Contracted on a single hill were found.
With thirst tormented as entrenched they lay,
They sought for water, turned another way,
Which Stilicho at first, by means expert,
With wondrous skill had managed to divert,
Through vales unknown, where he contrived a course,
In which the river from the foe to force.
What cause for wonder then in this defeat,
When you, to serve, Barbarians now entreat?
The cross Sarmatian with your ensigns moves;
The Gelon, stript of furs, a soldier proves,

Militat: in Latios ritus transistis Alani.
Ut fortes in Marte viros, animisque paratos,
Sic justos in pace legis, longumque tueris
Electos, crebris nec succedentibus urges.
Judicibus notis regimur, fruimurque quietis
Militiæque bonis; ceu bellatore Quirino,
Ceu placido moderante Numa. Non imminet ensis,
Nullæ nobilium cædes: non crimina vulgo
Texuntur: patria mœstus non truditur exul;
Impia continui cessant augmenta tributi:
Non infelices tabulæ: non hasta refixas
Vendit opes: avida sector non voce citatur:
Nec tua privatis crescunt æraria damnis.
Munificus largi, sed non & prodigus, auri.
Perdurat non empta fides, nec pectora merces
Alligat: ipsa suo pro pignore castra laborant.
Te miles nutritor amat. Quæ denique Romæ
Cura tibi? quam fixa manet reverentia patrum?
Firmatur senium juris, priscamque resumunt

For you makes war;—th' Alani even seek
T' adopt the ways that Latin manners speak?
  If, 'mid the battle's rage, you heroes cheer;
In peace, the friends of justice, you revere;
A pledge of constancy appears your voice:
Nor length of time nor whim inverts your choice.
Our magistrates are able rulers known;
The good, from rest or war, is all our own.
'Twas thus in Romulus's martial day;
And such when blessed with Numa's placid sway.
No sword impendent threatens o'er the head;
No blood of nobles wantonly is shed;
No impositions round allowed to creep;
No exile forced his native land to weep.
From heavy tribute, that fell pow'r increased,
The realm oppressed is happily released:
No registers of victims doomed to die;
No spears* that sales of plundered goods imply;
The auctioneer for buyers bawls no more;
And private property ne'er heaps your store.
Munificently gifts your hand bestows,
While prodigality no action shows.
No sordid means fidelity secure,
Nor gold's allurements firm regard ensure.
Throughout the camp, where passed your earliest years,
Each hand and heart to serve you prompt appears.
  What fond affection Rome may proudly own!
How great the rev'rence for the fathers shown!
To usages, antiquity gives strength;
Their ancient empire, laws resume at length;

* A spear was set up at all auctions.

Canitiem leges, emendanturque vetustæ,
Acceduntque novæ. Talem sensere Solonem
Res Pandioniæ. Sic armipotens Lacedæmon
Despexit muros rigido munita Lycurgo.
Quæ sub te vel caussa gravis, vel judicis error
Negligitur? dubiis quis litibus addere finem
Justior, & mersum latebris educere verum?
Quæ pietas, quantusque rigor, tranquillaque magni
Vis animi, nulloque levis terrore moveri;
Nec nova mirari facilis! quam docta facultas
Ingenii, linguæque modus! responsa verentur
Legati, gravibusque latet sub moribus ætas.
Quantus in ore pater radiat! quam torva voluptas
Frontis, & augusti majestas grata pudoris!
Jam patrias imples galeas: jam cornus avita
Tentatur vibranda tibi. Promittitur ingens
Dextra rudimentis, Romanaque vota moratur.
Quis decor, incedis quoties clipeatus, & auro
Squameus, & rutilus cristis, & casside major!
Sic cum Threicia primum sudaret in hasta,
Flumina laverunt puerum Rhodopeïa Martem.
Quæ vires jaculis! vel cum Gortynia tendis

And, where the old decrees to error tend,
New institutes are issued such to mend.
Twas thus th' Athenians, Solon's rules, revered;—
So walls, round pow'rful Lacedæmon reared,
Were less relied on by the Spartans brave,
Than ordinances stern Lycurgus gave.
What thing important or decision wrong
Is ever left by you unheeded long?
Who dubious causes better can decide,
And drag to light the truth which parties hide?
While kindness and severity, combined
With tranquil ease, pervade your lofty mind,
No terrours swiftly round you spread affright,
Nor novelties astonishment excite.
Your knowledge and capacity are clear:
In ev'ry word superior charms appear;
Your answers raise ambassadors' surprise:
And, wrapped in manners grave, youth hidden lies.
In ev'ry feature is your father seen:
Majestick ease conjoined with modest mien.
Now on you is a parent's helmet placed;
The lance your ancestors had often graced,
At once so dext'rously by you is thrown,
The Romans fondly glow such pow'rs to own.
What noble elegance in ev'ry air,
Whene'er the shield, or armour gilt, you wear;—
The head-piece, covered with the lofty crest,
Of ruddy tufts, that play above the rest!
So Mars, on Rhodopé, in boyish hours,
With Thracian lance, amused his growing pow'rs:
Then plunged his body in the flowing wave,
The perspiration from his limbs to lave.

Spicula, quam felix arcus, certique petitor
Vulneris, & jussum mentiri nescius ictum!
Scis quo more Cydon, qua dirigat arte sagittas
Armenius, refugo quæ sit fiducia Partho.
Sic Amphioniæ pulcer sudore palæstræ
Alcides pharetras, Dircæaque tela solebat
Prætentare feris, olim domitura Gigantas,
Et pacem latura polo: semperque cruentus
Ibat, & Alcmenæ prædam referebat ovanti.
Cæruleus tali prostratus Apolline Python
Implicuit fractis moritura volumina silvis.
Cum vectaris equo, simulacraque Martia ludis,
Quis molles sinuare fugas, quis tendere contum
Acrior, aut subitos melior flexisse recursus?
Non te Massagetæ, non gens exercita campo,
Thessala, non ipsi poterunt æquare bimembres.
Vix comites alæ, vix te suspensa sequuntur
Agmina, ferventesque tument post terga dracones.
Utque tuis primum sonipes calcaribus arsit,
Ignescunt patulæ nares. Non sentit arenas
Ungula, discussæque jubæ sparguntur in armos.

With what superior strength you javelins throw!
What force receives the arrow from your bow!
Which, faithful to your hand, the object gains,
And, with unerring flight, your wish attains.
You fully comprehend the Cydon art,
The skill Armenian to direct the dart,
And what high confidence the Parthians place,
In safety from celerity of pace.

THUS, 'mid the spot, within Amphion's town,
Allotted to contentions of renown,
Alcides, while the drops his face o'erspread,
Against wild beasts those darts and weapons sped,
With which at length the GIANTS he o'erthrew,
And on himself celestial favour drew:
With hands still bloody from the streams of gore,
The spoil he, to Alcmena smiling, bore.
So by Apollo's pow'rs the Python died,
And in its folds wrapped trees from ev'ry side.

WHEN riding, in your play resembling fight,
Who better can the horse direct aright:—
Extend the lance t' inflict the fatal blow;—
Or back in speed, with sudden turning, go?
Massagetæ, nor Thracians of the plain,
Nor Centaurs, o'er you, could a triumph gain.
Nor those companions who as wings are seen,
Nor squadrons ready held with anxious mien,
Your rapid onset scarcely can pursue,
While at their backs the banners swell to view.
When once the spur has made your courser bound,
His nostrils flame:—he hardly feels the ground;—
The mane dishevelled o'er his shoulders flies;—
The splendid furniture disordered lies;—

Turbantur phaleræ. Spumosis morsibus aurum
Fumat. Anhelantes exundant sanguine gemmæ.
Ipse labor pulvisque decet, confusaque motu
Cæsaries. Vestis radiato murice Solem
Combibit. Ingesto crispatur purpura vento.
Si dominus legeretur equis, tua posceret ultro
Verbera Nercidum stabulis nutritus Arion,
Serviretque tuis contempto Castore frænis
Cyllarus, & flavum Xanthus sprevisset Achillem.
Ipse tibi fâmulas præberet Pegasus alas,
Portaretque libens, melioraque pondera passus
Bellerophonteas indignaretur habenas.
Quin etiam velox Auroræ nuntius Æthon,
Qui fugat hinnitu stellas, roseoque domatur
Lucifero, quoties equitem te cernit ab astris,
Invidet, inque tuis mavult spumare lupatis.
Nunc quoque quos habitus, quantæ miracula pompæ
Vidimus, Ausonio cum jam succinctus amictu
Per Ligurum populos solito conspectior ires,
Atque inter niveas alte veherere cohortes,
Obnixisque simul pubes electa lacertis
Sidereum gestaret onus! sic numina Memphis
In vulgus proferre solet. Penetralibus exit
Effigies; brevis illa quidem: sed plurimus infra

The golden bit with foam is overspread;
And o'er the gems is froth, by blood made red.
The dust and heat, with hair in disarray,
Fresh graces round you seemingly convey;
The Sun's bright beams add splendour to your dress,
And purple floats in air as Zephyrs press.
  Could horses be allowed to have a choice,
And, for a master, freely give their voice,
Arion, by the Nereids fondly fed,
Would to your stables willingly be led;
Contemning Castor, Cyllarus would move,
And docile to your reins and wishes prove;
To serve Achilles, Xanthus might disdain;—
E'en Pegasus's wings would you sustain,
And, proud to bear a load of such renown,
Would on Bellerophon's directions frown.
Aurora's swift precursor, Æthon, too,
Who, neighing, drives the stars from azure view,
Submissive to the rosy rays of day,
As oft he ventures, from the spangled way,
Upon your horse to look, would fain submit,
And envy feels, to foam and champ your bit.
  What rich and sumptuous dresses met the eyes!
What splendid elegance to raise surprise,
When, with Ausonian robes on ev'ry side,
Ligurians, to behold you, fondly vied,
Borne high, among the troops in pomp arrayed,
Whose chosen youth the shining charge conveyed!
  So Memphis to the crowd her idols rears;—
A statue short, from sacred niche, appears;
But num'rous priests with linen overspread,
On beams the image raise above their head;

Liniger imposito suspirat vecte sacerdos
Testatus sudore Deum. Nilotica sistris
Ripa sonat, Phariosque modos Ægyptia ducit
Tibia. Submissis admugit cornibus Apis.
Omnis nobilitas, omnis tua sacra frequentant
Tibridis & Latii soboles. Convenit in unum
Quidquid in orbe fuit procerum, quibus auctor honoris
Vel tu, vel genitor. Numeroso Consule Consul
Cingeris, & socios gaudes admittere patres.
Illustri te prole Tagus, te Gallia doctis
Civibus, & toto stipavit Roma Senatu.
Portatur juvenum cervicibus aurea sedes,
Ornatuque novo gravior Deus. Asperat Indus
Velamenta lapis, pretiosaque fila smaragdis
Ducta virent. Amethystus inest, & fulgor Iberus
Temperat arcanis hyacinthi cærula flammis.
Nec rudis in tali suffecit gratia textu:
Auget acus meritum, picturatumque metallis
Vivit opus, multaque ornantur iaspide cultus,
Et variis spirat Nereia bacca figuris.
Quæ tantum potuit digitis mollire rigorem
Ambitiosa colus? vel cujus pectinis arte
Traxerunt solidæ gemmarum stamina telæ?
Invia quis calidi scrutatus stagna profundi
Tethyos invasit gremium? Quis divitis algæ

And, panting with the heavy load imposed,
DIVINITY is by their toil disclosed;
Nile's shore, with trumpet-clangour, rings around;
Th' Egyptian flute reechoes back the sound,
In strains that Pharos' usages adore;
And Apis, stooping, joins with hollow roar.
  IN numbers nobles come from ev'ry side,
From Tiber's banks, from Latium's champaigns wide,
Whoe'er, throughout the world, has gained command,
From you, or from your royal father's hand,
With one accord repairs, in anxious haste,
To view those rites, and sacred tokens placed.
As consul, num'rous consuls you have near,
And pleasure feel 'mid elders to appear;—
From Tagus, chiefs of birth;—from Gaul, men sage:
And all Rome's senate in the scene engage.
Raised on youth's shoulders glares a throne of gold,
Where shines a god delightful to behold;
His robe with India's jewels overspread:
Rich Em'ralds sparkle 'mid the woven thread;
The Amethyst its beaming blue displays,
And mixes with the Jacinth's flaming rays.
Nor was the nat'ral texture of the dress,
Alone sufficient, grandeur to express:
The needle beauty on the whole bestows,
Along the tissue precious metal glows,
While store of Jasper gleams, disposed with taste,
And figures elegant, by pearls are graced.
What pow'rful hand such polish could achieve?
What loom so nicely, sumptuous gems, inweave?
Who fathomed seas unknown?—the wat'ry deep?—
Or Tethys' bosom means devised to sweep?—

Germina flagrantes inter quæsivit arenas?
Quis junxit lapides ostro? quis miscuit ignes
Sidonii rubrique maris? tribuere colorem
Phœnices, Seres subtemina, pondus Hydaspes.
Hoc si Mæonias cinctu graderere per urbes,
In te pampineos transferret Lydia thyrsos,
In te Nysa choros. Dubitassent Orgia Bacchi
Cui furerent. Irent blandæ sub vincula tigres.
Talis Erythræis intextus nebrida gemmis
Liber agit currus, & Caspia flectit eburnis
Colla jugis: Satyri circum, crinemque solutæ
Mænades adstringunt ederis victricibus Indos.
Ebrius hostili velatur palmite Ganges.
Auspice mox lætum sonuit clamore tribunal,
Te fastos ineunte quater sollennia ludit
Omnia libertas. Deductum Vindice morem
Lex celebrat, famulusque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, & grato remeat securior ictu.
Tristis conditio pulsata fronte recedit.
In civem rubuere genæ, tergoque removit
Verbera permissi felix injuria voti.

For treasures sought among the burning sands,
Or grass-wrack lying on the surgy strands?—
The royal purple joined with jewels rare,
And mixed Sidonian fire with RED SEA glare?
The glowing tints Phœnicians hither bore:
Silk, gave the Seres:—stones, Hydaspes' shore.
Thus, through Mæonian towns should you proceed,
With thyrses, twined in vines, would Lydia speed;—
To you would Nysa choral singers bring:—
The sacred rites of Bacchus madly ring;
And e'en fierce tygers, from the woods and plains,
Grow mild and bend beneath your easy chains.
  So Bacchus, clad in skins embroidered o'er,
With jewels from the Erythræan store,
Sits in his car, which Caspian monsters move,
That to his iv'ry yokes obedient prove;
Around the Satyrs on the triumph wait;
With loosened hair the Mænades, elate,
Twine ivy-links 'bout Indus' tawny race,
And hostile palms on Ganges tipsy place.
  Now your tribunal rang with joyful cries;
Your fourth commencement echoed through the skies,
When in our calendars your names appeared,
And LIBERTY with usual transport cheered.
The ancient laws of VINDEX take their sway;
The servants, freed, no more their lords obey:
To you presented, slaves return secure,
No longer destined bondage to endure;
The woful state recedes with downcast mien,
And honest blushes on the face are seen;
From rights of citizen assured the heart,
And saved the back from scourges' poignant smart.

Prospera Romuleis sperantur tempora rebus
In nomen ventura tuum. Præmissa futuris
Dant exempla fidem. Quoties te cursibus ævi
Præfecit, toties accessit laurea patri.
Ausi Danubium quondam tranare Gruthungi
In lintres fregere nemus. Ter mille ruebant
Per fluvium plenæ cuneis immanibus alni.
Dux Odothæus erat. Tantæ conamina classis
Incipiens ætas & primus contudit annus.
Submersæ sedere rates. Fluitantia nunquam
Largius Arctoos pavere cadavera pisces.
Corporibus premitur Peuce. Per quinque recurrens
Ostia Barbaricos vix egerit unda cruores.
Confessusque parens Odothæi regis opima
Rettulit, exuviasque tibi. Civile secundis
Conficis auspiciis bellum. Tibi debeat orbis
Fata Gruthungorum, debellatumque tyrannum
Ister sanguineos egit te Consule montes.
Sed patriis olim fueras successibus auctor,
Nunc eris ipse tuis. Semper venere triumphi
Cum trabeis, sequiturque tuos victoria fasces.

Th' Imperial realm may confidently hope,
Your name to prosp'rous times the way will ope;—
Examples, drawn from recollections past,
Are future pledges that the course will last.
Oft as your consulship the year gave name,
Your father, laurels, added to his fame.
In former days, to pass the Danube's tide,
Gruthungi bold, for boats, scooped timber wide:
Three thousand shallops, filled with savage band,
The river traversed to the further strand;
Inhuman force, by Odothæus led:
Your natal year, when fame first round you spread,
These num'rous skiffs were plunged beneath the wave,
And Northern dead the fish a banquet gave.
Large heaps of bodies covered Pucé oer:
The stream, encumbered with Barbarian gore,
Through five wide mouths that opened to the main,
Could scarcely, with the load, old Ocean gain;
And gratefully your parent felt delight,
With Odothæus' spoils, to greet your sight.
Your second consulship with joy beheld
The direful rage of civil discord quelled;
A tyrant slain, Gruthungi overthrown,
Are glories that the world allows your own;
With blood-stained floods the Ister took its course,
And heaps of dead were rolled by liquid force.
But, long the author of a sire's success,
Now laurels all your own around shall press;
Your consul-robes proud triumphs always drew,
And, with your Fasces, Victory we view.
Use ev'ry means, to exercise with skill
The pow'rs belonging to the place you fill;

Sis precor assiduus Consul, Mariique relinquas,
Et senis Augusti numerum. Quæ gaudia mundo,
Per tua lanugo cum serpere cœperit ora,
Cum tibi prodiderit festas nox pronuba tedas!
Quæ tali devota toro, quæ murice fulgens
Ibit in amplexus tanti Regina mariti?
Quænam tot Divis veniet nurus, omnibus arvis,
Et toto dotanda mari? quantusque feretur
Idem per Zephyri metas Hymenæus & Euri!
O mihi si liceat thalamis intendere carmen
Connubiale tuis, si te jam dicere patrem!
Tempus erit, cum tu trans Rheni cornua victor,
Arcadius captæ spoliis Babylonos onustus,
Communem majore toga signabitis annum,
Crinitusque tuo sudabit fasce Suëvus:
Ultima fraternas horrebunt Bactra secures.

More oft your consulships may Rome behold,
Than Marius numbered, or Augustus told!
What glowing pleasure will the world pervade,
When, o'er your chin, soft down has progress made,
And, on your nuptial night, bright torches spread
Their cheering light around the genial bed!
Who shall the splendid couch with you divide,
And, decked in purple, prove the happy bride?
What beauteous belle, a rank divine allowed,
Shall, through regard, with empire be endowed?
How lib'rally to Hymen praise will flow,
Wherever ZEPHYRUS and EURUS blow!
O may my verse permitted be to sing
Your wedded bliss:—the name of FATHER ring!
The time shall come when you, with conquest crowned
From realms beyond the creeks Rhine's waters bound,—
Shall, with Arcadius, from the glorious toil
Of EASTERN wars, 'mid Babylonian spoil,
Together mark our calends with your name:
The rough Suevi with you seek for fame;
And, at the world's extremes, the Bactrians dread
Battalions by th' imperial brothers led.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON

HONORIUS and MARY.

PREFACE.

When Thetis' nuptials, num'rous gods, from high,
Together drew beneath the vaulted sky,
That arches Pelion o'er from side to side,
Stern Neptune, father to the lovely bride,
And crowds of Sisters from the briny wave,
Continued banquets to th' Immortals gave;
Old Chiron handed Jove the cup of mirth,
His horse-knee gently bending t'wards the earth;
To nectar, icy floods Peneus changed,
And sparkling wine down Œta's borders ranged;
Terpsichoré her lute with rapture played,
And led melodious choirs in grottos' shade:
Harmonious strains, that tender vows expressed,
Cheer'd guests divine and charm'd the Thund'rer's breast.
No songs the Fauns and Centaurs e'er approve,
These notes nor Rhœtus please nor Pholus move.

Sev'n times aloft had Hesperus shone bright,
And still the choirs were seen, 'mid beaming light:
Apollo drew such accents from his lyre,
As rocks to soften and the trees inspire;
The strings expressed Achilles' future fame:—
Now Phrygian slaughter:—Simois now the same;
With Hymen's glory rang Olympus' bound,
And Othys,—Ossa,—echoed Thetis! round.

The Fair, designed to make Honorius blessed,
With flame, 'till then unfelt, had filled his breast:
In love a novice, he ne'er yet perceived,
Whence came this fire, nor why those sighs he heaved.
The chase;—his horse:—to both he bade adieu;—
Nor thought of arrows;—nor the javelin threw;
Imagination wholly was confined,
To features Cupid pictured in the mind.
From deep recesses groans would often stray,
And secret sentiments the blush betray;
His hand, with nat'ral impulse, fondly traced
The cherished name, that all his soul embraced.
Now, for the object of his anxious care,
He presents rich prepared and jewels rare,
But which in brilliancy diminished seemed,
Near Mary's charms, that with transcendence beamed;—
Once ornaments superb, which Livia wore,
And beauteous goddesses whose reign was o'er.
Hope grew impatient;—Day appeared to stay;—
And Phœbe's wheels moved slowly on their way.
So Scyros' maid*, as yet devoid of art,
With love inflamed the young Achilles' heart;
His martial hands, designed the sword to wield,
By her instruction, thread from spindles reeled;
Her rosy fingers combed Thessalian hair,
O'er Ida destined terrours soon to bear.

* Deidamia the daughter of Lycomedes, king of Scyros.

" WHAT strange suspense!"—he to himself exclaimed;
" Will these delays eternally be framed?
" Why should this charmer's father be so slow,
" And, to my wish, such inattention show?—
" Defer the promised union to conclude,
" And supplications constantly elude?
" Like monarchs, to connubial joys inclined,
" I ne'er the sense to pictured forms resigned:
" No female spy commissioned to repair,
" Through num'rous domes, to cull the beauties rare.
" No fickle love by me was ever shown;
" No foul disgrace on married couples thrown;
" Nor, trusting to deceitful portraits' charms,
" Have I, in wedded bosoms, raised alarms.
" But her, to me betrothed, I fondly claim;
" To join our hearts was my famed father's aim;
" The blood maternal that within her flows,
" With me to one great ancestry she owes.
" Th' imposing sway of pow'r I've laid aside,
" And humbly in the suitor's ways confide.
" From sacred bounds, my anxious wish to press,
" I nobles sent who highest rank possess.
" O Stilicho, I readily agree,
" The grant's not small solicited by me;
" But surely I, a prince of highest birth,
" Descended from the sov'reign of the earth,
" Who with a brother's daughter joined your hand,
" Whence Mary sprang,—may make the bold demand.
" To me paternal kindnesses repay,
" And, to the palace, charms its own convey.
" Perhaps the mother gentler may be found:—
" O worthy niece of one with glory crowned,

" Whose heir I prove, and sit upon his throne:
" Blessed FAIR,—th' Iberian line have pride to own;
" In whom, from blood, a sister meets my view,
" And warm, parental care, my childhood knew;
" Whose lap, my infancy, so often cheered,
" And, more than e'en Flaccilla's, I revered:—
" Why, from each other, longer keep apart,
" Those tender pledges of your feeling heart?
" Why, to your youthful fondling's open arms,
" Refuse to yield a lovely daughter's charms?
" Will ne'er the day so much desired arrive?
" Nor come the blissful night for which I strive?"
WITH plaintive sighs, and wailings such as these,
Honorius sought his poignant grief to ease,
Arch Cupid smiled, and quietly withdrew,
Beyond the seas in haste the urchin flew,
On pinions proudly raised his way he made,
And, to his mother, joyful news conveyed.
A STEEP and craggy hill in Cyprus lies,
Which mortal's steps eternally defies,
Its shade extends along th' Ionian side,
O'erlooks Nile's waves that sev'n wide mouths divide,
And insulated Pharos' slimy bed,
Where Proteus, in repose, reclines his head.
There frosts ne'er dare their hoary cov'rings send,
Nor winds their force, nor clouds dense vapours bend:
Luxuriant pleasures, and the GODDESS FAIR,
Alone regard and contemplation share;
The year's harsh seasons entrance ne'er obtain,
And SPRING enjoys an everlasting reign.
The summit wide with flat expanse is crowned:
A golden fence extends the borders round;

The tawny-metal-palisades protect
The verdant lawns with beauteous flow'rs bedecked,
As rumour speaks, 'twas with this shielded space,
That Vulcan gained the conjugal embrace:
Uxorious fondness led him to bestow
The pales superb which strength and splendour show.
Within, to cultivate the fertile soil,
No hands in husbandry are forced to toil;
The ZEPHYRS' breath alone inspires the earth:
To richest fruits perpetually gives birth;
Along the shady grove no bird can wing,
Unless the goddess first have heard him sing,
And, passing judgment on the warbler's voice,
Pronounced his accents worthy of her choice.
Approved:—he, 'mong the branches, seeks delight;
Rejected:—back with grief resumes his flight.
The leaves and boughs fond court to Venus pay:
By turns the happy trees their bliss display;
The Palms with Palms in mutual union twine;
To Poplars, Poplars anxiously incline;
The spreading Planes with sighs t'wards Planes extend;
And Aldars ardently to Aldars bend.
Two fountains flow, the one a dulcet stream,
The other's waters bitter always seem:
These honey mixing with infusions dire,
Thence Cupid's darts from FAME their pow'r acquire.
Upon the ever-smiling margin round,
A thousand little quiver-bearers bound:
Alike in words, in dress, the LOVE's sweet train,
From NYMPHS descended of th' enchanting plain.
The god of tender, soft desire, alone
By beauteous Venus is declared her own.

His bow, o'er gods, and Heav'n, and stars, has sway,
And mighty kings his sov'reign force obey.
The former, wounds, inflict on vulgar hearts,
Nor higher ranks escape their piercing darts.
Here LIBERTY without restraint is seen,
And gusts of ANGER presently serene;
Sly MIDNIGHT-WATCHINGS, moist with rosy wine;
TEARS void of art, and PALENESS' love-worn line;
ASSURANCE falt'ring in his first attempt;
FEAR pleased; and PLEASURE not from fears exempt.
Arch, sportive PERJURIES, with pinions light;
And wanton YOUTH with crest of lofty height,
Who, 'mong the rest, accustomed round to rove,
Denies OLD AGE an entrance to the grove.
THE goddess' palace at a distance stands:
The glare, in dazzling, playful beams, expands,
Which mixing with the trees and shining leaves,
The brilliant scene reflected rays receives.
The skilful god among the Lemnians praised,
This pile of splendid grandeur also raised;—
United glowing gems with burnished gold:—
Great art and cost the diff'rent parts unfold:
On columns, cut from Jacinth quarries, rest
Large Em'rald beams, of lustre rich possessed;
The walls are Beryl; and, before the door,
Rise slipp'ry steps of Jasper to the floor,
That polished Agate pavement overspreads,
On which disdainfully the foot oft treads.
Amid the plain there lies a fragrant field,
With od'rous crops that sweetest perfumes yield:
Here ripe Amomum:—*there* nice Cassia grows:—
Panchaian Cinnamon perfection shows;—

Fresh buds along the Costus' branches peep,
And slowly down the bark thick balsams creep.
THE journey o'er, LOVE dropped his airy flight,
And through the palace moved with proud delight.
A SEAT superb upheld the GODDESS FAIR,
Engaged in giving fashion to her hair;
Th' IDALIAN SISTERS stood on ev'ry side:
One sprinkled odours, while the next applied
The many-clefted iv'ry, formed by art,
The flowing locks in num'rous lines to part;
The third in various ways arranged, behind,
The tresses equally, in ringlets twined,
While some remaining, left with studious care,
Hung negligently down with pleasing air.
Her look to judge required no mirror's aid:
Through all the house reflection is displayed;
In ev'ry quarter where the goddess moves,
The same her beauteous repetition proves.
WHILE lovely Venus thus her image viewed,
And self-inspection rigidly pursued,
Her son's approaching shade she spied with joy,
And fondly to her bosom clasped the boy.
"WHENCE rise these transports? wicked rogue," she cried
"What new attacks hast thou so warmly tried?
"Thy arrow, who has felt?—hast thou, once more,
"Forced, 'mong Sidonian heifers, Jove to roar?—
"Tamed Hyperion?—or, from azure plain,
"Called Luna to the past'ral grot again?—
"A great and hardy deity, I see,
"Has been completely overpow'red by thee."
THE urchin, hanging on his mother's lip,
Replied, "Dear parent, joyful pleasures sip;

" A mighty trophy have our arms laid low:
" Honorius' bosom feels at length our bow.
" You Mary know; her sire, the gen'ral, too,
" Whom Gaul and Italy, their rampart, view;
" Nor hidden from you is Serena's fame:
" Now haste, and your assent at once proclaim:
" To royal vows subscribe with fond delight,
" And, in connubial bonds, the pair unite."
STRAIGHT Cytherea, Cupid, from her thrust,
And sought her hair to fasten and adjust:
Her flowing robe drew in, and, round her waist,
Her rich and fascinating girdle placed,
With which she calms the storms and raging seas,
And winds and angry thunder can appease.
As on the shore she stood, and by her side
The little brood, she to the urchins cried,
" Pray, which among you, boys, will OCEAN brave,
" And Triton hither call through crystal wave?
" By him upheld, I may the waters plough:—
" I never wanted him so much as now.
" Our presence lofty deities await,
" To enter on the Hymeneal state.
" With rapid course the liquid realms explore:
" Perhaps his shell now sounds on Libya's shore;
" Or else, as swiftly o'er the DEEP he glides,
" 'Mid foam, th' Ogygian billows he divides.
" Whoe'er shall find and hither make him move,
" A golden quiver his reward shall prove."
No sooner Venus had her wish declared,
Than swarms of lovely scouts to search repaired.
In seas Carpathian, Triton then pursued
Cymothoë, who fain would him elude,

And, struggling anxiously to guard her charms,
Slipt wet away from harsh-infolding arms.
"Ho! ho!" the little prying FLUTT'RER cried,
"From me, no depth your am'rous pranks can hide:
"Aquatick god, prepare without delay,
"Our beauteous queen o'er OCEAN to convey.
"No trifling recompense by labour gained,
"Which now escapes your grasp, will be obtained;
"To you Cymothoë with ease shall fall,
"The sure reward, if you obey my call."
The grim SEA-TRUMPETER through billows pressed,
His hair in waves descended t'wards the chest;
Assisted by his curling biforked tail,
(Which joins the fish where human forms prevail,)
Across the foaming floods he stretched his course:
Three pow'rful efforts made to dart with force,
And, at the fourth, as forward Triton bore,
He reached the precincts of the Paphian shore.
To shade the goddess, he, the part below,
Incurvated behind, like bending bow;
And on his back with purple scales o'erspread,
A couch of roses mixed their glowing red.
To traverse seas here Venus took her seat,
While frothy waters laved her snowy feet;
The LOVES, in numbers silently around,
With fleetness followed o'er the vast PROFOUND;
Melodious choirs reechoed far and wide;
Wreaths, Neptune's palace, decked on ev'ry side;
Leucothoë danced gaily on the main:
Palæmon, dolphins, curbed with rosy rein;
The vi'let with the grass-wrack Nereus twined;
Gray Glaucus' hair, immortal herbs confined.

On various monsters mounted, Nereids came,
Aroused by sounds that pierced the liquid frame;
One rode a tygress of the stormy waves,
Produced where Ocean's surge, Tartessus, laves;
Another on a sturdy ram appeared,
Which on Ægæus' coast ships justly feared;
This, on a lioness the Deep, swam o'er:
A lusty bull, *that* through the billows, bore;
Rich ornaments each eagerly conveyed,
Intended nuptial presents to be made.
Cimothoë the choicest girdles brought;
A necklace Galatea, highly wrought;
By Spatalé, a diadem o'erspread
With pearls superb, obtained from Red Sea bed;
And Dodo, plunging where the waters flow,
Plucked coral from the rocks that lie below:—
While under briny floods, a branching stem;—
But, hardened in the air, a precious gem.
Encircling Venus, all the naked band
At once expressed their joy with voice and hand.
"We supplicate," they cried, "O goddess fair!
"Our splendid gifts to Mary you will bear:
"Such never Thetis, on the wedding day,
"Nor Neptune's Amphitrité, could display.
"May Stilicho's fair daughter rule the main!
"His vessels oft we, conquest, helped to gain,
"And lent assistance when he met the foe,
"The Greeks dispirited to overthrow."
Now Triton near Liguria's margin drew,
The foam around in rolling surges flew;
His weary length awhile seemed void of force,
But presently aloft he took his course;

With rapid, steady flight, he reached those walls,*
That owe existence to the hands of Gauls,
Where ostentatiously a skin was shown,
From back of swine with woolly fleece its own.
As BEAUTY'S queen approached, clouds disappeared,
And NORTHERN BLASTS the Alpine summits cleared;
The warriour knew not whence his pleasure flowed,
And yet with secret joy his bosom glowed;
Along the ensigns blooming flow'rs were seen,
And all the lances decked in foliage green.
To those attending, who around her pressed,
The lovely Venus thus herself addressed:
" AWHILE, my boys, from hence keep Mars away,
" That mine alone the palace prove to-day;
" No armour's horrid glare shall daze the eye:
" Let threat'ning swords within their scabbards lie;
" The warlike eagles and the dragons bold
" Remain erect implanted in the mould;
" And, for the present hour, let justice yield
" The triumph to my standards in the field.
" To clarions' clangour and loud trumpets' sound,
" Let flutes' and lyres' soft notes succeed around;
" The guards 'mid arms enjoy the festive bowl,
" And sov'reign pow'r abstain from stern control:
" The man of lofty rank, and those below,
" Together mutual exultation show;
" Without restraint let gaiety appear,
" Nor blush to laugh the magistrate severe.
" O HYMEN! blissful festivals direct;
" Ye GRACES! choicest flow'rs with care select;

* Milan.

" Sweet CONCORD! double garlands fondly twine:
" You, WINGED ATTENDANTS! follow our design;
" In divers groups away, with ev'ry haste:
" Range lights to night in rows and forms with taste;
" Place cherished Myrtle branches round the door:
" Each part with liquid perfumes sprinkle o'er;
" Let wood from Saba's groves the flame supply;
" Veils worked by Seres show, of charming dye;
" Whate'er is stained with Sidon's beauteous shade,
" To open view at once shall be displayed.
" The nuptial couch of various stuffs compose:
" The canopy let jewels rare disclose,
" And on rich columns elegantly stand,
" Adorned with figures from the painter's hand.
" Not such bestowed on Pelops, Lydia's gold,
" Nor Mænades, with Indians' spoils, of old,
" And twining branches from the luscious vine,
" When they a bed prepared the god of wine.
" Whate'er Honorius' grand-father obtained,
" When he o'er Moors and Saxons vict'ries gained,
" Or his great sire, from num'rous battles, brought,
" When he and Stilicho together sought
" The hostile force to meet in open fight,
" With proper care exhibit to the sight.
" The presents Gelons and Armenians gave,
" And Meroë, that Nile's famed waters lave,
" With arrows stored:—whate'er from Medus' shore,
" Or Parthians here from Tygris' borders bore,
" When they with humble supplications came,
" A peace submissively from Rome to claim.
" 'Mid noble trophies, which proud triumphs own,
" And spoils BARBARIAN, raise the sponsal throne."

THIS said, in haste she to the palace flew,
Where Mary nothing of her purpose knew,
And, quite unconscious wedlock was designed,
Received instruction from her parent kind,
Maternal morals anxiously imbibed,
And, with delight, heard former worth described,
The great examples drawn from ancient time,
When modesty appeared with charms sublime.
The Latin and the Grecian lettered-store,
Beneath Serena's eye, she now went o'er:
Whate'er proceeded from old Homer's fire,
Or Thracian Orpheus, or sweet Sappho's lyre.
THUS chaste Diana from Latona gained
Impressive rules which, virtuous truths, contained,
And apt Thalia, in the native grot,
From kind Mnemosyné pure precepts got.
Now at a distance sparkled beaming light,
And through th' astonished house glowed rays more bright;
Ambrosial odour, from the goddess' hair,
Perfumed delightfully the ambient air;
The indications, presently displayed,
In purest truth divinity betrayed.
All admiration Venus stood awhile:—
Observed, with wonder, Mary's lovely smile;
Then turning, on the mother's charms, her eyes,
Beheld her snowy tresses with surprise.
THEIR image Luna:—*this* a crescent glows;—
The disk completely full the other shows,
So, under parent-plant, the Laurel young
Discloses future branches thick and strong;
Or, from a single stem in Præstum's bow'rs,
Two roses hang displaying beauteous flow'rs;

Full blown, the one enjoys the beams of day,
The dews receives; and shines with radiance gay;
The other still an opening bud appears,
And seemingly the sun's bright lustre fears.
ADVANCING, Cytherea silence broke,
And thus, in flatt'ring words, to Mary spoke:
" AUGUST descendant:—blessed Serena's fruit:—
" You, future sov'reigns' mother, I salute;
" For you I've Cyprus left:—the Paphian grove:—
" Fatigues endured, and ploughed where billows rove;
" Too long have private roofs your charms concealed;
" And young Honorius' flame been unrevealed;
" The honours of your royal birth embrace:
" Receive the diadem to give your race;
" Again repair to that imperial dome,
" Your mother's ancestors' resplendent home.
" If you to CÆSAR's blood no kindred proved;
" Though far from princely progeny removed:
" Still would the captivating charms you own,
" Be worthy found to dignify a throne.
" What countenance would sceptres better grace?
" Who more deserves a palace than that face?
" The rose can never with your lips compare,
" Nor snow your neck, nor vi'lets with your hair,
" Nor flame those sparkling eyes, which arches shade,
" That, as they ope and close, delights pervade.
" What just-proportioned tints, your cheek, o'erspread!
" The lily glows without superfluous red;
" Your fingers might Aurora's envy raise;
" Diana's shoulders merit not such praise;
" E'en great as are Serena's charms confessed,
" Her lovely daughter is with greater blessed.

" If Bacchus could his Ariadné trace
" A splendid crown within th' ethereal space,
" Why less should Mary, still allowed more fair,
" In azure frame a constellation share?
" For you Bootes now, 'mid vaulted skies,
" A wreath superb of brilliant stars supplies;
" A radiant ring of lucid orbs, behold,
" For you the HEAV'NS propitiously unfold;
" A bride then go, to bless a husband's arms,
" Extensive realms obedient to your charms.
" The Ister anxiously shall rev'rence show;
" The people's bosoms with affection glow;
" To your commands the Rhine will docile prove:
" The Elbe with readiness for you shall move;
" The fierce Sicambrians shall your laws obey:
" What num'rous nations will your sceptre sway!
" The bays of OCEAN on th' Atlantick shore:
" The world throughout will fondly you adore."
THIS said, the Nereids' ornaments she placed
Around the fair, whose neck and charms they graced:
Divided with a pin her flowing hair:
The dress superb arranged with taste and care;
A modest blush her countenance displayed,
And ev'ry feature spoke the lovely maid.
A NUM'ROUS train appeared in pompous state,
With clam'rous sounds, around the palace gate:
The chariot rich, and equipage beside,
Designed from thence to bear the beauteous bride.
The prince, inflamed by love's consuming heat,
Was anxious for the tardy SUN's retreat.
THE noble courser thus, with flowing mane,
empelled by warmth, speeds o'er Pharsalia's plain;

With neighings loud and nostrils breathing fire,
The well known stream he seeks with fond desire:
The fruitful hope delights the master's breast,
And with the choice the female stud feels blessed.
THE troops howe'er (aside their armour laid,)
Around the princess' sire* rejoicings made;
Not solely leaders, but the soldiers too,
Sweet flow'rs amid the rites in numbers threw;
And o'er the chief* 'mong famous heroes classed,
In thickest show'rs, ambrosial perfumes cast.
With laurel-boughs and myrtle-branches crowned,
Their voices thus they raised in dulcet sound:
" O GODLIKE parent! who reside on high,
" Or 'mong the blessed in vales Elysian lie,
" See, Theodosius, Stilicho has now,
" To you most faithfully fulfilled his vow,
" Repayed with gratitude the kindness shown,
" Remembered favours fondly made his own,
" Returned the nuptial couch from whence obtained,
" And rendered to your son the largess gained.
" To you he ever justice will display,
" Nor e'er the least reluctancy betray;
" The pious foresight, in your latest hour,
" Was not deceived in trusting him with pow'r.
" His virtues thoroughly to you were known,
" Who thought him worthy to protect the throne:
" A chief in whom you confidence might place,
" To hold the reins and guard the royal race.
" We battles could describe near Hæmus won;
" The fights that made with blood the Strymon run;

* Stilicho.

" The famous shield; the strength that vanquished foes;—
" But Hymen these forbids us to disclose.
" However, now we may with joy proclaim
" His counsel sage:—his equitable aim;—
" Support of laws, impartially displayed:
" Your upright ways his management pervade;
" Superior force with clear, judicious mind,
" And prudence great with fortitude combined.
" Where find another such expressive face!—
" Whom Roman dignities would better grace?
" Who could so well to num'rous cares attend?
" All hearts their confidence with fervour lend;
" Wherever met the crowd shall mark their choice,
" And STILICHO resound from ev'ry voice.
" In all his actions is the hero seen:
" No haughty words nor steps, nor scornful mien.
" What others seek, and labour to be thought,
" Is yours, O STILICHO! from NATURE brought.
" 'Mid modest looks is proper vigour viewed,
" And growing age with reverence pursued;
" To add respect has TIME a junction tried,
" And youthful strength to hoariness allied;
" In you the mark of both conjoined appears:
" On man her favours FORTUNE fondly rears.
" Your hurtful darts no individuals feel;
" Nor blood of citizens pollutes your steel;
" Nor hatred round us terrours dire maintains;
" Nor e'er is grace allowed to slack the reins;
" The same, to all, is lib'ral kindness shown,
" And fear to ev'ry one alike is known.
" The pure regard that in our bosoms glows,
" To love alone its animation owes.

" O Just dispenser of the laws' due force,
" Most faithful guardian of fair peace's course,
" Superior gen'ral:—father truly blessed;
" Now, for a parent, by the prince possessed,
" Still more invincible appears his sway,
" And to the union we should homage pay.
" Twine garlands gay: awhile let pow'r repose;
" And join the mirth our joyous choirs disclose.
" So may the young Eucherius* e'en excel
" The noble worth his father's virtues tell;
" With wedlock's torches rich Thermantia shine:
" From Mary spring a progeny divine;
" And, graced with purple, to Honorius rise,
" A son, whose grand-sire's knee shall greet the prize."

* Stilicho's son.

FESCENNINES

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

HONORIUS AND MARY.

O PRINCE! whose splendour glows more bright,—
Than stars that beam with brilliant light,
Whose darts more certitude command,
Than those discharged from Parthian hand,
And who the Gelons can exceed,
In managing the sprightly steed:
What praises worthy can be found,
When such superior pow'rs abound?
What eulogies can e'er define
A form and countenance divine?
Fair Leda had bestowed on you,
Still more applause than Castor drew;
In Thetis' eyes your charms appear
Above her own Achilles dear;
Apollo vanquished, Delos deems;
And less, to Lydia Bacchus seems.
WHEN through the leafy forest wide,
You shall th' impatient courser guide,
Pursuing ardently the prey,
While ZEPHYRS with your tresses play:

The beasts shall eagerly advance,
Their sides presenting to your lance;
And e'en the lion pleased shall feel
With wounds received from sacred steel,
Rejoice to meet a noble death,
And freely yield to you his breath.
FAIR Venus may disdain to burn
For young Adonis' quick return;
And Cynthia scout the painful thought,
That Verbius* should to life be brought.
Beneath the Plane's green foliage-shade,
Fatigued, when you shall, heat, evade,
Or, by the scorching DOG-STAR pressed,
In icy grot from sleep seek rest,
What raging flame and poignant smart
Will rack the am'rous Driads' heart!
What Naiades, with anxious eyes,
Shall kisses from your lips surprise!
WHAT creature wears such hideous mien,
As in fierce Scythians' look is seen?
What heart is e'er more cruel found,
Than beasts disclose that range around?
Such noble features who could see,
And not desire your slave to be?
Who would not bear your chains with joy,
And seek their freedom to destroy?
On snowy Caucasus' bleak height,
Had you sought Amazons in fight,
The short shield-troops had war resigned,
And to resume their sex inclined;

* A descendant of Hippolytus, restored to life by Æsculapius. See VIRG. ÆN. VII. 761.

Hippolyté, 'mid trumpets' roar,
Her sire's remembrance giving o'er,
Her axe aside had freely laid;
Her bosom half to view displayed:
Although to Hercules denied,
To you her zone had been untied;
And, solely dwelling on your charms,
She would have bid adieu to arms.
O HAPPY FAIR! you soon shall own,
For husband, him you love alone!

COME EARTH, in SPRING's gay treasures dressed,
Announce the bliss of sov'reigns blessed,
The happy nuptial choice:
Let ev'ry grove and flowing stream,
And briny seas from depth supreme,
Resound with gladd'ning voice.

Attend, attend, Ligurian plains,
Ye Veneti's rough hilly chains,
While songs recchò round:
On Alps' high top let roses blow,
The snow-white frosts with blushes glow,
And mirth 'mid joys abound.

Let Athesis to musick flow;
The winding Mincius gently go,
To reed's soft murm'ring note:

The Po with resonances cheer
The amber-bearing alders near,
And in blithe pleasures flout.

Let crowds on Tiber's borders now,
'Mid feasts and jollity, avow,
Delight their bosoms fills:
And Rome, enchanted with the thought,
Her prince has gained the raptures sought,
Adorn the sev'nfold hills.

Let distant Spain those accents hear,
The cradle of our sov'reigns dear,
Where, under laurel-twine,
The palace scarcely can recount
The monarchs from Iberian fount,
'Mid triumphs of their line.

There, breath the husband's sire first drew,
The beauteous bride's fair mother too,
From thence derived her birth:
Alike the pair united trace,
From CÆSAR's consecrated race,
Their origin on earth.

On Bætis' banks let flow'rs unfold;
The Tagus roll with waves of gold;
And OCEAN e'en below,
Throughout th' extensive, glassy grot,
Resound his progeny's blest lot,
And satisfaction show.

Let plaudits spread from EAST to WEST,
By brothers equally possessed,
Each placid place be gay:
Where'er the SUN, at early morn,
Or in the ev'ning, to adorn,
Extends his gilded ray.

Ye NORTHERN tempests! silent prove;
Cold EASTERN winds! forbear to move;
Loud SOUTHERN blasts! be still:
Let solely gentle ZEPHYRS cheer
The triumphs of the happy year,
And all air's regions fill.

O STILICHO! a garland twine
Around that brow where helmets shine;
Their piercing notes let clarions stay,
And Hymen's torch drive Mars away.
The blood that from the palace came,
Again the royal mansions claim;
The pledges of your love unite,
By vows, which mutually they plight,
To CÆSAR, son-in-law of late:
Now sire to him who rules the state.
What rage will JEALOUSY reveal!
Or ENVY how her pangs conceal?—
A royal son-in-law to view,
In Stilicho, and father too.

THE beams that round Idalia play,
From Hesperus's rising ray,

To Venus, ever precious sight,
Spread o'er the genial couch delight.
Now trembling throbbings raise alarms,
A blush pervades the virgin's charms;
The veil discloses, 'mid her fears,
Sweet innocence dissolved in tears.
With confidence, blessed youth, proceed,
Nor nails' defence nor struggles heed:
None e'er the SPRING's bright beauties gains,
Nor sweets from Hybla's mount obtains,
Who meanly from the conflict runs,
Or spiny bri'rs with caution shuns:
Sharp thorns protect the lovely rose,
And stings round honey bees dispose;
New joys from difficulties rise,
And charms increase as Venus flies;
More rapture in the kiss is found,
Purloined when eyes in floods are drowned.
With fond delight you oft will say:
" These scenes to me more bliss convey,
" Than tenfold triumphs e'er would yield,
" O'er fierce Sarmatians in the field."
MAY, in your bosoms, freely glow
Fond confidence, and stronger grow:
The tender flame, to latest time,
Protract its influence sublime.
Unite, with interlacing arms,
Voluptuous chains encircling charms,
As ivy round the oak intwines,
Or poplar clasped by flexile vines.
With dove-like respirations greet,
And mutual interchanges sweet;

Let sleep awhile his wings extend,
And, on the lip, souls truly blend:
The purple couch soft warmth supply,
And all desired 'mid Tyrian dye.
Then, from the conquest with delight,
Arise when beams the morning bright.
ENLIVENING sounds, let flutes convey;
The crowd with freedom mirth display:
Blithe jest and jollity go round,
While all without restraint is found;
The soldier with his gen'ral cheer:
The maidens with the youth appear;
Let vocal thunders rend the sky;
With echoes earth, air, seas, reply;
The joyful tidings far expand:
Fair Mary gains Honorius' hand!

THE

GILDONIC WAR.

To Roman laws bows Africa once more,
And, foreign skies, th' imperial arms restore;
Of both the worlds one hero holds the reins;
We've Europe joined again with Libya's plains;
And perfect concord, every where around,
Between the brother-potentates is found.
Two tyrants yielded to the sire their breath;
The third, who scaped alone the blow of death,
And longer was his course allowed to run,
Has perished by the efforts of the son.
The mind is scarcely yet relieved from fears,
Suppresses transports, and amazed appears;
Amid the publick joy in doubt remains,
If what is said and wished, the truth contains.
The army had not reached the Cinyps' banks,
Ere overthrown was Gildo by their ranks;
No barriers could resist the conqu'ring force,
Nor earth, nor seas obstruct their rapid course;
The voice that first announced the foe in view,
Detailed the fight, his flight, and capture too;

The laurel-wreath, on FAME's triumphant car,
Preceded rumours e'en of martial jar.
WHAT pow'r divine has thus his favour shown,
And in such haste the monster overthrown?
The enemy, that coming WINTER named,
Has, by the SPRING, subverted been proclaimed.
ROME, dreading ruin, shuddered for her fate,
And hideous famine threatened at the gate;
To high Olympus she her prayers addressed:
Not such as usually her lips expressed,
Nor similar to those, in former times,
When she promulgated, in British climes,
Her formidable laws with sov'reign sway,
Or forced the trembling Indians to obey.
Her voice was languid;—steps appeared to dwell;—
Eyes looked dejected: cheeks in hollows fell;
A horrid meagreness her arms o'erspread;
A shield, that brilliant glare no longer shed,
Hung from her shoulders, tott'ring as she moved;
Too large the helmet round her temples proved,
Disclosing hoary locks to open view,
As, feebly on, a rusty lance she drew.
At length arrived where gods the fabrick graced,
She, wailing thus, the THUND'RER's knees embraced:
" O JUPITER! if DESTINY intend,
" My rising walls to last till TIME shall end;
" If what the Sibyl's verse of old decreed
" Is meant irrevocably to proceed;
" Or, if thou art not yet disposed to slight
" The lofty dome* that crowns Tarpeia's height:

* The Capitol.

" An humble suppliant at thy feet behold;
" We ask no triumph for a consul bold,
" In regions where Araxes' waters flow;
" Nor quiver-bearing Susa to o'erthrow;
" Nor, on the sands that with RED OCEAN mix,
" The waving eagles 'mid success to fix.
" On us these glories were bestowed before:
" At present food alone ROME's prayers implore;
" O best of fathers! pity hunger's call,
" Nor let thy people by fell famine fall,
" Whatever anger might thy breast pervade,
" With confidence we trust is now allayed;
" The savage Getæ have our lot bewailed;
" Among Suevi, sympathy prevailed;
" And even Parthia, with emotion, heard
" The city's frightful wretchedness averred.
" How shall I tell the num'rous heaps of dead,
" That dread disease or direful slaughter sped?
" The flowing river 'bove the dwellings found,
" And threat'ning e'en the lofty hills around?
" Submerged, I've ships our roofs seen floating oer;—
" The rowers lab'ring:—Pyrrha's age once more.
" The Latian force and city's noble height,
" Alas! how fallen from their former might!
" By small degrees we've retrogression made,
" Till dwindled to the semblance of a shade.
" A time there was when I 'mid armies moved,
" And senates sage:—triumphant then I proved;
" The earth I conquered:—gave the people laws;—
" From pole to pole extended our applause.
" But scarcely had ambitious CÆSAR gained
" Th' imperial pow'r, and publick rights enchained:

" O'erturned the rigid manners long possessed,—
" Than ancient regulations fell depressed,
" And plunged me into INDOLENCE's lap,
" Where slav'ry sought the senses to inwrap.
" For recompense of former merits shown,
" The Nile and Libya were declared my own;
" Whence, to the sov'reign crowd and senate bold,
" Each summer, vessels came with plenteous hold;
" By turns the diff'rent winds supplied our stores,
" And filled the gran'ries from both fruitful shores.
" Then health's pure blessing ev'ry-where appeared:
" If Memphis failed, Gætulian harvests cheered;
" The Punick ships with corn pressed o'er the main,
" And Nile's swelled canvass wafted loads of grain.
" At length another Rome arose to view:
" Aurora's rays adorned an empire new;
" The robe revered alike the second wore,
" And Egypt thither all its produce bore.
" Our only hope now left was Libya's field,
" That scarcely for us could sufficient yield;
" The SOUTHERN gales alone the crops conveyed,
" Which insecure the future always made;
" In need eternally; dependent too,
" Upon the seasons and the winds that blew.
" From us has Gildo torn this last resource,
" When AUTUMN nearly finished had his course.
" On azure plain our anxious eyes we keep,
" To watch for vessels o'er the wavy deep;
" Shame may perhaps the tyrant have restrained,
" And small supplies be from his grasp obtained;
" Or some that for a while unnoticed lay,
" May fortunately hither find its way.

" To us, as wills the Moor, food's wafted o'er:
" Not tribute now transmitted from his store,
" But daily bounty at his pleasure sent,
" And life and famine at discretion lent;
" Barbarian insolence disdains our tears,
" And dire destruction in suspense appears;
" He sells the harvests raised by Roman hands,
" And plains possesses conquered by our bands.
" For him have I so many years engaged
" The strength of Carthage, and wars bloody waged?
" For such a tyrant, in contempt of death,
" Did Regulus return and yield his breath?
" Was this, O father! all the people's gain,
" For which, at Cannæ, perished heaps of slain?
" For this so oft fell flames our navy bore
" Along the Spanish and Sicilian shore?
" With devastation every champaign spread?—
" So many gen'rals numbered with the dead?—
" And Hannibal o'er Alps pursued his way,
" My ancient ramparts clouding with dismay?
" That this BARBARIAN may his pow'r maintain,
" And over Africa extend his reign,
" Have we supported war within our walls,
" And at the gate, at night, borne bloody falls?
" Thrice Carthage by our forces overthrown,
" To be by Gildo taken for his own?
" A thousand slaughters Italy bewailed?
" So many ages battles' rage prevailed?
" The patient Fabius and Marcellus' toil,
" But tended to enrich this wretch with spoil?
" Have we made cruel Syphax bend his lip,
" From bowl envenomed direful draughts to sip;

" The fierce Jugurtha, by Martellus' might,
" Obliged to yield in sanguinary fight,
" Whom Marius chained,—dragged hither 'mid applause:
" And Gildo think to give Numidia laws?
" Alas! so many lives in contests lost;
" The warriours 'mid fatigues and dangers tost;
" The Scipios' labours for the Bocchus-race;
" And blood of Romans spilt this Moor to grace!
" A martial people who, such length of time,
" Their pow'er extended to the furthest clime;
" Who consuls made and sceptres e'en bestowed;
" To whose dread arms obedience nations showed:
" Now humbled and distressed, feel ills around,
" That oft attendant on long peace are found,
" And though no foe in open arms is met,
" On ev'ry side with dangers are beset;
" Each hour beneath DEATH's menaces we live,
" And few the days precarious food will give.
" Propitious DESTINIES! why here enclose
" The sev'nfold hills, and numbers thus expose,
" Without the means their hunger to remove?—
" Were less my riches, happier I should prove!
" Far better to sustain the Sabines' rage,
" Or pow'rful Veientes to engage!
" With less extent, I rested more secure;
" The load of grandeur scarcely I endure!
" Would that my limits could again be brought,
" To what, by Ancus, space enough was thought!
" Suffice for me would what Etruria yields:—
" Campania:—Quintius' grounds;—and Curtius' fields;
" A plain DICTATOR, taken from the plough,
" Would freely to the state his crops allow.

" What plan at present then should be my aim?
" In Lybia Gildo rules;—Nile, others* claim;
" I, who extended once my conqu'ring arms
" O'er earth and sea, now tremble with alarms;
" Forsaken seem:—old age's merits fail,
" And no support awaits my feeble call.
" O gods, whose anger I severely feel,
" Assistance give and my afflictions heal;
" A father's rage endeavour to appease;—
" And thou who, traversing the stormy seas,
" Hast Ida's charming clime been led to quit,
" Upon Mount Palatine aloft to sit,
" Whose Phrygian lions are constrained to lave,
" Within the Almo's salutary wave:
" O Cybilé! maternal influence use,
" And mercy's balm around thy son diffuse.
" But if the Parcæ this request deny,
" And vainly we on auguries rely,—
" By other means let us resign our breath,
" And choose a diff'rent instrument of death.
" The Tarquin-pow'r, Porsenna let restore;
" The Allia flow anew with battles' gore;
" Again Rome rather yield to Pyrrhus' ire;—
" Fierce Senones:—the savage Brennus' fire:—
" These ills united would less horrours bring,
" Than desolations that from famine spring."
THIS said, her voice was lost in sobs and sighs;
Tears filled her mother Cytherea's eyes;
With poignant grief her parent, Mars, was moved;
Rememb'ring Vesta, Pallas gloomy proved;

* The EASTERN empire was at that time supplied by Egypt.

Nor Cybelé nor Juno could refrain
From sympathizing in the piercing pain;
Great Jove already felt his anger less,
And, with his hand, seemed back those plaints to press.
  Now Africa amid the stars was seen,
Her cries rent air:—wounds overspread her mien;
In tatters fell her robes;—the ears of corn,
With wreaths intwined her temples to adorn,
Lay scattered round, in wild disorder left;
Her iv'ry comb, in various fragments cleft,
Among dishevelled tresses, broken hung:
Olympus' doors, with noise, she open flung:
  " O Mighty Jove!" said she, " why still restrain,
" By laws and bounds, the undulating main,
" And not allow thy angry brother's realm,
" The human race at once, to overwhelm?
" Pachynos' top let stormy billows lave:
" Strong cities sink within the Syrtes' wave;
" If Gildo, Fate refuse to force away:
" Me rescue from the haughty tyrant's sway.
" O how I envy Libya's burning sands,
" Which scorching heat secures from Gildo's hands!
" 'Twere better far a desert I should lie,
" And cultivation utterly defy;
" The torrid zone should closely me confine,
" Encompassed by the burning Middle Line;
" The Dipsas-vipers ev'ry produce spoil,
" And serpents horned o'er-run the arid soil.
" To me what use the climate I admire?—
" The charming air that daily I respire?
" 'Tis Gildo solely reaps my fertile ground;
" Twice winters six has Phœbus gone his round,

" Since first the fatal yoke that I detest,
" With such severity upon me pressed;
" The wretch, amid our wailings, now grows old,
" So many years my plains he has controlled.
" O sad reflection!—Such complete disgrace:
" A subject thus, as if o'er narrow space,
" To reign from Nile's rich banks to Atlas' skies;
" From where great Hercules's columns rise,
" To Barca's sands; and over regions wide,
" 'Tween Parætorium's shore and Ganges' tide:—
" These climes appropriate to his sov'reign sway:
" One third the world a rebel's laws obey!
" Extremes of vice within his heart contend:
" What av'rice wrings, the worst profusions spend;
" His fell pursuits the living fly with dread:
" He claims, as heir, whatever leave the dead;
" The virgin forcibly the monster takes;
" And, foul adult'rer! wretched couples makes.
" His craving bosom never feels at rest;
" Desire of spoil, and lust, pervade his breast;
" The rich behold with fear the beaming light;
" And darkness fills the husband with affright.
" Whoe'er has treasures, or a beauteous wife,
" By crimes supposed, expects to lose his life;
" If impositions fail, the banquet's tried;
" With various means of death he is supplied:
" Empoisoned juices;—venom, serpents own;
" And herbs, to barb'rous step-dames e'en unknown.
" If sudden horrour in the face arise,
" Or from the bosom issue plaintive sighs,
" A bloody minion at the nod appears,
" With dagger drawn, and chills the guests with fears;

" Each, to his seat, in trembling terrour fixed,
" Beholds the meat with dire infusions mixed;
" To his pale lips the doubtful cup applies,
" And, to the steel suspended, turns his eyes.
" Infernal preparation spreads the board;
" With sanguinary slaughter reeks the sword;
" The fatal poison circulates around;
" And dread suspicions ev'ry-where abound.
" When in the bosom wine has warmed desire,
" With greater fury burns lascivious fire;
" 'Mid am'rous wreaths o'erspread with perfumes choice,
" Attendants spruce, and youth with choral voice,
" The FAIR he orders forward, widows left,
" To smile o'er husbands dear, of life bereft.
" Ah! better Phalaris' fell fury bear:
" The torments of his flames with horrid glare;
" The bull Sicilian fill with hollow roar:
" Than hear those choirs resound in scenes of gore!
" Nor insults, base to modesty distressed,
" Suffice to gratify the tyrant's breast:
" The belle forlorn, who pleases not his sight,
" Whate'er her rank, must with some Moor unite.
" Sidonian* mothers, in their native land,
" Are to BARBARIANS forced to give their hand;
" *This* to an Ethiopian yields her charms;
" *That* breathes her sighs in Nasamonian arms;
" The frightful fruits, that from the union rise,
" E'en fill the very cradle with surprise.
" Relying on accomplices around,
" More lofty than a prince he treads the ground.

* The first Carthaginians came from Sidon.

" Advanced before him, infantry appear;
" A guard of horse protects the flanks and rear;
" Beside him abject sov'reigns meanly move,
" To whom our spoils rich acquisitions prove.
" He, people, forces happy homes to quit,
" Where long their ancestors were used to sit;
" The husbandman is from his cottage torn,
" And wand'ring exiles dire misfortunes mourn.
" Shall equitable rights be ne'er restored,
" Nor banished men return to hearths adored?"
STILL further she her suff'rings would have shown,
Had Jove not spoken from his lofty throne;
Th' impressive words by Atropos were placed
On plates of adamant, and deeply traced;
And Lachesis was careful to apply
The sacred threads that form the verbal tie.
" NOR you, O ROME! and AFRICA!" he cried,
" Shall long a just avenger be denied;
" The common foe shall, by Honorius' arm,
" Be prostrate laid:—go, dissipate alarm;
" No mortal pow'r shall separate your cause,
" And Carthage solely bend to Latian laws."
THIS said, fresh bloom o'er ROME the THUN'DRER threw:
Restored her strength:—gray locks distained anew;
Her helmet firm, the tufts their tops upreared;
Around her shield reflected rays appeared;
And, freed from rust, her lance of swiftest flight,
Again emitted brightest beams of light.
NOW SOMNUS held NIGHT's humid steeds in course;
Lethæan reins submitted to his force;
The stars, as on the silent chariot rolled,
Revolved around, with equal pow'r controlled.

The chiefs renowned, among the gods proclaimed,
Great Theodosius and his father famed,
To human-kind the balm of peace conveyed;
Jove's high decrees and secret warnings laid
Before the brothers, who the throne possessed,
Confirming union 'tween the EAST and WEST.
So when rough seas the pilot's art o'erpow'r,
And waves the ship seem ready to devour,
If Læda's sons, at night, hear prayers resound,
They guide the vessel o'er th' abyss profound.
WHERE Luna's radiant rays extend their force,
The sire and son* took each a diff'rent course;
The former t'wards th' Italian regions bore:
The other sought the Bosph'rous' briny shore,
And reached the capital in ORIENT clime,
Where lay Arcadius on his couch sublime.
Soon as the prince, by Cynthia's beaming light,
Perceived his royal ancestor in sight,
The tender tear, his trembling joy, expressed,
And one unhoped, he ardently caressed.
" O FATHER!" he exclaimed with fond surprise,
" Who, since Alps' conquest, now first greet my eyes:
" Has FATE returned you, as your sons desire?—
" That hand to touch I anxiously aspire,
" By which fierce nations oft were doomed to fall:—
" Such help, from earth, what envious pow'r could call?
" The mortal race for your assistance pray,
" Revere your bounty and heroick sway,
" And, for their shield the lofty skies, invoke:—"
Thus, interrupting, Theodosius spoke:

* The Emperor Theodosius the Great, and his father.

" WHAT?—'Tween the brothers is disunion sown?
" A Moor has discord 'mid their councils thrown?—
" The world at variance set:—and feuds depend
" On Gildo's full success, or death, to end?
" His virtues truly high reward deserve,
" To make thee from fraternal kindness swerve.
" First t'wards thy parent let those eyes be borne:—
" Th' Italian realm by civil broils was torn;
" Rome trembling stood, uncertain of her fate:—
" What distant sov'reign of th' Armenian state,
" Or prince that reigns upon Mæotis' shore,
" But troops to my assistance freely bore?
" The Getæ readily their forces brought;
" To lend me aid, the Gelons quickly sought;
" But not a ship nor soldier Gildo sent,
" And, 'mid professions, waited the event.
" Joined had he rebels, less would prove my rage:
" I should have known the war I had to wage;
" But watching FATE, in silence he remained,
" And weighed the forces that the fight sustained;
" His judgment regulated by success;
" With circumstances, would the balance press;
" Whoe'er the victor, seek without delay,
" And FORTUNE fix at once, and martial sway.
" Had envious stars not snatched me from below,
" I should, the dread example to bestow,
" Like Tullus have, by pow'rful coursers' aid,
" His impious limbs in severed quarters laid,
" The bloody, palpitating fragments, thrown
" On branching thorns, in terrour to be shown.
" Honorius' laws, to which he used to bow,
" Beneath his feet, contemned, are trampled now.

" Our vigilance could scarcely tumults quell;
" Still less, when to a boy the sceptre fell.
" For you, alas! how great were my alarms,
" Such lawless bands of soldiery in arms,
" Whose frantick joy audaciously appeared,
" And, for the consequences, nothing feared.
" If such dire discords raised terrifick dread:
" Their unanimity would more have spread.
" Then Stilicho paternal cares bestowed;
" To tender youth benign attention showed;
" Protection gave the prince's infant sway;
" Rufinus crushed, who filled thee with dismay.
" Ingratitude his bosom never knew;
" To strict fidelity his heart is true;
" What I contemplated, while life remained,
" By his solicitude has been obtained.
" On me, as one among the pow'rs on high,
" His anxious prayers with fervency rely.
" Such services as these shouldst thou neglect,
" Still, what unites our families, respect,
" Connubial ties that round thy brother twine,
" And her from fair Serena's royal line.
" Thou shouldst Honorius aid against the foe,
" And like fraternal succour he would owe.
" What nation on the Rhine or Ister's strand,
" Your pow'rful arms united, could withstand?
" From Gildo thy support at once recall:
" 'Tis all we ask;—the monster then must fall.
" In vain for him would dreadful quicksands move,
" Or Atlas' lofty sides a rampart prove,
" Or plains by hideous serpents overrun,
" Exposed to heat beneath meridian sun:—

" By dauntless Stilicho, for wisdom known,
" Shall ev'ry obstacle be overthrown."
THUS Theodosius spoke.—The son replied :—
" O father! your commands my will decide;
" Beyond your orders I'll obedience show:
" The worth of Stilicho I fully know.
" This horrid traitor, let him meet the fate,
" That merit those whose crimes disturb the state;
" And Africa, relieved from dire alarms,
" Return obedient to my brother's arms!"
WHILE these, conversing, passed a length of time,
Honorius' grandsire reached Hesperia's clime,
And to the sacred sanctuary flew,
Where lay the prince, on couch of Tyrian hue,
Enjoying sweet repose with Mary blessed;—
When near his head, the youth he thus addressed:
" O GRANDSON, ever dear! from whence arise,
" In Moors subdued, presumptions that surprise?—
" What! since my triumphs, Juba's savage race
" Audaciously again their arms embrace!
" Against their conqu'ror's son already plot!—
" Is Firmus' punishment so soon forgot?
" Have they once more the Libyan realm obtained,
" Which we by great fatigue and valour gained?
" Has Gildo dared try Latium's force renowned,
" Nor fears the chastisement his brother found?
" Oh! could I show him now this hoary head,
" And well known face which age has overspread,
" No sooner should the shadow meet his sight,
" Than safety would he not secure by flight?
" Canst thou have doubts?—Rise: leave thy couch of ease;
" Lead on:—the execrable rebel seize;

" In chains again th' audacious captive place;
" Be careful lest delay should bring disgrace.
" Thus FATE decrees:—our blood, while on the earth,
" Shall daunt the race who owe to Bocchus birth.
" Join Gildo's spoils to those from Firmus' wreck;
" Both cars, let Mauritanian laurels deck;
" The house united let triumphant reign,
" And num'rous conquests from the foe obtain.
" Ye gods! who made one brother rue my strength,
" Pure gratitude I owe, that you, at length,
" Reserve the other, after years have run,
" To fall by hands descended from my son."
THIS said, the vision took his airy flight,
To realms on high, near SOL's refulgent light.
WITH glory now Honorius' bosom glowed;
He longed to plough where foaming billows flowed:
Against the Moors, in distant climes, advance,
And make them feel the vigour of his lance;
His wife's fond sire he ordered to be brought,
His hand he pressed, and thus his counsel sought:
" O! HONOURED father, oft, in sleep, I find
" Futurity developed to my mind;
" At night a thousand presages arise,
" That seem to gratify the ears and eyes.
" For in the distant scene, as fancy drew,
" The Libyan forests round I fleetly flew,
" And cross Gætulian hills pursued the chase,
" With faithful dogs that snuffed the scented trace.
" The lion's ravages perception viewed;—
" Here bones of sheep: there bullocks' limbs were strewed;
" The shepherd's cottage reeking still with gore!
" The blood-stained lawns with bodies scattered o'er!

" The monster's den I readily assailed;
" More wonders then ideally prevailed:
" His crest was fallen, and the mane hung low,
" The shoulders crouched, while groans expressed his wo;
" His bloody claws by fetters were confined,
" And chains, around his neck astonished, twined.
" My grandsire too invites now to the field,
" Where trophies like his own to me he'll yield.
" Why, 'mid inaction, do we thus delay?—
" Ere this the shipping, soldiers to convey,
" Should o'er the foaming billows take their course:
" My bosom burns to lead th' imperial force.
" Let savage tribes, beneath my sceptre placed,
" In full obedience, to our banners, haste:
" The German and Sicambrian fleets unite,
" And pale grow Africa, Rhine's bands in sight.
" Shall I, in silence, such disgrace behold,
" And lose, in youth, what I, a boy, controlled!
" Twice, realms to guard, to Alps our father flew,
" And we such outrages with tameness view!"
When this was said, thus Stilicho replied:
" Deign would you, prince, troops 'gainst this Moor to guide?
" 'Twould raise the fellow's consequence so high,
" He glory would, by royal hands to die.
" Here great Honorius:—Gildo there contend!—
" Stars, first shall Chaos, with Avernus, blend!
" Enough are orders vengeance to secure;
" Your pow'rful sword will triumphs less assure,
" Than what produce the terrours of your name:
" The prince's presence oft abates his fame;
" All equal stand within the martial field,
" And arms opposed no heed to sov'reigns yield

" What I, with due respect, shall recommend,
" Will more annoy the foe and you befriend:
" To him by birth is Mascezel allied,
" Yêt diff'rent sentiments his conduct guide;
" A brother's crimes and snares obliged to fly,
" On you for life his only hopes rely.
" Wiles failing;—Gildo, on the infant race,
" That he was wont with fondness to embrace,
" And in his bosom bear, wreaked bloody rage:
" Their mangled limbs, his fury to assuage,
" Inhumanly were scattered o'er the ground:
" No tomb their shades have from the monster found;
" Alike blood, manhood, and fraternal ties,
" A little dust he e'en the slain denies.
" Such guilt Mycenæ filled with dire dismay:
" The SUN drew back:—no longer beamed the DAY;
" But Atreus conduct base with crime repaid:
" For bed dishonoured, horrid feast he made.
" Here hatred solely guided Gildo's mind,
" Not poignant pains for evil deeds designed.
" O great Honorius! violated laws
" Implore your pow'r to aid an injured cause;
" To you a father cries,—let vengeance fall;
" Unburied limbs with fervour on you call;
" Polluted NATURE joins the plaintive sound
" And frightful lamentations echoe round.
" If sage Athenians holy altars raised,
" On which to MERCY sacrifices blazed,
" And gods assigned to whose peculiar care
" The wretched might address their ardent prayer;
" If Grecian wives and mothers, by their cries,
" Induced Pandion-bands for them to rise,

" And merited, by valour tried, the right
" Of fun'ral piles for husbands slain in fight:
" If, by dishevelled hair and wildness shown,
" Adherbal, from his lofty throne o'erthrown,
" Against Numidians roused the Senate's rage:
" Now Gildo well may tremble to engage
" The chief he plunged in wo's abyss of tears,
" When, by your troops supported, he appears;
" And feel with grief, his triumphs to efface,
" Your knees it quite suffices to embrace.
" Fly let him one, he lately chased away;
" Him dread, in turn, he filled with dire dismay;
" And when th' uplifted steel shall meet his eye,
" May he an injured brother's hand descry!"
THE royal son-in-law approved the plan;
Then Stilicho, with ev'ry haste, began
T' assemble troops whose martial bosoms glowed;
The choice of youth, who burning ardour showed;
And, in th' Etruscan harbours, to prepare
The shipping, o'er the main, this force to bear.
Alcides led the corps that takes his name:
Jove's cohort,—him who shakes th' ethereal frame;
The standard-bearer felt his burden less;
And streaming banners forward seemed to press.
These Nervius followed;—Felix, FORTUNE's child,—
The LEGION of th' IMPERIAL RULER styled;—
TH' INVINCIBLES, who dangers never weighed;
And LIONS bold, whose shields their deeds displayed.
BEFORE they marched, howe'er, the prince addressed
The eager bands, and cheered each glowing breast;
The youth attentive stood, encircling round:
Leaned o'er their spears, supported on the ground.

" O SOLDIERS!" he exclaimed, " who soon will make
" The tyrant, Gildo, for his safety quake;
" The time is come, your promise to fulfil:
" Now execute your menaces at will;
" For me, if love you proudly wish to show,
" With arms in hand, chastise the rebel foe;
" By noble triumphs civil broils efface;
" Make known to all the EAST:—earth's utmost space;—
" Not force superior overcame the Gauls:
" A cause that's bad inevitably falls.
" No terrour let the horrid monster spread,
" Though all the barb'rous race by him were led;
" Will Moors be able warriours' shouts to bear,
" The sword upraised, and shining armour's glare?
" You'll meet not men who shields and helmets own:
" To darts alone they trust, from distance thrown,
" Which once discharged, the foe unsheltered stands:
" A javelin and his cloak engage his hands;
" The right the weapon grasps:—his robe the left;
" Save this, the trooper is of fence bereft.
" His courser, ne'er subjected to the rein,
" Is, by a rod, conducted o'er the plain.
" Fidelity and discipline they slight:
" Hold arms a burden:—safety place in flight;
" Wives without number to their bed they take:—
" The ties of kindred no distinction make;
" The infant progeny no care receives;
" For that, with feeling, not a bosom heaves;
" 'Mong numbers portioned, kindness scarcely glows:
" Such,—such the multitude who you oppose!
" As moves the chief, sweet roses shade his head;
" Upon him balmy odours perfumes shed;

" The victim of excess from festive boards,
" Age premature the flowing bowl affords,
" Diseases dire his constitution waste,
" By ev'ry vile debauchery disgraced.
" His sleep incestuous rouse by horns around;
" And, while his ears are harassed with the sound,
" Let him in vain for lyres' soft accents bawl:
" On voices sweet with dancers' movements call;
" Learn, spite of sloth, to pass, in tented fields,
" The nights that he to dissoluteness yields.
" Is death not better far, than life to bear,
" Condemned the badge of dread disgrace to wear?
" Illyria lost, what clime should we retain,
" Were Moorish rulers Africa to gain?
" Shall laws that reached to Meroë, of yore,
" And where the RED SEA billows lash the shore,
" Receive for furthest bounds th' Etrurian wave?
" Imperial Rome! that banks Nile's waters lave,
" Nor India, limits to her pow'r could boast,
" Now view her utmost stretch, Trinacria's* coast!
" Go, soldiers, rescue realms from savage sway,
" The SOUTHERN climes, that Gildo's nod obey;
" ROME, long beheld the mistress of the world,
" With you will stand, or be in ruin hurled.
" Towns, people, fertile plains, to me restore:
" Make Libya, by a battle, peace implore.
" Where'er your oars and swelling canvass tend,
" Let all before th' imperial banners bend,
" And my insulted laws resume their course,
" Beyond the seas, attendant on your force.

* Sicily.

" Two tyrants slain, the third now treat the same,
" And end at length the rebel's horrid name."
THESE words, the presages confirmed on high:
Jove's tawny minister straight soared the sky,
And, 'tween his talons, as he winged his flight,
A serpent bore, conspicuously in sight.
While, with his crooked bill, the eagle tried,
In parts, the struggling reptile to divide,
Securely in his claws remained the head,
And o'er the earth the mangled fragments spread.
THE omen filled with joy the soldiers' breast:
At once their steps o'er rocks, through torrents pressed;
Nor forest wide, nor lofty mountains' top,
Could damp their ardour, or their movements stop.
THUS flocks of cranes, with clamour in the air,
From Thrace's chilly clime, on wing repair;
The Strymon's banks exchange for Nile's mild breath;
And, 'gainst the Pigmies, carry war and death:
Through ether, LETTERS* with their pinions, trace,
Like those depicted by the human race.
THE troops no sooner near the ocean came,
Than glowed each breast with renovated flame;
On board the ships they flew; the anchors weighed;
The sails unfurled; the yards aloft displayed;
Th' Etrurian coast resounded with the roar,
And Pisa's port the navy covered o'er.
So when the fleet that Agamemnon led,
T' avenge the Grecian cause, its canvass spread,
The conclamation rent the vaulted skies,
And Aulis echoed with inciting cries.

* The crane, in its flight, is supposed to resemble the *Lambda* (Λ) of the Greek alphabet.

Nor billows' rage, nor signs that storms infer,
Nor South-Wind's whistle, could their minds deter.
Unmoor, companions!" cried they, "seas explore!
"With haste the cable sever from the shore;
"In spite of adverse waves, let us proceed,
"And make the horrid monster, Gildo, bleed.
"The tempest will our vessels forward force:
"We long, through foaming floods, to take our course;
"And, daring Ocean's surge, reach Africk's strand,
"Our shattered navy anch'ring near the land.
"What silly fears, O mortals! you betray,
"Who watch, if back the corm'rant wings his way;
"Or o'er the sandy shore, with fond delight,
"The wand'ring crow directs his airy flight.
"If Sol in Western skies with spots be seen;
"Cold Eastern winds give Luna muddy mien;
"Stars in disorder dart uncertain beams;
"The Northern Kids pour down aquatick streams;
"The rainy Hyades the Bull attend;
"And huge Orion in the Deep descend:
"The certain signs of Heav'n are these avowed,
"But still Honorius surer is allowed.
"His auspices, to lead o'er liquid plain,
"We troops prefer to Bear, or Charles's Wain.
"Bootes with contempt, O pilot, meet,
"And, spite of raging storms, conduct the fleet;
"If Libya, winds and waves to us deny:
"On Cæsar's* fortune firmly we rely."
Now, o'er the rolling main, the vessels bore:
Upon the right withdrew Liguria's shore;

* Alluding to the famous speech of Julius Cæsar, in Suetonius: "Quid times nauta, Cæsarem vehis et Cæsaris fortunam:" *What dost thou fear, seaman? thou carriest Cæsar and his fortune.*

Soon on the left Etruria disappeared;
And Corsica's deceitful rocks they cleared.
An island large, like foot of mortal framed,
By husbandmen of old Sardinia named,
In corn most rich, with ports convenient found
For fleets, to Italy or Carthage, bound.
The part, that t'wards the Africk-region lies,
Is full of plains, and shipping's wants supplies;
But on the NORTH rise rocks with rugged peak,
Where billows roar and o'er the summits break,
And lofty mountains, tow'ring to the sky,
Which often sailors with dismay descry.
Here pestilence o'er man and beast prevails,
And SOUTHERN blasts exclude the NORTHERN gales.
The fleet, by weary efforts, scaping these,
Bore round the winding creeks, through surgy seas;
Some Sulchi entered, raised by Punick toil:
The rest reached Olbia, built on wave-lashed soil.
Of long extension, facing Libya, stands
The city Calaris, from Tyrian hands;
Amid the frothy tide a mole projects,
Which, from tempestuous gusts, the place protects.
The waters, thus compressed, a port assure:
Calm reigns around, from ev'ry wind secure.
With one accord, the vessels thither bore;
Brought to:—their prows were fastened to the shore;
Awhile within the harbour they remained,
'Till fav'ring gales the airy regions gained.

PANEGYRICK

ON THE CONSULSHIP OF

MALLIUS THEODORUS.

PREFACE.

AMID the learned circle spread around,
Composed of characters the most renowned,
O loved Thalia! dar'st thou silence break,
And, feeling glory's sway, presum'st to speak?—
By anxious toil and pain alone retained;
And poignant shame prevailing, if restrained.
To camps inured, has confidence increased?—
The poet's martial ardour fears released?
In these the Roman pillars meet the sight,
The senate's majesty, and Gaul's delight.
Our Muse, the universe is wont to hear;
O'er earth the strains shall glide from ear to ear;
The high regard we to the consul owe,
Will justify the confidence I show.
GREAT Jove, 'tis said, his realms desired to trace,
(To him unknown,) th' extent of NATURE's space;

Two ministers he sent from EAST and WEST:
With equal flight their rapid course they pressed;
The rival birds, upon Parnassus' top,
Where Python died, at once were seen to stop.
OUR prince, by eagles, seeks not earth's expanse:
Th' imperial arms with certainty advance;
Around, the world collected meets my sight,
And ev'ry glory beams with lustre bright.

Her own reward is Virtue truly found,
Nor needs she Fortune's smiles to shine around;
But far and wide her modest mantle plays:
No pride from dignities her look conveys;
Nor seeks she from the throng to gain applause;
No anxious wish for outward glitter shows;
No praise solicits, but within her breast,
'Mid pleasure cherishes the worth possessed;
And viewing perils from her seat on high,
On human grandeur casts disdainful eye.
But yet at times, to reach her, honour tries,
And, fawning, follows, howsoe'er she flies;
Oft in the cot a Lictor has been sought,
And from the humble plough a Consul brought.
To raise the veils that, Nature's laws, o'erspread,
Awhile, from publick functions, you were led;
To these recalled, Rome's empire to maintain,
Your hand once more resumes th' imperial rein;
The consul's robe is added to the rest:
O Theodorus! with such goodness blessed,
What store of excellence pervades your mind,
And splendid honours seem for you designed!
In you the happy union we behold:
Around the Virtues, glory's beams unfold.
While yet in early years, you thus were viewed,
The curule chair you with success pursued;
The hoary sire perceived, with marked surprise,
The prudence, age bestows, in you arise;

The mind mature: persuasive, dulcet tongue,
And list'ning crowds, that on your accents hung.
Your eloquence soon charmed the BAR and COURT:
From you the innocent received support;
The senate's admiration you obtained,
And twice the suffrage of the nation gained.
A PART of Libya then approved your laws;
Each corner now thereon bestows applause;
Though short the time you in the province stayed,
The people's lasting love was soon displayed;
With fondest praise they on your conduct dwell,
Which long with gratitude their lips shall tell.
You next had charge of Macedonia's soil,
And Pella's walls, that held th' Hydaspes' spoil,
In former days, by conqu'ring arms subdued;
Your gentle sway the gen'ral joy renewed:
To recollection brought the glorious times,
When warlike Philip's sceptre ruled their climes,
Or his famed son, who overran the world,
And, from his lofty throne, black Porus hurled.
BUT, long in distant cities, to reside,
Imperial Rome, permission, you denied;
Her own to make you, rather she desired;
The universe, your firm commands, admired.
To supplications you reply with ease;
Such eloquence is ever sure to please;
From you new force the royal mandates gain:
Your words, the Roman majesty, maintain;
In princely language highly you excel:
More noble accents ne'er from mortal fell.
The sacred treasure in your hands is laid;
The tribute by the vanquished nations paid;

The golden ore from depth of rivers rolled;
And whatsoe'er earth's hidden entrails hold,
In veins far distant from the beams of day,
Which Bessi, pale, extract from beds of clay.
So when the seaman who, with bending oar,
Has laboured long where briny billows roar,
Is called to manage on the vessel's side,
And through the waves the lofty prow to guide:
Accustomed to withstand the tempest's rage,
He dangers can with confidence engage;
The helm at length submitted to his will,
Across the foaming deep he ploughs with skill.
Thus, when such proofs and faculties you showed,
On you the prince the highest pow'r bestowed;
Not part, but All to your behests he gave:—
Iberia's boist'rous sea;—the German wave;
And distant Britain, severed from the world:
The sluggish Arar;—Rhone, with fury hurled;—
And rich Iberus, rolling golden sands:—
In various streams, respected your commands.
O how Rhine's shore, that fierce Barbarians sway,
Desires both banks alike should you obey!
Whatever glows with Phœbus' setting beams;
Where'er the Day's declining lustre gleams;
Your constant cares through ev'ry clime extend:
To one alone submissively they bend.
The course of honours rapidly you've run:
A single period has sufficient done;
So many boons has Fate at once bestowed,
That floods of favour on your youth have flowed.
Calm reigning round, and you with glory fraught,
Secure of fame, retirement then you sought;

Again the fields of NATURE overran:
Each hour devoted to some useful plan.
When from the BAR:—your moments were resigned,
Attentively to cultivate the mind;
By turns, the state your guardian care enjoyed,
And, with the NINE, your leisure was employed.
THE mysteries to Athens known of old,
By ev'ry means you studied to unfold;
Whate'er philosophers discovered new:
The various sects that into notice grew;
Some* AIR pronounced the great, primeval source;
Another sage†, to WATER, had recourse,
From whence, he fondly taught, BEGINNING came:
While, every thing, a third‡ derived from FLAME.
The fourth‡, on Ætna's brink, (his future grave,)
At will restrained, or full expansion gave,
The POW'R that ALL pervades; and this he moved
As parts discordant or harmonious proved.
Corporeal sense most fully one§ decried,
And truth, distinctly seen, at once denied.
Another‖, from the constant whirl, on high,
Of Heav'nly bodies through the azure sky,
Endeavoured, in th' ethereal space, to prop
EARTH's pond'rous load, that ready seems to drop;
And, from the motion of a stone immense,
Excited light, which day's bright beams dispense.
Indignant feeling that, above his head,
But one Olympick canopy was spread,
He, through th' extensive void, with boldness flew,
And, finite things discarding from his view,

* Anaximenes. † Thales. ‡ Heraclitus. ‡ Empedocles.
§ Pyrrho. ‖ Aristotle.

Ideally conceived that he had found,
Innumerable worlds produced around.
The first formation some* derived from chance,
The clash of atoms in the wide expanse;
While others† to a pow'r divine inclined,
And casual causes banished from the mind.
THE ancient lore of Greece that lay concealed,
In Rome's delightful language you revealed;
The pleasing dialogues, by you disposed,
The truth, by turns, with flow'ry wreaths disclosed.
Whate'er from Socrates' wise precepts flowed:
Cleanthes' scholars to his lessons owed;—
Chrysippus fathomed in his lonely shed;—
Democritus, with bursts of laughter, said;—
Pythagoras, the friend of silence, taught:
By you these ancient stores were forward brought;
In one assembled, strength more clear was shown,
And greater light upon the subject thrown.
THE Grecian learning illustration gained:
A nobler master Latium now maintained;—
Th' Athenian schools no longer credit held:
Philosophy repaired where you excelled,
Who doubts removed;—true happiness portrayed;—
The rules of justice:—duty's bounds, displayed;
And showed how VIRTUE, under various names,
Might vice o'erthrow:—repress injurious claims;—
By reason, fear with confidence inspire;
And place a curb on turbulent desire.
THE sev'ral elements your voice explains:
How matter in a fluid state remains;

* Democritus and Epicurus.
† The followers of Plato against Epicurus.

The pow'r that animates the stars on high,
And harmony extends along the sky:
Directs this vast machine, its course to trace,
With motion regular, through ether's space;
Why back the sev'n revolving planets go,
And retrogression in their movements show?
If one great ruler regulates the whole,
Or two superior BEINGS Heav'n control?
If colours be inherent in the thing,
Or only from deluded vision spring?
How OCEAN's tides are swelled by Luna's rays?
What wind the bursting thunders down conveys?
Whence rainy clouds?—the hail and flaky snow?—
The streaming flames that from the welkin flow?
The red-forked flashes, darting through the air?
And horrid comet's tail with hideous glare?
  YOUR ship was now at anchor safely placed:
The earth and fruitful leisure, you embraced;
Your literary works, on wings of fame,
T'wards immortality, conveyed your name.
When JUSTICE presently, from realms on high,
On this retirement cast an anxious eye,
Perceived that inactivity prevailed,
And laws, for want of due attention, failed.
A veil she o'er her modest features threw;—
From gates of AUTUMN suddenly withdrew,
Where, in the SOUTH, the Zodiack downward bends,
While, on the Scorpion, NIGHT for light depends.
Where'er she took her flight, calm peace was seen;
Ferociousness appeared with tranquil mien;
All sought the charming goddess to behold,
Who earth had quitted since the age of gold.

In silence she Liguria's city* gained:
The mansion entered that, her friend, contained,
Whom she discovered tracing, with his hand,
Celestial motions, on the yielding sand;
Those calculations which, amid surprise,
Th' ingenious Memphis viewed with eager eyes:—
How, through the skies, the Heav'nly bodies moved:—
The planets' regular rotations proved:—
What numbers indicated, 'mid the day,
The shades of darkness o'er the Sun's bright ray;—
And Phœbe's phases, when her brother's sight
Was intercepted, void of beaming light.
At length Astræa's fulgent face he spied,
And felt convinced a goddess he descried:
Her venerated features overran;
Advanced;—and from the sand effaced his plan.
To him th' Immortal thus herself addressed:—
" O Mallius!—goodness glowing in thy breast,
" In whom the ancient equity is found,
" And manners of a better age abound,
" Enough of study;—leave the Tuneful Throng:
" From me already thou hast been too long.
" The laws recall thee: come, resume thy pow'r,
" And, on thy former bays, fresh lustre show'r.
" Who bounds e'er set to serving human kind?
" Herself, to limits, Prudence ne'er resigned.
" With many, thou hast early honours viewed;
" But solely merit finds the same renewed:
" The repetition approbation shows,
" And Virtue fondly claims what Fortune chose.

* Milan.

" Dost think that NATURE opes a finer field,
" And more rewards will to thy labours yield?—
" That precepts, by thy fav'rite Plato, taught,
" His country, benefits superior, brought,
" To him* who, foll'wing oracles renowned,
" Plunged EASTERN navies in the deep profound,
" The citizens in vessels bore away,
" And Athens saved from flames and Persian sway?
" Lycurgus could the Spartan dames inspire
" With courage equal to his fond desire,
" And, by the impulse of his laws severe,
" The timid sex dismissed each trembling fear:
" Though bare of walls, the people undismayed,
" Intrepid valour, 'mid the fight, displayed;
" While, at Tarentum, spite of counsel grave,
" That sage Pythagoras so fully gave,
" And years of silence anxiously maintained,
" Disgraceful luxury was unrestrained.
" To such a prince, who service would deny?
" Could merit better for reward rely?
" Of highest folly he should be accused,
" Who, joined with Stilicho, his pow'rs, refused.
" In council, or where floats the martial crest,
" What former age another such possessed?
" Stern Brutus would be pleased beneath his sway;
" Fabricius easily the court obey;
" And e'en the rigid Catos feel inclined,
" To subjugate their independent mind.
" Our sister, CLEMENCY, thou may'st observe,
" To blunt the cruel sword, strains ev'ry nerve;

* Themistocles.

" And PIETY is lifted from the ground,
" Two brothers clasping, who serene are found.
" See PERFIDY, o'er broken arms, forlorn;
" The serpents, from the FURIES' tresses torn,
" Now gasp for breath, and vomit on their chains
" A venom that no longer force retains.
" With PEACE, triumphantly FAITH shows delight:
" WE, from ABOVE, have hither winged our flight;
" The POW'RS DIVINE from high Olympus range,
" In cities to behold the happy change.
" O Theodorus!—to return, decide."—
He, humbly to the goddess, thus replied:
" REVERED Astræa! me, would you compel
" To quit the solitude in which I dwell?
" With rust of rural habits covered o'er,
" Must I beneath your standards move once more?
" I solely have, a length of time, with toil,
" My cares employed to furrow up the soil;
" To learn its nature:—study rocks and trees;
" The aspect that with olives best agrees,
" What lands with corn are proper to be sown,
" And sloping hills for fruitful vines alone.
" Shall I, a veteran, again be found,
" Where clarions' roar spreads trembling terrours round?
" An aged seaman, from the seas, retired,
" To plough, as formerly, the DEEP, required!
" Must I once more to FORTUNE trust my fame;
" Risk glories safe: and place in doubt my name?
" I know that USE can NATURE e'en subdue;
" But soon is that forgot, we don't pursue.
" Brisk steeds contemn the feeble guide's command,
" And bows, awhile unstrung, resist the hand.

" But JUSTICE to refuse, I will avow,
" There's no excuse: her claims we must allow.
" 'Twas you, mankind, from woods and caves first drew,
" And made them turpitude with horrour view:
" The laws respect; and banish from the mind,
" That fell ferocity for beasts designed.
" Whoe'er your precepts in his breast retains
" May bodly rush through flames or liquid plains:
" Unarmed, himself against battalions trust,
" And hosts of foes constrain to bite the dust.
" For him shall show'rs cool Ethiopia's heat,
" And Scythia, warmth from vernal breezes, meet."
THIS said, he, from the goddess' hands, received
Four reins of length, with EQUITY inweaved;
The one, the Po and Tiber's streams, embraced,
And Italy with num'rous cities graced;
A second, Carthage, ruled, and Libya's shore:
Th' Illyrian tracts, the third extended o'er;
The last reached Corsica, Sardinia's hills,
And triforked Sicily's rich fields and rills,
And whatsoe'er Tyrrhenian billows lave,
Or sounds with dashing of th' Ionian wave.
Th' extended sway and burden of affairs,
Nor shook your firmness, nor perplexed your cares.
But, like Olympus' summit, raised on high,
Which leaves a space below, where tempests fly,
No low'ring clouds intrude their sullen mien;
The air remains eternally serene:
Unmoved, the mount hears rain in torrents pour,
Roll t'wards the foot, and thunders loudly roar.
So Theodorus, calmness in his breast,
And always like himself with freedom blessed,

Stands undismayed amid concerns of state;
With equity decides, in spite of hate:
From rectitude no might his steps can force;
Nor favour warp the tenour of his course.
For riches, your contempt shall I disclose,
And horrour that your mind for lucre shows?
Perhaps, to others, such might honour gain:
No praise, that you from sordid crimes abstain.
Your accents modesty divine possess;
The eyes tranquillity of soul express;
No anger beams; no veins with fury swell,
Nor stormy clouds upon your features dwell.
No rage impels when, culprits, you chastise;
Regret and feeling in your bosom rise:
No teeth are gnashed while tenour is conveyed,
Nor scourges dire with blust'ring threats displayed.
Whoe'er in cruel tortures takes delight,
But makes the laws subservient to his spite.
When bitterness of soul pervades the heart,
The bosom burns t' inflict the poignant smart;
The cause unknown, yet whips are freely used,
And sacred justice wantonly abused.
But he, whom reason, not fell vengeance, guides,
Who sifts and fully weighs what he decides,
Decreeing chastisement with counsel wise:
Resembles those, who rule the azure skies.
Let others glory in the bloody steel:
Each nerve exert dread terrours round to deal;
And heap up treasures from the spoils of those,
Condemned to feel the weight of human woes.
The Nile with gentle force pursues his way:
No streams the like fertility convey;

Yet, murmurs, ne'er his gliding waters make,
As on, with dignity, their course they take.
The mighty Danube, rough and rapid found,
In silence moves along the wave-worn ground.
Devoid of noise, the same, with motion slow,
Th' enormous Ganges' floods to OCEAN flow.
Let torrents rage, and foam, and loudly roar,
And, madly, 'gainst the weary bridges, pour;
With frantick fury, from the forests, sweep
Huge trees, and bear them down the headlong steep:
The greatest rivers roll with quiet mien;
In peace the height of majesty is seen.
By gentle means, has often been obtained,
What overbearing force would ne'er have gained;
And government, maintained by easy hands,
Impels with greater pow'r than dread commands.
You feel distressed when prayers unjust are made:
The rules of equity your breast pervade.
The arrogance, that dignities surrounds,
Ne'er taints your mind: still modesty abounds.
The man who, consequence with pride, displays,
The want of merit, by his air, betrays.
The gravity, that overspreads your face,
Receives, from pudency, the highest grace.
When you appear, seditions quiet grow:
The frantick mob, to you, submission, show;
Amid BARBARIANS, what infuriate rage,
But your pacifick accents can assuage?
Or who, that should mellifluous words desire,
But, you, would rather hear than Orpheus' lyre?
As you the cradle of the world portray,
Or life, that bodies animates, display,

So, in your style, as we the page pursue,
The faithful image of yourself we view.
Nor from you is withheld the high reward;
Honorius feels, for merit, just regard;
To honours you are raised, with fond delight,
Which, to the palace senators, unite,
And place the nobles by the sov'reign's side;
The year has reached its end: the prince with pride
Invests you with the robes that consuls wear,
And, in your favour, quits the iv'ry chair,
Where he has sat, declared, by publick voice,
Four times the object of the people's choice.
May virtues rapidly increase around,
And highly flourishing the age be found.
Th' extensive field of glory open lies;
For merit, sure reward, the crown supplies;
And Industry, her will, may freely use,
With fruitful gain, that from her toil accrues.
O Arts! in sleep absorbed, rouse, quit your rest;
Too long Ambition has your rights oppressed;
No more the pow'r of Envy overwhelms,
Since Stilicho is guardian of the realms,
Which his resplendent son-in-law obey,
Who, through the universe, extends his sway:
Ne'er falls the consulship to mortals base,
Nor, Latian honours, names contemned disgrace,
The brave alone to dignities aspire,
Which none but lofty senators acquire;
And those, to whom the preference is shown,
Imperial Rome shall never blush to own.
On rapid wings conveyed, the consul's name
Was sounded, through th' Aonian groves, by Fame;

The happy Helicon reechoes gave;
From Aganippe flowed more copious wave;
And, on the banks, where smiles extended round,
The flow'rs enamelled eagerly the ground.
URANIA* who, with garlands on her hair,
Had often guided Mallius' hand with care,
When he the course described, the planets ran;—
To her divine companions thus began:
" WHAT, sisters! such a day, shall we decline,
" So long desired, and not to joy resign;
" Be from the consul's palace now deterred,
" Whose house, to Helicon, we oft preferred?
" Let him from curule chairs receive delight,
" And RODS before him gratify the sight;—
" Portray those merits which so much abound,
" While, with his name, the theatres resound.
" Haste, Erato, to sub-marine domains,
" And, from the monarch of the liquid plains,
" Procure four coursers proper for the field,
" That ne'er the palm would to Arion yield,
" His course the steed let round the circus take,
" That used, by neighings, Bætis' banks to shake;
" With Tagus' splendid stream his thirst allayed,
" While, o'er his mane, the golden waters played.
" Calliopé! Alcides ask to bring
" The wrestlers, hand to hand within the RING,
" Those youth who Palæmonian crowns obtained,
" And, from th' Elean THUND'RER praises gained.
" Go, Clio, to Taygetus' high mound,
" And Mænalus, with bushes spreading round,

* The Muse presiding over the Stars and Heavens.

" Diana's knees with eagerness embrace;
" Latona's daughter will accord the grace:
" The amphitheatre completely fill
" With gy'ry pomp, and men of wond'rous skill,
" Who shall ferocious animals enchain,
" And, with the staff, inflict death's poignant pain;
" Drag captive monsters from their lone repair,
" And hang the sated bow awhile in air.
" Let bears assembled roar and, from on high,
" Among Lycaon-stars in azure sky,
" Fierce Helicé their bulky size admire;
" The people, pallid, lions see expire:
" Such Cybelé with pleasure might restrain
" In her Mygdonian car beneath the rein;
" Would worthy prove 'gainst Hercules to stand,
" And death receive from his destructive hand.
" Let savage panthers come with lightning's force;
" Against the pointed javelin take their course;
" The mixed production of the forest-queen,
" With high adult'rer of the sylvan scene;
" The father's spots upon the fur arise:
" The royal mother pow'rful strength supplies.
" Whatever monsters range Gætulian plains;
" The snowy Alps, or hilly Gaul contains:
" Let, in the bloody sand, their breath exhale,
" And, through the circus, gore and death prevail.
" Then softer pleasures shall be seen around:
" The merry jest 'mid bursts of laughter found;
" The mute expression of the mien and hands;
" Sweet sounds from flutes that gentle breath commands;
" The lute's melodious notes, which freely flow
" When, o'er the tuneful strings, proceeds the bow;

" The sock, and buskin with majestick tread,
" Through scenes and stage, their resonances spread.
" The light and nimble fingers, in their course,
" From num'rous tubes of brass, shall echoes force,
" Like thunder's roar; while, by the lever's might,
" Th' internal waves* in motion yield delight.
" As birds that play along the vaulted skies,
" On one another piled shall mortals rise,
" And at the top a boy, securely tied,
" With balanced motions move from side to side.
" A Pegma† huge shall by its weight descend:
" Innoxious flames like sounds around extend;
" And Vulcan various balls of fire display,
" That innocently range, with rapid ray,
" O'er boards embellished by the painter's art:
" Glow on the tow'rs, and instantly depart.
" In ocean quickly formed, shall ships sustain
" The sportive fight, like battles on the main;
" And sailors, 'mid the floods that foam around,
" (By science brought,) repeat the joyful sound."
EXTOLLED for eloquence, with double claim
The consul's merit shall support his fame:
To future ages be his name conveyed,
In works his own and calendars displayed.
To this example may his son attend;
The grandson equally to virtue bend;
The RODS in honour move before the heir;
The robe of state the race for ever wear;

* Ctesibius of Alexandria, who lived in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes, is said to have first invented the HYDRAULICK ORGAN.

† The PEGMA was a vast wooden machine used in amphitheatrical shows.

The parent, AXES to the son, transmit;
Nor FATE the regular succession quit;
Posterity the noble lineage count,
By consuls that to Theodorus mount.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Langdon and Son, Printers, Sherborne.

THE

WORKS OF CLAUDIAN.

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OF

CLAUDIAN,

TRANSLATED INTO

English Verse.

BY

A. HAWKINS, ESQ. F.H.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"He was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar topics."

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INVECTIVES

AGAINST

EUTROPIUS.

BOOK I.

From mothers, monsters risen have to light,
Half-beast productions, hideous to the sight!
Fierce wolves, amid the night, with howlings dread,
Have, through the peaceful cities, horrours spread;
From speech of cattle, shepherds felt surprise:
In tempests, pebbles fallen from the skies;
The welkin, bloody clouds have covered o'er;
The limpid fountains, changed to ruddy gore;
The Moon against a sister Moon has run;
And Sol contended with another Sun.
Let prodigies like these no more be told,
Since consul now an eunuch we behold;
Oh shame of Heav'n above and earth below!
A horrid being robed, through streets to show!
Disgrace of manhood, publickly proclaim!
Emasculation give the year a name!

O PONTIFFS! verse Cumean open lay;
The Sibyl's sacred oracles display;
Let sage Etrurians view, with prying eyes,
The flame that from the roaring thunder flies;
And, in fresh entrails, let soothsayers trace
The latent cause of crimes that us disgrace.
What new distress portend the pow'rs on high?
Will Nile, to find another passage, try:
Desert our country*, distant shores to lave,
And mix his waters with the RUDDY WAVE?
Burst has Niphates, and BARBARIAN arms
Again, the ORIENT, filled with dire alarms?
Some dreadful pestilence o'erspread the air,
And crops no profits yield the farmer's care?
What sacrifice will calm th' IMMORTALS' ire?
What victim on the altar shall expire?
The consul's blood should purify the RODS;
The monster's death appease the angry gods;
Whate'er disasters FATE around has spread,
Let tumble on the vile Eutropius' head.
O FORTUNE! dost thou thus all NATURE jeer,
And o'er the realm expand thy wild career?
How long this cruelty wilt thou maintain,
And over human things extend thy reign?
If curule chairs to crimes must be decreed:
From chains allow the consul to be freed;
His prison burst ere him Rome's girdles span:
And let the mortal be—at least a MAN!
E'en 'mong these slaves a difference is found:
Vice has its shades, and merits oft abound;

* Egypt, the poet's native country.

He, who in place with constancy remains,
Has most pretensions to be free from stains.
Go count the Libyan sands, or waves that flow:—
Eutropius' num'rous masters thou wilt know!—
How oft he changed domains, names, records too:
Himself quite nude exposed to buyer's view,
Who, fearing lest defects should be concealed,
A doctor brought, that all might be revealed!
The price by ev'ry one too much was thought;—
For sale thrust back, while yet he might be bought.
But when the hideous carcass nought displayed,
Save wrinkled furrows, signs of force decayed,
They drove him from rewards of early times,
And, with the thoughtless, placed the lump of crimes.
While old in servitude, oft new he proved:
Beneath the yoke of various masters moved;
In bondage ever destined to remain;
Though changing place, yet still a slave again.
WITHIN the cradle anguish first he knew:
Dread ruddy stains about the bedding flew;
Dragged from the tender mother's fond embrace,
To suffer cruelty and dire disgrace.
A skilled Armenian who, with bloody hand,
Could males unsex, and make new pow'rs expand,
Purloined, with cruel art, the fruitful flame,
And stripped at once the sire and husband's name.
Awhile in doubt of life Eutropius lay:
The mutilation dulled the mental ray.
Should we our praises on the arm bestow,
That strength contrived to ravish from a foe?
Or rather feel regret that FATE received
Sufficient cause for injuries achieved?

Had he been suffered to remain a MAN,
He might have acted on a better plan;
Delight from infamy he seems to gain:
Had he more pow'rs, still slave he would remain.
THEN through the markets of Assyria's shore,
Him presently an arch Galatian bore;
Conveyed from house to house, and fair to fair:
The num'rous names, what mortal could declare?
The soldier, Ptolemy, well known around,
When he no longer pleasure from him found,
The aged lump to Arinthæus left,
To int'rest useless, and of bloom bereft.
The separation filled his breast with sighs,
And copious floods of tears o'erspread his eyes.
" O PTOLEMY! thy oaths hast thou forgot?
" Dost thou the fond embrace from mem'ry blot?
" How oft together in one cratch we rolled,
" When SLEEP the sense and weary limbs controlled?
" For recompense was liberty declared;
" Eutropius to desert, art thou prepared?
" Ungrateful man! so many nights, alas!
" In solitary sadness must I pass?
" O race unfortunate of human kind!
" How very hard the lot to us assigned!
" When, o'er the female's face, spreads wrinkled age,
" Her babes, the wav'ring husband's heart, engage;
" And while in youth her beauty was adored,
" In life's decline her virtues, charms, afford.
" But us, from whom the sage Lucina flies,
" And ev'ry hope of progeny denies,
" Friends shun, when years, our blooming features, take,
" And all their former tenderness forsake.

" What wily art, our shoulders, then will shield?
" Or how, delight, shall holy tresses yield?"
THIS said, his fruitful mind to him disclosed,
The pander's trade, to which he was disposed;
The horrid office his attention drew:
Each snare for innocence he fully knew;
His base assaults, no ramparts could withstand;
Nor modesty, by bars, escape his hand;
E'en Danaë, secured in brazen tow'r,
He quickly would have got within his pow'r.
The big tear trickled, as, with passion filled,
His master's eyes the pearly drop distilled;
The SHY, by importunity he gained;
By bribes the SORDID,—jests, the GAY, obtained.
In public walks he managed, with address,
Against the sides of ABIGAILS to press:
The veil aside with gentle finger laid,
And whispered messages that, crime conveyed;
Arranged with wily art the time and place:
Used ev'ry caution to prevent disgrace;
And, if the mystery were brought to light,
Escaped the husband's rage by sudden flight.
So Corinth, placed between two liquid plains,
Saw Laïs, once, from youth reap num'rous gains;
But when gray-hairs, the garland's twine, resigned,
The multitude of nightly guests declined:
No more the door with eager knocks pursued,
And withered age with dread, the mirror, viewed;
Attached, in spite of years, to scenes like these,
She others served, and taught the way to please;
Though, by TIME's hand, of beauty quite bereft,
Her former manners still unchanged were left.

By such base means Eutropius, honour, sought;
Alone, in eunuchs, purity was thought;
The nuptial couch, intrusted to their care,
Was fancied safe from ev'ry wily snare;
Adult'rous complaisance he slyly showed,
And all his consequence to that he owed.
However, still the whip, his back, assailed,
When, in amours, his master's prospects failed;
In vain he earnest supplications made:
His former services at large portrayed;
But, spite of these, no favour he obtained,
A son-in-law his future labours gained;
When, with the bride, her sire a portion gave,
He, near her person, placed the artful slave.
A Mortal, destined Orient reins to guide,
And, in the consul's stately car, to ride:—
At times, with comb in hand, employed to place
His mistress' tresses to appear with grace:
Then (stripped), from silver basin, poured the wave,
In which the beauteous fair herself might lave;
Or, when outstretched beneath the sultry ray,
With peacocks' plumage fanned her as she lay!
And now the skin that o'er his cheek extends,
By age grown lank and flabby, inward bends;
The face, with hideous wrinkles overrun,
Looks like a raisin scorched by burning sun.
Less furrowed seem the fields with ploughshare tilled,
Or trembling sails by winds imprisoned filled.
Offensive vermin prey upon his head;
The hair, in spots irregularly spread,
Like barren stalks of corn in arid ground,
From space to space lie thinly scattered round;

Or feathers that in winter swallows drop,
'Mid frosts expiring on the trees' high top.
The consul's office, doubtless, to disgrace,
Made FORTUNE mark those horrours on his face;—
A pallid spectre, whose disgusting sight,
And naked bones, his masters, filled with fright:
Thin, livid semblance, shocking to the eye;
Him boys and guests alike were led to fly;
To slaves an object of reproach complete;
An omen dread for travellers to meet:
Exhausted trunk, that useful force had fled:
His hands too weak to raise the nuptial bed,
Or e'en cut wood to serve the kitchen flame;
To treasures faithless;—secrets;—dress, the same.
Who, to a pander, would his wife intrust?—
At length the wretch from household gods was thrust:
Ill-omened shadow! odious to behold,
Left, through disgust, in freedom uncontrolled.
THE shepherd thus his dog by steel restrains,
And feeds with milk, while able he remains
To guard the flock and, by his wakeful care,
Away the hungry wolves with howlings scare.
But when, grown old, his ears o'errun with mange,
And strength decayed, the master sees the change,
The collar from his neck he takes away,
And, this retaining, lets him freely stray.
OFT when contempt has been profusely shown,
The object thence a benefit has known.
Eutropius now at liberty remained,
His snares to place, by fears no more restrained,
And open to himself an easy way,
To honours which the DESTINIES display.

O Pow'r Supreme! upon Olympus' height,
Thus, human kind to jeer, dost thou delight?
What!—One degraded as a slave unfit,
Selected, at the helm of state, to sit?
And him, that every private house disdains,
Beneath the royal roof, high pow'r maintains!
When first at court this aged fox was seen,
Astonishment pervaded ev'ry mien;
All grieved, with sacred functions, to behold
A hideous carcass, often bought and sold.
Th' imperial servants, raised above their e
At such a vile associate, felt distressed.
See then, amid the Latian Calends shown,
A horrid monster, eunuchs blush to own!
Awhile his days obscurely passed away:
Among the crowd contemned, concealed he lay,
'Till Abundantius, from the lowly bed,
The worthless wretch to honour's summit led,
Who, when o'er Orient realms his fury burst,
The man who raised him, sacrificed the first.
How wise the dispensations from on high!
Oft base advisers early victims lie!
So when the sage soothsayer tried to gain
The Thund'rer's smiles, by blood of strangers slain,
And, to its former bed, Nile's stream restore,
That, dry for years, had left its ancient shore,
Before the altar which his labours framed,
He fell, by fatal blows, Busiris aimed:
Himself the first a sacrifice was made,
And, purple stains thereon, his gore displayed.
The artist, who the brazen bull designed,
And torments new contrived for human kind,

First, by Sicilian tyrant's dread command,
Experienced tortures, modeled by his hand:
Confined therein, he poignant anguish bore,
And filled the hollow space with horrid roar.
Thus with Eutropius who, the man, o'erthrew,
That first, to pow'r, this hideous menial, drew;
At once his patron's exile, he contrived,
The sole decree, from JUSTICE, he derived.
  Now hoary age around his temples spread,
To honours' height the semi-man was led;
His warmest wish had never such supposed,
Nor e'en his visionary dreams disclosed;—
Laws at his feet; the nobles abject grown;
And, by the DESTINIES, such favour shown!
He, who 'till lately hopes had scarcely placed,
Beyond what liberty for limits traced,
To know his former masters, hardly deigns,
And arrogance within his bosom reigns.
Illustrious men are into dungeons thrown,
There, heaped together, left to sigh and groan;
Through Meroë and Ethiopia's ground,
The hapless exiles' lamentations sound;
The regions placed beneath the sultry sky,
Reecho with the wretched's doleful cry;
And floods of noble blood, from victims slain,
In Libya, mighty Ammon's altar, stain.
  MORE cruel none, than one, possessed of place,
Whose base-born origin to dirt we trace;
'Gainst all he drives, since ev'ry one he fears:
To prove his pow'r, with violence appears;
No beast more savage than a slave elate,
Upon superior heads, to wreak his hate.

In victims' moans he recollects his own;
Nor tortures thinks to spare, himself had known;
His master, in remembrance, he retains,
And, breathing vengeance, ev'ry effort strains.
Did ever eunuch tender pity know?
Or, for a son or kindred, feeling show?
Alike to MERCY, claims in equals rise,
And hearts misfortune joins with mutual ties.
In him howe'er a tyrant, eunuchs find:
The thirst of gold pervades Eutropius' mind;
Of manhood's soft endearment dispossessed,
This only passion reigns within his breast.
IN vain the steel enervates sensual joy:
No force his bloody av'rice can destroy.
His hand, to petty thefts at first inured,
To pilfer meats and closets ill-secured,
Now seeks, in larger fields, to raise supplies,
And, o'er th' extensive globe, for plunder tries.
Base broker! empires trafficking for gold;
Abandoned salesman! who oft honours sold:
Whate'er th' extensive regions that divide
The lofty Hæmus' steep and craggy side,
From where the Tygris' flowing waves prevail:
All, all is equally designed for sale!
A manor, Asia's government, obtains;
A wife's resplendent jewels, Syria, gains;
And, for paternal home, resigned with grief,
Bithynia, in exchange, imparts relief.
The entrance to his house, which open stands,
Is hung with prices of the various lands;—
This sum Galatia;—*that* will Pontus buy;—
And *there* th' amount for Lydia meets the eye.

Those thousands bring should, Lycia, you desire;
Add something more if, Phrygia, you require..
He fain on ev'ry thing a price would set,
That he some consolation thence might get:
Himself so very often bought and sold,
He willingly would ALL for sale behold.
When in suspense between two offers made,
By him the gold is in the balance laid:
The province totters in th' unequal scales,
And weight of metal constantly prevails.
Oh! POW'RS SUPREME, though you no shame betray,
When, nations sold in publick, you survey,
Yet, for the author of this traffick base,
A blush, the cheek divine, would ne'er disgrace.
What?—One the law regards as in the grave*,
Thus cities large and kingdoms to enslave!
Was pow'rful Crœsus, for his riches known,
By Cyrus' conqu'ring forces overthrown,
That Hermus' and Pactolus' streams might flow,
An eunuch solely, reverence to show?
Did Attalus, O ROME! make you his heir;—
Antiochus, Mount Taurus, bounds declare;—
Servilius, to his car Isaurians, chain;—
Augustus, to submission Egypt, gain;—
Or, over Crete, Metellus sway extend:
That, to Eutropius, all at length might bend?
Cilicia and Judæa, conquests viewed,—
Sophené, by the Latian force subdued,
Where Pompey's glorious triumphs proudly beamed,
Are, by the monster, recompenses deemed!

* A slave was regarded by the civil law as one dead.

Why piles on piles of golden treasure heap?
Wretch!—will thy children all those riches reap?
Go, wed or bed, whatever be thy aim,
Thou ne'er shalt bear a sire or mother's name!
This, Nature's rigid laws at once deride;
And *that*, the steel has equally denied.
Let India lay her jewels at thy feet;
Arabia bring thee all her perfumes sweet;
Th' ingenious Seres, from their distant shores,
With num'rous fleeces, fill thy copious stores:
Not one so poor, so much does need oppress,
Who, for thy fortune, would those limbs possess!
Devoid of shame, to avarice resigned,
He laws abused, and cheated humankind.
An eunuch judge!—But, can I wonder feel?—
The consul's actions, prodigies, reveal!
What page details a Bar with females round?
Or age when eunuchs in the courts were found?
To ev'ry part his infamy expands:
What is there sacred for his greedy hands?
To prodigy he prodigy enchains;
With folly, contest in his rage, maintains;
And presently his impudence would dare,—
Oh profanation!—even arms to bear!
Mars blushed;—Bellona, scorn upon her face,
Beheld the Orient sinking in disgrace.
When this old Amazon the Getæ spied,
With bow in hand, and quiver well supplied,
Of war and peace the arbiter avowed,
Barbarians readily access allowed.
The enemy with joy this object hailed,
And thought that *men* the realm already failed.

Flames spread;—walls fell;—dread havock filled the plain;
And hope found safety, solely on the main.
Beyond the Phasis, mothers in dismay,
From Cappadocian domes, were dragged away;
The captive flocks from homes were forced to go,
And sip on Caucasus the flaky snow;
For Scythian forests, change the smiling fields
And verdant pastures that Argæus yields.
Beyond Cimmerian fens and Taurus' bound,
The Syrian youth in servitude were found;
Unsated with the spoils, the savage horde
Consigned each hated object to the sword.
However he, (and can the blush arise
Where base effeminacy meets the eyes?—
Or what can o'er those servile features spread
The flush that, shame, attends,—the modest red?)
Eutropius, with a conqu'ror's lofty look,
At length, the road conducting homeward, took;
The infantry their floating flags displayed,
And warriours, like their chief in arms arrayed,
A crowd of eunuchs, legion worthy thought,
For Hellespontian banners* to be sought.
To meet him, num'rous flatt'rers went in haste;
The shield returned, they eagerly embraced;
Eutropius with himself was quite elate:
His hollow cheeks he laboured to inflate;
Feigned, respirations, anxiously to stop;
Dust overspread the vermin on his top;
From ardent sunny rays, his lips were pale;
With broken tone, his voice appeared to fail;

* Priapus, the son of Bacchus and Venus, was worshipped chiefly at Lampsacus, near the Hellespont, whence he was called *Hellespontiacus.*

He seemed to struggle with the coming tear:
Detailed his battles to a sister* dear;
To her expressed how vain his efforts proved
To serve the state: that MALICE round him moved;
That ENVY's poignant shafts he could not brave,
And wished to plunge beneath the foaming wave.
AH! would the pow'rs above, who heard his prayers,
Had granted that request, and eased his cares!
THIS said, he wiped false anguish from his eyes;
Each accent faltered, 'mid continual sighs.
So when the withered mother hastes to greet
Her son's fair partner, at his distant seat,
Fatigued her limbs, she painfully respires,
And wine, to cheer her feeble frame, desires.
OLD, sexless lump! what,—try the sword to wield?
Or Pallas seek amid the bloody field?
For other studies, with Minerva, rest:
The loom, not lance, for thy employ, is best.
Learn threads to weave; or wenches keep to work,
Who, full of sloth, from labour wish to lurk;
Or snowy wool, around the shuttle, wind,
That, for a mistress' fingers, is designed.
If things held sacred fill thee with delight,
Instead of Mars, have Cybelé in sight;
Let, in thy breast, CELÆNÆ fury reign,
And listen to the noisy timbrels' strain.
The tinkling cymbals thou around may'st bear;
With holy pine thy bloody bosom tear;
And what was spared by sanguinary steel,
The Phrygian sharp-edged instrument, may feel.

* Per uxorem suam, qua cum vivebat ut cum sorore.

To perfect men resign the use of arms;
Why,—fill two palaces with dire alarms?
And brothers, joined by NATURE's purest ties,—
Spread flames around, that into hatred rise?
Alas! mad wretch, 'twere better to pursue
Thy former ways, and friendly scenes renew.
For such exploits, Eutropius asked the YEAR*;
Thus gen'ral, judge, and consul, to appear:
Not one, but all, he equally debased,
And calends, camps, and courts of law, disgraced.
No crime so vile but former times have told,
And num'rous ages, horrid scenes, unfold.
His mother, Œdipus to wedlock led;
Thyestes took a daughter to his bed;
Jocasta's sons, the husband's brothers, proved;
Her boys' own sister, Pelopea moved;
Th' Athenian stage, 'mid deepest grief, displayed,
The guilt of Thebes, and Troy in ashes laid.
A bird, on plumy pinion, Tereus ranged;
To form of twining serpent, Cadmus changed;
Surprised was Scylla with her dogs unknown;
Here, one† to earth a lofty tree has grown;
Another‡ *there*, on wing, his course pursued;
THIS‡ flowed a river:—scales on THAT§ were viewed.
But where's the clime, through all the realms of light,
In which a sexless consul met the sight?
Or one devoid of manhood's sacred test,
In judgment sat, or wore the martial vest?

* The Consulship. † Daphne. See Ov. *Met.* I. *Fab.* 10.
‡ Cycnus. See Ov. *Met.* VII. *Fab.* 13.
‡ Proteus. See VIRG. *Geor.* IV. 441.
§ Glaucus. See Ov. *Met.* XIII. *Fab.* 10.

The sources, whence man's highest honours spring,
To eunuchs, ignominy solely, bring.
The Sock or Buskin never, subjects, showed,
More worthy laughter or the grief bestowed.
A pleasant scene! to view him robed in state,
And tott'ring with the gown and girdle's weight;
Deformity and age, arrayed in gold,
Were only more conspicuous to behold.
The monkey thus, the mime of humankind,
When, playfully, some boy has round him twined
The precious labours of the Seres' care,
And left, for ridicule, the buttocks bare,—
Struts up and down:—his forehead proudly rears;—
And still more ugly from the dress appears.
The senate robed, perhaps a master* too,
In pomp proceeds, polluted Rods in view!
And e'en the lictor, (hear the wonder, Earth!)
Exceeds the consul in illustrious birth,
Who freedom, from his chair, confers around
On beings, still with whom he should be found;
And, 'mong the praises that he thinks his right,
And claim to rank on Glory's lofty height,
Details Egyptian dreams, and tyrants' fall,
Revealed by oracles that hear his call.
Bellona, doubtless, victory suspends,
While this Tiresias back his footsteps bends,
This new Melampus creeps from distant Nile,
Whom manhood looks at with contemptuous smile.
Then birds were heard with inauspicious voice;
The Year with horrour listened to the choice;

* One of those to whom Eutropius had been a slave.

And Janus, from his double jaws, exclaimed,
Against an eunuch in the calends named.
If, spite of laws, those ancient Rods of state
Were, on a female consul, to await,
Still would th' imperial realm feel less disgraced,
Than when, by one devoid of sex, debased.
The Medes and Sabæ, to a woman, bow;
And num'rous savage tribes, a queen, allow;
But where shall we the abject nation find,
That, to a chief unmanned, the throne resigned?
To Pallas, Phœbe, Vesta, Ceres' name,
And Cybele, ascends the sacred flame:
To Juno and Latona, worship's paid,
But when, for eunuch-gods, were temples made?
Did e'er their holy altars meet the eyes?
From females, famous priestesses arise;
With inspiration, Phœbus fires their breast;
And Delphi's oracles are thence expressed.
Minerva, from the Trojan ruin gained,
A vestal virgin served: the flame maintained.
No sacred headbands ever twine around
The brow profane, where eviration's found.
The female race was formed to people earth,
And, to a future progeny, give birth.
Th' emasculated class are works of art,
Designed alone to act the servile part.
Alcides' darts, Hippolyte, o'ercame;
The Greeks, Penthesilea! fled thy aim.
The lofty tow'rs of Carthage, we are told,
And Babylon, magnificent of old,
That round a hundred splendid gates displayed,
By women had their proud foundations laid.

What eunuch's noble action merits praise?
Did these e'er battles win or cities raise?
In truth, the *first* from NATURE's bounty flow;
The *last*, to human hands, formation owe.
PERHAPS Semiramis, to find disguise
That might, with art, deceive Assyrian eyes:
'Mong men, deception better to provide,
Sleek cheeks conceal, and feeble accents hide,
First introduced, with features like her own,
This half-formed, sexless class, 'till then unknown;
Or Parthian luxury, with cruel hand,
Unwilling, down should o'er the chin expand,
Preserved, by skill, the youthful blooming face,
Voluptuous scenes, in spite of years, to grace.
AT first the news, devoid of truth, was held,
Or idle jest that playful fiction swelled;
A gen'ral rumour through the cities flew,
Which bursts of laughter from the people drew,
As if a swan, with pinions black, were named,
Or raven's plumage, white, had been proclaimed.
" SHALL we," cried one for gravity renowned,
" Believe such tales of prodigies around?—
" That now the tortoise, through air's regions, flies;
" Upon the vulture's head fierce horns arise;
" The streams turn back the mountains' top to gain;
" Carmanians see the sun, from WESTERN main,
" Break forth at morn and in the ORIENT set:
" Rich harvests, on the liquid plain, are met;
" The dolphin, wand'ring through wide forests, view;
" Men, with the crawling snails, their course pursue;
" And all that FOLLY to the sense portrays,
" And India, on rich tapestry, displays?"

ANOTHER, fond of irony and jest,
Replied:—" Pray! why should wonder be expressed?
" Is aught so vast, Eutropius cannot find
" Depicted to his comprehensive mind?
" For something new and great he always tries:
" Scheme after scheme, his fruitful head supplies.
" He nothing dreads, but watches day and night,
" Soon moved: his punishments are ever light;
" Most mild his rage;—deny, he never can;
" To meet the anxious wish, appears his plan;
" His mighty genius, obstacles, removes;
" And ev'ry act, for our advantage, proves.
" Express desire;—the boon his hand bestows;
" For gen'ral happiness his bosom glows;
" And pleased he feels, attending to the call,
" To give his pow'r extent, or make it fall.
" His steps have taken wisdom for their guide;
" And, just reward, the consul's robes provide."
HOWE'ER, the voice of truth proclaimed the crime,
To all the world, that stained the ORIENT clime;
The ears of ROME received at length the sound:—
" What!" she replied,—" Eutropius worthy found
" To raise the flame of anger in our breast?—
" *His* actions cause such grief to be expressed?"—
THIS having said, the pow'rful goddess bore,
Her rapid course, beyond the Po's famed shore;
Through airy regions, t'wards the camp, she flew,
Where soon th' imperial ruler met her view.
Honorius then, with Stilicho, was seen,
And Germans near, who asked, with humble mien,
For peace, which he, with bounteous heart, bestowed;—
Caüci, laws;—Suëvi, bounds, he showed.

Here thrones were by the prince, to some, assigned;
There hostages appeared the leagues to bind;
And others were permitted arms to bear:
The shorn Sicambrians our renown to share.
ROME felt with pride the glow of fond delight,
When she beheld this cherished chief in sight;
The tender tears of eager joy she shed,
And pleasure's purest beams, around her, spread.
So when the youthful bull grows strong and high,
And meets the mother's fond, attentive eye,
The parent's horns erect, her joy, display,
In him the herd's protector to survey.
'Tis thus the lioness observes, with pride,
Her offspring, 'mid Massyla's deserts wide,
Increase in strength, and spread his terrours round,
The sov'reign of the beasts that range the ground.
TH' ENCIRCLING cloud, the Roman goddess broke,
And, to the royal youth, these words she spoke:
" O PRINCE! success, in distant countries, shows,
" How much, to thee, my pow'rful sceptre owes:
" The Saxons are subdued;—the seas more sure;—
" And Britain, from the Picts, is now secure.
" Still, at my feet, the Franks reduced are seen;—
" Suëvi and;—the Rhine with humble mien.
" O our Germanicus!—the title's thine;
" But—what?—Alas! the ORIENT realms incline,
" Those actions, to regard, with jealous eyes,
" And crimes, in Phœbus' other quarters, rise,
" Which DISCORD, anxious to confuse the world,
" With all her might, through ev'ry part, has hurled.
" Of Gildo's perfidy I'll nought relate,
" Nor Moors relied on by the EASTERN state:

" These days when ghastly FAMINE reared her head,
" And terrours, for the city's safety, spread!
" Thy early wisdom, or the prescient mind
" Of him, thy sire, by Hymen's laws, assigned,
" From NORTHERN climes obtained the annual store:
" Supplies denied upon the SOUTHERN shore.
" Ships, from the Rhone and Arar, harvests, brought,
" To Tiber's mouth, on Cinyps vainly sought.
" For me the German ploughshare turned the soil,
" And Pyrenæan beeves supported toil;
" My copious granaries, surprised, beheld,
" How much, their stores, Iberia's produce swelled;
" Content the people with Transalpine grain,
" No longer Libya's rebels gave them pain.
" The guilty wretch, so well deserving death,
" At Tabraca,* was known to yield his breath;
" And whosoe'er, thy pow'rful arms, shall date,
" May he, the direful fate of traitors, share!
" Another monster, see, from these same climes,
" Eutropius, consul, overspread with crimes!
" Far less the terrours that he scatters round;
" But more disgraceful shame is with him found.
" Too long within our realms, it is confessed,
" Have we, these semi-men, allowed to rest,
" Since pomp Arsacian in the palace fixed,
" And baseness, with our manners, Parthia mixed.
" But, hitherto, the eunuch's only care
" Appeared confined to guarding jewels rare:
" The dust from prefects' costly robes to sweep;
" And, o'er SLEEP's sacred mansions, silence, keep.

* It is probably the modern Tunis.

" Beyond the bed-room's bounds, their deeds of arms
" Were ne'er expected to extend alarms.
" Not tried integrity, the trust, assured,
" But impotency best, their faith, secured.
" Let them o'er secret haunts retain an eye,
" The precious gem and robe of Tyrian dye;
" But ne'er presume to lay their feeble hands,
" Upon the rein that, empire's course, commands!
" The lofty pow'rs, that o'er the state preside,
" Can in effeminacy ne'er confide.
" What human being, on the liquid plain,
" E'er saw an eunuch's arm the helm sustain?
" Are we, indeed, so easily disgraced?—
" The world's great ship so thoroughly debased?
" Such may, beneath Aurora's beams, have sway,
" Where, women's sceptres, cities pleased obey;
" But shall th' Italian warriour, these, allow,
" To set disgraceful stains upon his brow?
" And, with the people's rigid virtues, mix
" The odious acts that, ignominy, fix?
" Let horrid crimes be far from Latium chased,
" Nor hither, o'er the Alps, again be traced;
" But, in the soil alone where first they rose,
" Let them be suffered always to repose.
" The Halys may inscribe the hideous name,
" And equally th' Orontes, lost to shame;
" But, by thy glory, Rome, and triumphs great,
" Let such foul stains on Tiber ne'er await,
" That gave, unasked, the consulship, of old,
" To rigid Fabii and Dentati bold!
" Shall Mars, within his consecrated field,
" The suffrages, to grace an eunuch, yield?

" Eutropius be, among th' ÆMILII, raised,
" And famed CAMILLI, for their virtues praised?
" Thy pow'r, O Brutus, have NARCISSI* gained?—675
" Or now CHRYSOGONI* the RODS obtained?
" For this hast thou, parental feelings, rent,
" Thy sons, to suffer death with rigour, sent,
" Preferring duty that the laws require,
" To all the tender fondness of a sire? 680
" Did, vainly, then in arms Etruria place
" Her camp upon Janiculum's high space,
" And TIBER solely, from my ramparts, make
" Porsenna keep, who sought the town to take?
" Did Cocles, on the bridge, thus merit fame, 685
" Or Mutius, when he dared the ardent flame?
" Did uselessly the chaste Lucretia dart
" The fatal dagger boldly to her heart?
" And Cloelia, from the banks, that Tiber laves,
" Swim unavailingly th' astonish'd waves? 690
" What!—were the RODS, from haughty Tarquins torn,
" Preserved, before Eutropius to be borne?
" O! hither back, Avernus, let repair
" Whoe'er has sat within my curule chair,
" And, such companion, with disdain beholds, 695
" As now, the highest dignities, controls!
" O gen'rous Decii! from your tombs, return;
" Torquatii rigid, burst the sacred urn!
" Fabricii stern, who poverty revered,
" Shades that to justice stedfastly adhered; 700
" And thou, Serranus, who, perhaps, the plough,
" Through fallows in Elysium, guidest now:

* Slaves made free.

" Ye Scipios valiant, and Luctatius great,
" Who overpow'red the Carthaginian state;
" Marcellus fierce, who Sicily o'ercame;
" O Claudian race!—O Curii! dear to fame;
" And thou, O Cato! who wouldst never bend
" To Cæsar's yoke:—Eutropius now, attend!
" Immortal swarms of Brutus', haste to light;
" Corvini cherished, quit the realms of night;
" Your robes of highest rev'rence, eunuchs wear:
" Ambiguous males, the Roman honours, bear,
" Assume the dress that terrified, of old,
" Audacious Hannibal and Pyrrhus bold.
" The modest fan is looked at with disdain;
" The consul's gown they proudly seek to gain;
" No more appears th' umbrella in their hands,
" Young dames to shade, obedient to commands:
" The LATIAN AXES are their fond desire,
" And, these to wield, they ardently aspire.
" From those recesses, subject to your care,
" Apartments sacred to the beauteous fair,
" Go, hapless troop, that both the sexes shun:
" For Paphian bliss, by cruel means, undone;
" Two periods solely in your lives are seen:—
" The age of infancy,—and wrinkled mien.
" Haste, upstarts! make the senate-seats your own:
" New chiefs!—to worth and noble birth unknown,
" Around your hero, range with fond delight,
" And let a steril court engage his sight.
" From watching o'er the Hymeneal bed,
" To Themis' temple let your steps be led;
" The scene now changed, an ear to justice lend,
" No longer destined, matrons, to attend.

" Shall I, to former times, direct my view?—
" Through thousand years, passed infamies, pursue?—
" Say, how antiquity has been debased?—
" And ages that a single crime disgraced?
" In calends, joined with Arinthæus' fame,
" Will be Eutropius' execrable name:
" The splendid honours that the lord shall bear,
" The slave beside him equally will wear!
" Alas! what dire offences o'er the world,
" Have Ptolemy's* degraded vassals hurled!
" Another base Pothinus† now appears,
" Extending, far and wide, terrifick fears.
" From this fell monster greater are my woes,
" Than, by his prototype, to Egypt rose.
" He, with Pellæan sword, one consul slew;
" But this, to all, extends his bloody view.
" If private int'rests nothing can effect,
" Yet thou, with honours like the princes decked,
" Support our cause: the royal pow'r defend;—
" And ills avert that o'er the realm impend.
" To this superior magistrate alone,
" The palace looks to guard th' imperial throne;
" Alternately the honour takes its round:
" Now with the senate, now the court, 'tis found.
" O consul four-fold raised!—from horrid crime,
" Protect with care the annual course of TIME!
" Secure the RODS, I pray, from dire disgrace;
" Preserve the page where, heroes names, we trace;—
" My robes, that ALL submissively beheld,
" Where'er the ocean's billows are impelled,

* King of Egypt.

† The assassin of Pompey the Great.

" O save from sinking in the gloomy shades,
" That contumely eternally pervades!
" For how, successful wars, can we expect,
" While impotence, our armies, shall direct?
" What progeny, from wedlock, can arise?
" What harvests yield the requisite supplies?
" What lands, beneath a steril consul's sway,
" Shall fertile prove, or, fulness, fruits display?
" If eunuchs o'er the state and laws preside,
" Let men the twining thread on distaffs guide,
" And, NATURE's order in confusion thrown,
" The Amazonian yoke, submissly own!
" But why say more?—O Stilicho! can shame
" Retain thy conqu'ring arms from deeds of fame?
" Thou surely know'st, that victors most delight
" In triumphs o'er the base, who fall in fight.
" Against fierce pirates, Pompey, wreaths, obtained;
" And, slaves subduing, Crassus, laurels, gained.
" Thou yieldest to my prayers:—those shouts prevail,
" That, terrours, spread which made the EAST turn pale:
" The roar of war, that echoed far around,
" When Gildo and the Moors, destruction, found.
" Why martial standards anxiously desire?
" Such contests, neither dart nor lance, require:
" The conscious back will readily incline,
" And at the sound alone of whips resign.
" THUS Scythian armies* who, dread wars, maintained,
" And, long from home, in distant climes, remained,
" Their frontiers seeking, met a youthful band,
" That oft received correction from their hand,

* See JUSTIN, *Lib.* II. *cap.* 5.

" Who, from the bosom of their native soil,
" Desired to drive the troops inured to toil:
" Th' ignoble crowd, when scourges waved in sight,
" Felt former fears return and took to flight;
" The sword fell motionless: the blood was chilled:
" And all, with terrours of the lash, were filled."

INVECTIVES

AGAINST

EUTROPIUS.

BOOK II.

PREFACE.

THIS great Patrician who, with haughty pride,
Was lately seen, th' imperial reins, to guide,
The whip, with trembling terrour, views once more,
That oft, in former days, his shoulders bore.
The fetters ready;—he bewails his fate,
The masters' triumph, and his fallen state;
With freaks of madness, FORTUNE sated stands:
The slave, from grandeur thrust, obeys commands.
Now, with another AXE, rough wood he cleaves,
And, RODS his own, the monster's back receives.
The consul feels, in turn, the poignant wo,
That, when in office, he made others know;
One year beheld him, 'mid high honours, placed,
And then an exile thoroughly disgraced;
The omens dire, that menaced nations round,
Upon their hideous author's head rebound;

And elevation, monstrous to the view,
Down on the first example, vengeance, drew.
The name erased, again the calends smile;
And forth the palace drives whate'er is vile.
  His base accomplices concealed their pain,
And sought a place of safety to obtain;
Their leader's fall brought ruin on the rest:
Not slain in arms, nor, by besiegers, pressed;
Such wretches ne'er should yield their breath like *men*:
For *them* enough the dictates of the *pen*.
From female domes, the feeble tyrant, chased,
His lofty pow'r was lost: himself debased.
  So when the beauteous fair, in grief, perceives,
Her youthful charms, the wav'ring husband leaves,
And, to his former mistress, fondly takes,
The house of sadness she, with sighs, forsakes.
  His hoary locks with dust he overspread;
Deep wrinkles held the floods of tears he shed;
Before the altars, low, on bending knees,
His trembling voice sought matrons to appease.
  In numbers, masters flocked this slave to gain,
For nothing fit but instruments of pain.
Howe'er deformed in face, and worse in mind,
Resentment prizes backs for whips designed.
Wretch! whither wilt thou go?—what region try?—
Here hatred waits thee:—*there* no friendly eye;
Alike both stars of empire thee detest:
For ever shut the gates in East and West!
  'Tis strange that thou, who, others' future fate,
Wast wont so oft, with confidence, to state,
Shouldst have, on destiny that o'er thee hung,
(A Sibyl mute resembling,) held thy tongue.

From Nile deceitful, now no dreams arise,
Nor augurs for thee watch with eager eyes.
And will thy sister, boldly o'er the Deep,
Proceed, and, always faithful, with thee keep?
Perhaps an eunuch poor she won't befriend;
And now, by thee enriched, her love may end.
Though thou confessest that an eunuch's throat,
Thy hand the first with bloody weapon smote;
Yet still the fell example, thou hast shown,
Shall not be made recoil on life thy own.
No:—live the shame of Fate!—A monster viewed,
Who, num'rous towns with terrours dire, pursued!
A wretch, to whom the nations widely spread,
With trembling, bowed, beneath the yoke, their head!
Why floods of tears, on plunder lost, bestow,
Since, to a royal son, thy treasures go?
To wealth confiscated thou ow'st alone
The name of sire to him upon the throne.
Wretch! why dost Heav'n, with timid prayers, implore,
Since ease awaits thee on the Cyprus shore?
By thee, among Barbarians, flame was fanned;
Believe the ocean more secure than land;
The bow and spear thou'lt now no more display,
To fill Armenian bosoms with dismay;
Nor, proudly mounted, skim along the ground,
That trembles with the courser's rapid bound.
Byzantium's senate seeks thy voice again:
The court desires thy counsel to obtain!
The robe of office from thy shoulders throw;
No more the quiver, filled with arrows, show;
To Venus' banners hasten to repair,
And, former rule and servile functions, bear!

The hand accustomed, pleasures, to provide,
Is little formed the force of Mars to guide.
Blithe Cytherea will with transport view
Her slave returned, his calling to pursue.
Delightful choirs reside within the isle,
The cradle of the LOVES that sweetly smile.
There modest fears, no praises, ever share;
On rocky summits stand the Paphian FAIR,
Who, watchful eyes upon the billows, keep,
To see the vessel safely plough the DEEP.
But I'm afraid, thee, Tritons may retain,
Thy arts to use with Nereids on the main;
Or winds, that lately hindered Gildo's flight,
To sink thee in the waves, may feel delight.
To Tabraca, a captive Moor gave fame:
May Cyprus, from thy shipwreck, get the same!
In vain, the Dolphin, shall thy voice implore:
Tis *only* MEN he deigns to help on shore.
IN such designs should eunuch e'er engage:
Let him on Cyprus look, and curb his rage.

BOOK II.

O PHRYGIAN ashes! wreck of ORIENT realm!
That still disasters seem to overwhelm,
Alas! too true the auguries appear,
That, with misfortunes dire, announced the year.
The prudent pilot sees when storms prevail,
And, from impending dangers, guards the sail.
But what avails confessing errors passed,
When, in the deep abyss, the ship is cast?
Will copious floods of tears the fault repair?
The omen just, your consul's acts declare:
His hideous crimes have widely spread dismay,
And, firm resolves, the DESTINIES display.
Had early been those threat'ning clouds perceived,
You ne'er, at recent stains of guilt, had grieved!
WHEN time has, dread disease in bodies, fixed,
In vain Pæonian remedies are mixed;
The ulcer, deep, within the marrow grown,
Submits to dextrous knife, or fire, alone;
The wound is closed, unless with careful hand,
Again to ope and wider still expand.
Through ev'ry part the flames extend their course:
From all the veins, the noxious humours, force,

In which no longer blood contagious flows;
And dry the source whence morbid ills arose.
The limbs lopped off, in safety leave the rest,
To be, with perfect health in future, blessed.
But think you purged the palace from disgrace,
If, for Eutropius, Cyprus find a place?
And that the universe shall feel content,
Since this half-man is into exile sent?
T'efface those crimes, what seas supply the wave?
The horrid spots, what length of time shall lave?
No sooner he, in consul-robes, was dressed,
Than murmurs loud the vaulted skies expressed;
Th' infernal caverns shook with hollow sound;
The lofty mountains' summits rocked around;
Beneath Chalcedon, earth, dread trembling, showed;
And, t'wards both towns with rage, the Bosph'rous flowed;
Along the narrow strait, the double shore,
Against each other, by the impulse bore;
The high Symplegades again were moved,
And, to the seaman, frightful objects proved.
The Stygian sisters thus the signs prepared,
That, to the state misfortunes dire, declared:
The warmest joys within their bosoms reigned,
Since, by the consul, nations would be gained.
At length innumerable pests were viewed:
Here limping Vulcan, flames destructive, strewed;
There Nereus' waters have, the banks, o'errun;
These houses burn:—by floods are *those* undone.
O gods! what pains have you the wretch assigned,
Whose omens brought such evils on mankind?
Sink, Neptune, with thy trident, in the Deep,
The guilty soil: away those horrours sweep!

May one great city, to extinction hurled,
From vengeful FURIES' rage preserve the world!
Now dreadful prodigies around appear!
In presages most fruitful seems the year:—
The bloody rain;—the child with monstrous mien,
Unlike the parent ev'ry feature seen;—
In tears the stones;—the herds with human voice;—
The savage beasts, of cities walled, make choice;
The augurs, void of rule, are borne away,
Inflamed by Phœbus' stimulating ray.
Admit, no words divine these signs impart,
Yet, who shall find such torpor in his heart,
That, when an eunuch-consul meets the eyes,
He doubts the ills portentous that arise?
BUT what blind fury we, in crimes, display!
For future prospects, contumely, betray;
If but the present hour, some pleasures, show,
All seems secure, o'er ev'ry-bound we go;
Delay of punishment appears a gain,
And, lost, are menaces of distant pain.
Against these prodigies which round are met,
Not e'en Camillús should my suffrage get;
Without regarding sex, I would have placed
The RODS with one by slavery debased,
To whom, in spite of omens through the sky,
And flatt'ring indications from on high,
That, prosp'rous fortune, should aloud proclaim,
A MAN could ne'er resign, devoid of shame.
Search annals past, the register of crimes;
Look through the calends:—page of former times!
The bow'rs of Capreæ, with wretch grown old,
Or Nero's scenes,—did ever, such, unfold?

The robes of Romulus an eunuch wears;
Within the palace sits:—its honours shares.
The senators and mob together stand:
The modest gen'ral: man of high command;
All humbly bend; to touch his hand, desire;
And, to salute his hideous cheek, aspire.
"The prince's father,"* and "support of laws,"
Their tongues pronounce with marks of high applause;
And this respected sire, a slave long known,
Is worthy reckoned to approach the throne!
WILL you the fact believe, O future race,
That monuments are raised to such disgrace!
And metals groan, on num'rous anvils, now,
Designed fell crimes with boldness to avow?
Here, robed as judge:—there, clothed in civick gown;
Or armed like valiant chief of high renown;
Or knight;—on ev'ry side, in various ways,
The senate, statues to an eunuch, raise!
As if afraid pure VIRTUE should obtain,
A single spot, in quiet to remain,
Through ev'ry quarter they, with labour, try,
To let this odious figure meet the eye.
May these degrading images be left,
To latest time, the signs of shame bereft!
Beneath, engraved, is adulation read,
And fulsome praises are profusely spread.
What!—boast high birth while still his masters live?—
Him warriour's praise, in soldiers' hearing, give?
In spite of Constantine and Bysas' wall,
This wretch, the city's third great founder†, call?

* Patricians were called *fathers of the prince.*

† Romulus the first, Camillus the second, and Eutropius the third, a pleasant comparison!

Puffed up with pride, the monster, through the night,
Extends excesses to the morning light;
Amid the fumes of wine is reeking found;
Procures applause from greedy mob around,
With plundered gold; and, during tedious day,
In scenes theatrick, whiles his hours away.
  But then his sister,—can belief be gained?
As wife, in feasts, the matrons, entertained,
And, with the modest manners of a spouse,
To gods, conveyed her eunuch husband's vows.
To her, for consultations deep, he goes;
On peace or war, he fond attention shows;
To her commits the palace and his care,
As if a stable or a mansion bare.
Is empire's rule so easy to support,
That realms submissive thus are made a sport?
  The frost more mild, now gentle Zephyrs cheered;
At length the flow'rs, with bursting buds, appeared;
A journey, full of pomp, while peace was viewed,
The court, Ancyra, to thy walls, pursued.
Eutropius all arranged, sea-toils to shun,
And move at pleasure during summer's sun;
The splendid train returned, as if they'd brought
The Medes in chains, or Indus' waves had sought.
  From tawny Gelons then, the god of war,
To Thrace, was moving in his bloody car;
Pangæa's sod the rolling wheels received,
And snows, beneath the sounding axle, grieved.
At length arrived upon Mount Hæmus' top,
Mars shortened rein, his rapid course to stop,
And saw the dress, that heroes oft have borne,
By one devoid of manhood, proudly worn.

A cruel smile, displayed the martial god;
His helmet shook: the tufts began to nod;
Th' inexorable goddess, he addressed,
Bellona, rage for ever in her breast,
Whose robe, with horrid stains of gore, appeared,
While blood Illyrican, her serpents, cheered.
" STILL EASTERN softness, sister, we behold!
" Can we the rising race no better mould?
" Will ages, once corrupted, thus remain,
" And ne'er, their former strength and firmness, gain?
" Argæus fumes with Cappadocian heaps;
" Orontes still a frightful paleness keeps;
" But these, dishonour, only recollect,
" While DEATH is seen dread terrours to direct.
" If they, tranquillity a moment, find,
" The havock dire escapes at once their mind;
" The floods of blood, with which their country streamed,
" Are, in remembrance, trifling losses, deemed.
" What seest thou, sister?—something truly base,
" That, with thy hair, thou e'en wouldst hide thy face!
" What crimes, a short inaction oft supplies!
" How many ills, from idleness, arise!
" The year that, no heroick acts, sustains,
" Unto an eunuch's hands, intrusts the reins!
" If, o'er Hesperia, he had equal sway,
" The consul-robes no more would, pow'r, display;
" Antiquity, despised, must be undone:
" The vestiges of glory, overrun,
" Unless, the empire, Stilicho, befriend,
" And, rigid morals, 'gainst abuse, defend,
" The Tiber, guard, and save the Roman realm,
" From crimes that threaten all to overwhelm.

" To Latian majesty a port he gave,
" That shall, high pow'r and injured AXES, save;
" And calends, where the age may find relief,
" While servile stains, the ORIENT, fill with grief.
" What semblances of man, this palace, tread!
" Direct thy sight along where ramparts spread;
" Do they, with terrour, silent groans, conceal?
" Does horrour, through their feeling bosoms, steal?
" Hear, from the senate, how applause expands:*
" Byzantine chiefs' and Grecian-Romans' hands!
" O people!—worthy senators like these!
" And fathers—such a consul, fit to please!
" Though arms they bear, inaction still is found;
" Among the num'rous swords that glare around,
" Within the breast no flames appear to glow,
" Which, in their rage, the signs of manhood, show.
" Will our descendants ne'er these robes obtain?
" Contemned, shall Brutus' dignity remain?
" O pardon, Romulus, thy sire, if late
" I come t'avenge thy RODS' degraded state.
" Now, now I'll eagerly my pow'r employ,
" To make repay, with tears, the scenes of joy.
" Bellona, why so long dost thou delay,
" With trump infernal, terrours to convey?

* On these lines a celebrated historian has the following note:

" Claudian turns the consulship of the eunuch Eutropius into a " national reflection (l. ii. 135.)

——————— Plaudentem cerne senatum
Et Byzantinos proceres, *Graiosque* Quirites:
O patribus plebes, O digni consule patres.

" It is curious to observe the first symptoms of jealousy and " schism, between old and new Rome, between the Greeks and Latins."
GIBBON'S ROME, vol. 5. page 161. (8vo. ed.)

" Why let thy sithe of war inaction know,
" Intended, down the human race, to mow?
" Tumultuous discords scatter far and near:
" No more let pleasures venture to appear.
" Too long have Thrace and Macedonia viewed,
" Their open plains with desolation strewed;
" And, most reluctantly, again I'm led
" To fight against the mansions of the dead.
" Disasters common, no delight, impart:
" Beyond the seas, destructive torches, dart.
" At first, to ravage others' conquest, bend:
" The foe, from high Rhiphæus, won't descend;
" Nor, through Caucasian valleys, should begin
" The raging storm of arms' terrifick din.
" The Ostrogoths and fierce Gruthungi, mixed,
" Have, in the Phrygian fields, their quarters, fixed.
" Their breasts, for crime, from slender causes, burn:
" With ease BARBARIANS to their ways return!
" Thus let it be, since in the force around,
" No strength is seen: no resolution found;
" And, to a master's yoke, they bend the head,
" O'er whom effeminacy's mien is spread.
" Let those, who birth from NORTHERN regions, draw,
" Beneath the BEAR, avenge the injured law;
" And arms BARBARIAN snatch the Roman name,
" From dire disgrace and ignominious shame."
THIS said:—like that great sov'reign's shield on high,
Which clangs when angry clouds against it fly,
Aloud his buckler thundered far and wide:
The sounds, o'er Athos, rang from side to side;
The crackling crash, on Hæmus' summits, bore;
And Rhodopé reechoed back the roar;

The Hebrus, wond'ring, rose with frozen top;
And icy fear, pale Ister, seemed to stop.
A heavy spear, with knots of horrid view
And adamantine point, then from him flew;
The weapon huge, to wield with pow'rful hands,
No other god, the force required, commands.
Across the clouds a passage wide was rent:
The spear, through air, o'er seas and mountains, went;
Its rapid flight, continued to maintain,
And dropped at length amid the Phrygian plain.
Earth felt concussion; fruitful Hermus' wave,
With Nysa's vines o'erhung, loud murmurs, gave;
Pactolus trembled in his golden bed,
And Dindymus, in tears, inclined the head.
Bellona followed, with an equal pace,
The lance's hasty range, through ether's space,
A hundred projects turning in her mind,
For havock dread and slaughters dire, designed;
At length she, fierce Targibilus, addressed,
The chief who, pow'r o'er Getic troops, possessed.
He then, perhaps, had just, Eutropius, left:
No precious gifts received,—of hope bereft;
Grief in his heart, and indigence besides,
Which oft, to crime, e'en youth of feeling, guides,
The savage Scythian's bosom filled with ire,
And kindled into flame the latent fire.
Before his eyes the goddess now was seen,
His wife in gait, in air, and haughty mien;
A veil was, o'er her countenance, disposed:
A clasp, before, her robe's arrangement, closed;
Her hair, compressed, a band encompassed round,
And, flaxen tresses were, her serpents, found.

At sight, to his embrace, she quickly flew;
Her snowy arms about him fondly threw;
The FURIES' poison pressed upon his lip,
Which he inhaled with eager, wistful sip.
She, artfully intent his rage to raise,
Asked what the prince, so liberal of praise,
Had, for his just reward and merit, sought?
What riches, from the palace, he had brought?
Targibilus, his journey, much bewailed,
The labour vain, since ev'ry effort failed;
But most the eunuch's arrogant disdain,
And contumely, his bosom filled with pain.
BELLONA's nails, her face that instant, rent;
Forth bursting sighs, the throbbing bosom sent:
" Go," she exclaimed, " conduct the plough with toil,
" The coulter guide to tear the stubborn soil;
" Away with swords!—instruct thy warriours now
" The rake to use, while drops run o'er their brow.
" Gruthungi can the tillage manage well,
" And, in the produce of the vine, excel.
" O happy females, who such husbands own;
" The spoils of cities at your feet are thrown:
" The FAIR of Argos bend beneath your sway;
" Thessalian matrons, your commands, obey;
" So high the merit which pervades your mind,
" That Spartan dames, to serve you, are consigned!
" Me, FATE has linked to one depressed by fears,
" In whom remissness constantly appears,
" Who, all degenerate and worthless grown,
" Forsakes the manners on the Ister known,
" Deserts the customs of his native land,
" Unable feels vain justice to withstand,

" And, rather as a husbandman, would move,
" Than, lord of spoils and noble conquests, prove.
" Why dost thou, vice, conceal, with studied phrase?—
" Call sloth, integrity:—fear, upright ways?
" Wilt thou submit to poverty's alarms,
" While in thy hands are such destructive arms?
" And, unrevenged, dost thou in tears remain,
" When cities, left defenceless, thou may'st gain?
" Does dread of punishment, obstructions, raise?
" A diff'rent rule prevailed in former days:
" The Romans, merit, with high rev'rence viewed,
" And, rebels, unrelentingly pursued.
" But now, who treaties break in wealth abound,
" While he, that faithful proves, is needy found.
" The chief who, 'mong the Greeks, such havock, made,
" And, lately in the dust, Epirus, laid,
" Fierce Alaric, Illyricum, commands,
" Those cities rules, that dreaded once his bands,
" Gives laws to men, whose nuptial peace, he broke,
" And, on their babes, inflicted DEATH's fell stroke.
" Such are the punishments the foe receives!
" And, as rewards, Rome, ruined cities, leaves!
" Canst thou yet doubt and hesitation feel?
" With num'rous force, do fears still o'er thee steal?
" Go, peace renounce; no longer quiet rest:
" By war, thou'lt be, of comrades fresh, possessed.
" I would not seek to animate thy rage,
" Wert thou, with *men*, in battle to engage;
" But now another sex, in arms, is brought,
" And, realms to guard, are eunuchs able thought!
" Rome's flags and eagles follow such as these!—
" Resume the actions that, BARBARIANS, please;

" Let those feel wonder, and, thy prowess, dread,
" Who, thee, neglected when, by virtue, led.
" With plunder loaded, and of spoils thy fill:
" A Roman thou shalt then become at will."
  THIS said, she suddenly a bird became,
Disgusting to the sight, of hideous frame;
With crooked beak and wings as black as Styx,
The omen, on a tomb, appeared to fix.
  No longer fears, Targibilus, o'erspread:
The hair, which stood, now flattened on his head;
Bellona's fierce commands he straight conveyed
To comrades bold, and to their minds portrayed
What he had seen: the measures she required:
And, their support, most anxiously desired.
When, firm their chief, the YOUTH BARBARIAN knew,
They openly, from Latian arms, withdrew.
  WHERE CHARLES'S WAIN is seen in Scythian skies,
A part of Phrygia on Bithynia lies;
The side that borders where the sun descends,
To reach the frontiers of Ionia tends;
The quarter, near Aurora's blushes, placed,
Is, to the confines of Gallatia, traced:
Both these obliquely touch on Lydia's bound;
And, on the SOUTH, is fierce Pisidia found.
In former days these nations were the same,
And, in their union, bore the Phrygian name.
But, what strange change will length of time not bring?
Name gave Mæonia, Mæones the king;
To Greeks, Ægæan ports were known to yield;
The Thyni-Thracians plough Bithynia's field;
A num'rous army, from the Gallick earth,
On OCEAN'S distant coast, their place of birth,

Here fixed from wand'ring: down the javelin laid:
The Grecian dress, with gentle air, displayed;
And, quitting waters that, Rhine's borders, lave,
Sipped, in their stead, the Halys' flowing wave.
The first beginnings of the human race,
All ancient authors to the Phrygians trace;
Nor Egypt's king pretensions further pressed,
When, from the babe, e'en novice at the breast,
Was heard that language tremble on the voice,
Spontaneous accents of the infant choice.
'Twas there, in former days, were echoed round,
Mellifluous notes, the flute's delightful sound,
Which in the Libyan stream Minerva threw,
When frightful shades reflected met her view.
And there the shepherd's* skin suspended swings,
Whose musick yielded to Apollo's strings,
Within the temple of Celænæ shown,
That future ages may, the triumph, own.
There flow four golden streams from fountains wide;
Nor wonder I that, with the waters, glide
This precious ore, since, in the copious wave,
Was Midas often led his limbs to lave.
Their course these rivers, divers ways, maintain,
To South and North, the surgy Deep, to gain.
Sangarius' stream, from Dindymus, descends;
Increase, the pure and glassy Gallus lends;
Together joined, as one they onward speed,
And, to the Amazonian main, proceed.
Th' Icarian sea and Mycalé's high shore,
Gain Marsyas and Mæander's blended store;

* The satyr Marsyas. See Ov. *Met.* vi, *Fab.* 7.

But, Marsyas, swift while by himself he moves,
Mixed with Mæander, slow and winding proves:
Unlike the Arar, which more nimble grows,
When, joined with rapid Rhone, the water flows.
A sunny plain, between those rivers, lies,
Which yields, to Ceres, liberal supplies;
The grapes in clusters on the vines are seen,
And olives fruit display of pleasing green;
In noble coursers, rich the lands are found;
Large stores of cattle equally abound;
And precious marble that, in purple veins,
O'er Synnas', e'en pre-eminence, maintains.
  Such then was Phrygia when, by gods, resigned
To Getic fire and slaughters dread combined.
'Gainst towns defenceless and without alarms,
Barbarians turned their unsuspected arms;
The citizen no hope of safety saw,
And thoughts of flight were lost through sudden awe;
From age and length of peace, the walls and tow'rs
Had fallen on the ground, or wanted pow'rs.
  Meanwhile, in distant Ida's snowy chine,
Sat Cybelé, in usual state divine,
Beheld the chorus of Curetes round,
And stirred their eager swords to drums' loud sound:
When suddenly the tow'r of circling gold,
Designed her sacred tresses to infold,
And all, with grace immortal, to adjust,
Fell off her head and tumbled in the dust.
The Corybantes, at the omen dread,
Felt instant torpor o'er their senses spread;
The mystick rites were stopped, by fears o'ercome;
Fright universal reigned: the flutes were dumb;

The mother of the gods, that rule the skies,
Pronounced these words, 'mid sobs und plaintive sighs:
" To me, old Lachesis, so full of years,
" Declared, long since, the SIGN that now appears;
" The danger imminent, of Phrygian pow'r,
" Is fully shown by my subverted tow'r.
" Alas! what gore, Sangarius' stream, will dye!—
" What heaps of slain, on slow Mæander, lie!
" Th' irrevocable term, it's length, has run:
" So, long decreed, the THUNDERER, my son.
" With blood the borders equally shall reek,
" And Lydia vainly, Bacchus' thyrses, seek.
" O Phrygian fields, so pleasing to my view:
" Ye cities, doomed to flames, henceforth adieu!
" Soon will the ground, on which your castles rise,
" A naked desert offer to the eyes!
" Farewell ye rivers, that so sweetly flow!
" No more, within your grots, my breast will glow;
" Nor e'er again, on Berecynthia's space,
" The wheel our chariot rolls shall, furrows, trace!"
THIS said, the goddess changed her plaint of woes,
To doleful sounds that from the drums arose;
His falling country, Athys wailed aloud;
And, by their tears, the lions, grief, avowed.
THOUGH rumours indiscreet abroad were spread,
And fear of slaughter filled the mind with dread,
Yet, ignorant to seem, Eutropius sought,
When, to destruction's brink, the realm was brought:
Pretended that a petty, sneaking band,
Of wand'ring plunderers disturbed the land,
And rather punishments for crimes proposed,
Than arms for war that, dangers near, disclosed:—

Not by commanders to repel the foe,
But, to the magistrate, successes owe.
  So when the lofty bird* of Lybia flies
O'er arid sands pursued by hunters' cries,
With bending wings, like sails, that breezes force,
He drives, through clouds of dust, his rapid course;
But, if the sound of steps behind, he hears,
His anxious flight he stops: forgets his fears;
Eyes closely shuts;—his silly head conceals:—
And, seeing nought himself,—quite hidden feels!
  HOWE'ER, high promises he slyly sent,
And gifts, to make Targibilus relent;
But, such the pleasure, sweets of plunder gave:
The savage chief declined to serve a slave:
Rejected presents, through base terrours, brought,
And all that, worthy warriors, might be thought.
For what the honours but disgrace would show,
That should, from such an abject consul, flow?
His prayers were useless now Eutropius knew:
No gold could make him, movements wished, pursue;
The frequent messengers returned in vain:
No hope appeared, of treaty, to remain.
  AT length necessity for war he found:
A council, to advise, he called around;
Pert, forward youths, and aged letchers, came,
Unknown to glory: men, whose only fame
Was banquets rich and varied to prepare,
The appetite to sate with costly fare;
Great Juno's starry birds; and those so choice
From India, green with sounds like human voice.

* The Ostrich.

Meats sought in various countries far and wide,
Could scarcely for their gluttony provide:—
The fishes, that th' Ægæan billows lave;—
Which swim Propontis' or Mæotis' wave.
Their studies were to gain, for dresses, praise:
By sallies vain, applauding smiles to raise;
Effeminacy ev'ry thing displayed:—
The head perfumed:—silks, down their softness, weighed.
If Huns or fierce Sarmatians stormed the gate,
Their ardour for the stage would not abate;
Rome they contemned, and still admired the domes,
That, on the Bosphorus, were made their homes.
To figure in the dance, they fondly strove;
And, with dexterity the chariot, drove.
From low plebeians, generals were made;
While some, in magisterial robes arrayed,
Still marks of shackles on their legs retained:
From rusty iron livid spots remained;
Though constantly, imprinted on the face,
Were seen the servile features of disgrace.
But with Eutropius lay the chief command,
Relying for support on Hosius' hand:
And who, to all, could more delightful prove?
With wondrous skill his regulations move;
Like smoke, he always manages so well,
He sees no angry ebullitions swell.
The two high columns of the East appear:
There stands a cook:*—a worthless pander here;
Their backs with furrows from the scourge's smart:
Alike in slavery, but not in art.

* Hosius was a cook.

Oft one was sold; the other passed his prime,
To serve a master in the Spanish clime.
  HOWE'ER the men of consequence were sought;
Together, for advice, to counsel, brought;
To them, affairs of moment to propound,
And solace seek for num'rous ills around.
But soon their minds from war and Phrygia flew:
The jest and stage away attention drew;
With noisy rage they eagerly contend,
Which tumbling boy the best his limbs can bend?
Whose hair, with greatest ease, the pavement, sweeps,
While, hands as feet and legs in air, he keeps?
Who, with superior art, his side, inclines,
And, in the finest curve, his body, twines?
Which voice accords, to fingers' cadence, best?
Or, whose the eyes, where gesture's most expressed?
Some fondly spout their fav'rite tragick verse;
While, Tereus'* fable, others must rehearse;
Agave†, to theatrick scenes unknown,
In all her frantick cruelty, is shown.
  EUTROPIUS cried:—"Away such sights as these!
"'Tis time, for other cares you, arms, should seize;
"Enough for me Armenia to defend,
"Not singly with so many to contend.
"To silver hairs, I pray, indulgence yield,
"And let the youth repair to glory's field."
  So sits the odious dame with needy bands
Of girls around, whose labour she commands,
And harshly cautious at the loom to strive,
That thence support, from toil, they may derive:

* See Ov. *Met.* VI. *Fab.* 9.
† See HOR. *Sat.* II. 3, and Ov. *Met.* L. III. *Fab.* 10.

On holydays they, freedom, wish to gain,
Resign their work, see friends, but ask in vain;
Now irritated, they confound the thread,
And bitter tears, upon the tissue, shed.
STRAIGHT Leo caught the trembling circle's eyes,
With face of brass, and paunch of wondrous size,
Whose appetite might with the Cyclop's vie,
Or e'en Celæno's greediness defy.
From feats at table, he obtained the name,
That, in the forest, bears, the beast of fame.
This boaster, bitter, all the absent find:
A bulky body with a pigmy's mind!
Of late most skilful in the comber's art:
Commander, greasy wool to smooth and part!
To cleanse the fleeces who could him excel?—
Or, in the baskets, place the same as well?—
The iron teeth apply with equal care,
And, through the clefts, convey the unctuous hair?
Eutropius' Ajax, Leo then was seen:
A mighty blusterer with furious mien,
Not sev'n bulls' hides, his buckler, covered o'er,
But yet a vast protuberance he bore,
Which, 'mong old women to the distaff trained,
And, placed at ease, 'mid constant feasts, he gained.
At length with efforts, that his frame distressed,
He, panting, rose, and thus himself addressed.
" WHAT terrours new, my friends, your hearts, pervade?
" Shall we in women's shelters sit, dismayed,
" Spectators idle of impending ill,
" And let those perils multiply at will?
" A plot is formed the empire to destroy,
" While we, our hours in useless prayers, employ.

" For this superior labour, I'm designed:
" My hand is always to the sword inclined.
" If, for the task, Minerva me require,
" The work begun shall end as she desire.
" Targibilus, puffed up with vain success,
" Whose frantick actions, all the realm, oppress,
" Will, in my hands, more light than wool, appear:
" Gruthungi faithless, I like sheep will shear;
" And, peace regained, the Phrygian dames once more,
" To their accustomed distaffs, I'll restore."
THIS said he, to his former seat, repaired:
Applause the council, by their shouts, declared.
THUS, through the theatre, in former days,
Resounded plaudits of excessive praise,
When, on the stage, an actor, who excelled,
With hair, unlike his sex, the crowd beheld,
As Niobé appear, with rage o'erspread,
Or Trojan princess, tears of anguish, shed.
THE standards he unfurled without delay,
And took at once th' irremeable way;
To owls' dread omens, armies forth were led,
With which Mygdonian birds shall soon be fed!
Troops, proud of graces, fond of city ease;
'Mid idle games, their leisure, wont to please:
In baths desirous notice to obtain:
Nor suffer scorching sun nor chilling rain:—
Since under Stilicho, how changed the race,
That, with the buckler, braved the frosts of Thrace,
The winter passed within the open fields,
And, breaking ice, drank waves that Hebrus yields!
But, when command another leader took,
Them, with their former gen'ral, strength forsook:

Ancyra's triumphs and Byzantine charms,
Each pow'r enfeebling, nerveless made their arms.
T' advance before the foot, no horse were brought;—
No spots commodious for encampments sought;—
No sentries placed, entrenchments to secure;—
No roads explored, their safety to insure:
The wings, devoid of order, passed the ground;
Confusion ev'ry-where appeared around;
The crowd moved on, through forests overgrown,
Cross-ways and narrow paths, and vales unknown.
So wander coursers when without a guide;
And thus, the vessel, on the stormy tide,
In spite of stars, no pilot at the helm,
The foaming surge is seen to overwhelm.
Or, on the DEEP, the fish* of mighty size,
When his attendant he no longer spies,
That, moving on before, instruction gave
Of path secure across the rolling wave,
With little tail, the monster, showed the way,
And seemed the purest friendship to display:
The finny giant, o'er the liquid plain,
His course, attempts at random to maintain,
'Till unawares arrived on shallow shore
Return, he labours vainly to explore;
The efforts used, his ignorance defeats,
And, gasping, 'gainst the rugged rocks he beats.
To feign escape, Targibilus was led,
Which, with presumptuous hopes, vain Leo, fed;
Who, at the banquet, while the bowl went round,
Ideally, the foe in fetters, bound.

* The whale.

Soon to the camp, where sleep profoundly reigned,
And Bacchus' stores had lib'rally been gained,
The enemy, unseen, repaired with speed;—
Some, as they left their couch, were doomed to bleed,
While others, who in slumber drew their breath,
Were suddenly despatched to realms of DEATH;
A neighb'ring fen received the crowds that fled,
Who, unexampled, heaped the floods with dead.
In terrour, Leo, on a horse, withdrew:
More swift than deer, his sweating courser flew;
By weight borne down, he tumbled in the way;
Entangled in a slough the hero lay;
Prone, on the slimy bed awhile he sprawled;
Across the mire with difficulty crawled;
Deep, wallowing in the mud, th' enormous load
Puffed, sighed, and frightful apprehensions showed,
Just like a swine, for future feasts designed,
Which groans and cries, upon the block confined,
As oft as Hosius, shining steel, displays,
And, robe tucked up, the sides and limbs surveys,
The joints considers proper for the spit:
What parts, the boiling caldron, best will fit:
And what the quantity required within,
Of requisites, to stuff th' intestine skin.
With ardour for the work his breast abounds;
The whetstone often with the knife resounds;
Thick clouds of smoke and vapour mount on high,
And, through air's regions, t'wards Chalcedon, fly.
HOWE'ER, behind his back, among the trees,
The foliage quivered with the passing breeze,
Which, missile weapons, seemed to Leo's ear,
And fancied wounds were realised by fear;

Imagination felt the piercing dart;
'Till then quite sound was ev'ry vital part:
He pictured to his mind approaching DEATH,
And, hurt by fright alone, resigned his breath.
WRETCH! who, the comb, advised thee to decline,
That, in thy hand, the polished sword might shine:
The seat, on which thy fathers sat, to yield,
And arms prefer within the tented field?
How, safely carding, thou rehears'dst, in song,
The praises that to combers' cards belong,
And, by thy labour, wast secured from cold,
When MORN began her blushes to unfold!
Here, abject mortal! thy pale corse is left;
And, while thy fingers shunned the fleecy weft,
The unrelenting DESTINIES were led,
At length to sever thy last vital thread!
Now wand'ring FAME, in her unsteady flight,
By mournful rumours, filled the court with fright,
Battalians routed;—num'rous armies slain;—
With carnage overspread, Mœonia's plain;—
Pamphylians who, the victor's triumph, graced;—
And fetters, on Pisidian captives, placed.
Targibilus, his thunders, hurled around:
In ev'ry quarter, terrours dire were found;
Against Galatia, moved a pow'rful force;
While others, through Bithynia, took their course;
Across Mount Taurus some, their footsteps, bore,
And, thence descending, ran Cilicia o'er;
The ships, secured, facilities obtained:
Our walls, by land and sea, might then be gained.
Through apprehension, truths increase in size;
Beheld from lofty masts, flames seemed to rise:

And burning embers, wafted by the gales,
Passed o'er the DEEP and fell upon the sails.
  AMID these rumours of distress and shame,
Intelligence of worse disasters came;
Again the Babylonians spread alarms:
Another sov'reign led their troops in arms;
And Parthians, viewing peace with hateful eyes,
Desired at once to break the Roman ties.
Among the Medes, respect to kings is shown,
And, shedding blood of princes, rarely known;
The culprit's race entire, dread torments wait;
And safety find e'en tyrants of the state.
But what disgrace and hideous crimes appear,
When, with his name, Eutropius marks the year!
Our friendly SAPOR's* throne was overturned;
For wounds of royalty the Persians burned;
And, lest some clime should scape DEATH's piercing dart,
And broken faith not glare in ev'ry part,
Th' Eumenides their flaming torches bore
Beyond the floods that lave the Tigris' shore.
  'TWAS then indeed the bosom felt dismay,
And, to so many threat'ning storms, gave way;
By horrid wars beset on ev'ry side,
The wrath of gods was easily descried,
Th' effect of omens dire that filled the air,
When he was seated in the consul's chair:
The dreadful ills, irrevocable found,
That such a senseless wretch had brought around.
  'TIS said the authors of the human frame,
Two who, Iäpetus for father, claim,

* A name common to many of the Parthian kings, like *Cæsar* among the Roman emperors, and *Ptolemy* with the Egyptian sovereigns.

With matter like, but different success,
Arranged the elements that, man, express.
The race of mortals, that Prometheus planned
And modelled with attentive, skilful hand,
Commingling air divine with store of clay,
Can pierce the cloud that veils the future day:
So nicely formed, they penetrating prove,
And, through perplexities, with safety move.
But those, the artist of inferior fame,
Whom Grecian poets, Epimetheus, name,
Of thickest argil, fashioned to his will,
No intellectual animations fill.
Like flocks, they no impending dangers know:
For perils that arise no foresight show;
The present slaughter they lament with cries,
And, havock passed, bewail 'mid doleful sighs.
In Stilicho alone bright safety beamed;
The guilty, ominous, his coming deemed:
If, from the Alps, they heard he took his way,
In dread of punishments and death they lay:
Him now they wish arrived in Orient climes,
And feel contrition for their former crimes;
Their hopes are placed on this benignant star,
To save them from the ravages of war;
Alike the virtuous and the wicked find
The same desire impressed upon their mind.
Thus children, when their sire, the seas, has passed,
To barter riches, by his cares amassed:
Intent on play, and studies laid aside,
With joy they range, unshackled by their guide;
But should a surly neighbour seize the dome,
And, unrevenged, expel them from their home,

The father then they anxiously implore,
And turn in vain their eyes upon the shore.
  All owned, they punishment and death deserved,
Who, for a slave, from Stilicho had swerved.
Th' illusion o'er, they viewed with marked surprise
Their frantick course, and turned away the eyes.
The lictor shook: the Rods were prostrate placed;
And, from their hands, the Axes fell disgraced.
  So, from Aonia when, with thyrses stained
In Pentheus' blood, the Bacchæ, Thebes, regained,
At sight of him whom furious madness slew,
And head turned round to meet the mother's* view,
Their feet were fixed: a cloud the sight o'erspread:
And, with incessant rage, their grief was fed.
  However, presently Aurora came
Herself the aid of Italy to claim:
No longer beamed her hair with circling light;
No more the countenance with ardour bright;
Nor, o'er her dress, the gorgeous god of day
Displayed the lustre of the saffron ray:
In tears and pale, as when she, Memnon, sought,
That, to a Phrygian tomb, he might be brought.
By Stilicho her presence was perceived,
Who guessed her object and the cause that grieved;
He kept his ground: his conqu'ring hand she pressed,
And, weeping, thus with sighs, the chief, addressed:
  " Art thou disgusted with our Orient sky?
" Oft I was wont upon thee to rely;
" To slaves thou leav'st me now, who scorn have shown,
" And, to Hesperia, giv'st thy cares, alone.

* Agave. See Ov. *Met.* L. III. *Fab.* 10. and Hor. *Sat.* II. 3. v. 303.

" Nor have I seen thee since the tyrant's fall;
" From us did VICT'RY bear thee to the Gaul?
" My realm first evil from Rufinus knew,
" Who, o'er both states, the seeds of DISCORD threw.
" But thy returning cohorts, full of rage,
" To arms inured, sought further to engage.
" Then, for a moment, with enticing mien,
" Pretended smiles of liberty were seen;
" I hoped, once more, o'er empire to preside,
" If Stilicho were near, the reins to guide.
" Ah! silly joy, to future prospects blind!
" The DOUBLE STATE appeared to laws resigned,
" (For who, with such examples dread in view,
" Would enterprises similar pursue?)
" When suddenly a monster forward came,
" With infamy combined his very name:
" Rufinus' base, emasculated heir!
" By FORTUNE doomed again her frowns to share,
" Since in the change, intended me to vex,
" The tyrant was the same, except in sex.
" The crimes engendered first within his mind,
" Were, to the secret bed-chamber, confined.
" 'Mid fear, in private, he obtained his will:
" His pow'r, though hated, was an eunuch's still;
" Nor durst he yet the publick rights invade,
" Nor, to his wishes, all the laws degrade.
" But, in the sequel, when the GOOD had flown,
" And none remained, save those for vices known,
" The worst companions then obtained his voice:
" Here Hosius stood, and Leo, worthy choice!
" To highest confidence the miscreants grew;
" In fond desire of sway, no bounds he knew.

" This high patrician, honours, has debased,
" And these, as consul, e'en by sale disgraced;
" But others, which he wears with pride extreme,
" By *such* a bearer, more polluted seem.
" No longer trumps and standards, bosoms, fire;
" No more the sword is viewed with bold desire;
" Derision, nations openly display,
" And we are found at will an easy prey.
" More desolate than Thrace or Hæmus now,
" My plains will lie unfurrowed by the plough.
" Alas! what cities, long to wars unused,
" Have been by recent plunderers abused!
" Of late, from regions where th' Araxes falls,
" Have horse their terrours borne to Antioch's walls,
" And this high ornament of Syrian fame
" Was scarcely saved frem suffering by flame.
" No obstacles,—and store of booty, found,
" With joy the foe beholds the slaughter round;
" Again, fresh spoils with confidence, pursues,
" And scenes of gore repeatedly renews.
" No hostile force from Caucasus descends,
" Nor, t'wards me, from the icy Phasis, tends;
" Now, in my bosom, horrid wars are framed:
" Gruthungi, lately Roman legions named,
" Who, to our laws, as people conquered, bowed,
" To whom we, fertile fields and homes, allowed,
" Through Lydia scatter desolation dire,
" The choicest fruits of Asia waste with fire,
" And what escaped their first destructive course,
" Relying not on chiefs nor numerous force,
" But inactivity, which basely reigned,
" And treachery, that oft, our gen'rals, gained,

" Whose guilty conduct made the soldier shun
" The captives that on Danube's banks he won;
" And he, a part disjoined, beholds with fright,
" Who put the whole united horde to flight.
" In feasts and dancing is the court employed,
" Nor thinks of loss, while something is enjoyed.
" Though savages the realm have overrun,
" Eutropius, by their arms, is not undone,
" Whate'er remains is into portions thrown,
" And, in the province, two tribunals known:
" The tribute, that the conquered quarters paid,
" On what is left, is rigorously laid.
" 'Tis thus, to me, that nations are restored!
" And lands decreased, more governors, afford!
" My only hope, O Stilicho! art thou:
" Tears, thee, I proffer, for the olive bough;
" Assist, I pray, from falling, me, to save,
" And snatch me from the empire of a slave.
" Thou wilt not all condemn for crimes of few,
" Nor blend passed merit with transgressions new.
" Away with anger now!—erase each trace:
" Impending dangers always, faults, efface.
" Camillus, though an exile filled with ire,
" Could not in flames his country see expire.
" I come not, thee, from Latium to procure:
" Each, thou art able fully to assure;
" The splendour of thy arms alike may fall,
" And be reflected equally on all.
" O'er realms of EAST and WEST extend thy shield,
" And let thy worth, to both, protection yield."

THE

PRAISES OF STILICHO.

BOOK I.

FOR Rome the gods, their constant favour, keep,
And, on success, they new successes heap.
The court had scarcely ceased connubial strain,
When sounds of triumph echoed—Gildo slain.
By laurels, am'rous garlands were replaced:
Both spouse and victor's name, the sov'reign, graced.
The wars, concluded, in the Libyan clime,
And equally subdued the ORIENT crime,
Again the AXES rise with splendid glare,
While Stilicho adorns the curule chair.
The wishes, that within our bosoms reign,
With steadiness their usual course maintain.
SHOULD I attempt his whole exploits to praise,
On Pelion icy Ossa I might raise;
And if a part I pass in silence o'er,
What I relinquish will be glory's store.
Shall I, his youth and early actions, tell?—
The mind inclines, on recent scenes, to dwell.

His justice to relate should I delight?—
Mars' beaming rays at once engage the sight.
Shall I recount his brilliant feats of arms?—
Still more in peace his gen'rous conduct charms.
'Twas he, through Latium choicest blessings, spread:
Again made Africa submit the head:
Secured Iberia from the Moors' design,
While Gaul with wonder, quiet, views the Rhine.
Shall I, his steps, make known, through frosts of Thrace,
Or on the Hebrus' banks his conquests trace?
O'er plains in view Pierian chariots move:
Their weary tracks, the load of praises, prove.
  Since mortals first the fertile earth possessed,
With favours unallayed they ne'er were blessed.
Flagitious morals oft the man degrade,
In whom the brightest features are displayed;
And frightful forms repeatedly, we find,
Conceal the graces of a polished mind.
This, who 'mid battles' rage obtained the bays,
In peace, the worst propensities, betrays;
That, for the publick, always prosp'rous found,
In private life, afflictions dire surround.
These gifts divided, each some portion gains:
Here, symmetry of frame;—there, vigour reigns;
In one is rigour seen;—another shows
That piety within his bosom glows.
On laws and science some, their hours, employ;
While others place, on wives and babes, their joy.
O'er numbers scattered we, these bounties, see:
The whole completely blended, view in thee;
The blessings, thus diffused among the rest,
At once appear united in thy breast.

Must I the actions of thy father state,
And all his military feats relate?
Had he no talents shown;—no legions led,
To Valens true, with gems around their head:
Still would the son's immortal fame suffice:—
With Stilicho the parent's glory rise.
While yet a boy, an ardent mind he showed;
Round tender years the smiles of Fortune glowed;
Undaunted;—active;—toil no bar was viewed;—
No limits fixed the object he pursued;
Already bold expression marked his way,
To rolls that proudly, heroes names, display.
Conspicuous now with dignity of mien,
Respect was shown wherever thou wert seen;
The features;—eager look;—limbs;—lofty air:—
All seemed the future gen'ral to declare;
Such e'en the poets, in their songs of praise,
Would, demi-gods to equal, scarcely raise.
Where'er thou movedst, through the city's space,
To thee, though yet a soldier, crowds gave place;
The silent homage, by the people shown,
Anticipated honours from the throne.
Thou scarcely hadst, of youth, attained the age,
When thou wast sent Assyria to engage
In treaties that tranquillity should gain,
And, from a mighty nation, peace obtain.
Thou pass'dst the Tigris and Euphrates' bed:—
At length thy steps to Babylon were led.
The lofty, Parthian nobles felt surprise;
Delight pervaded ev'ry archer's eyes;
The handsome stranger, Persian dames beheld:
Flame filled each heart, and bosoms fondly swelled.

Amid the perfumes, that sweet incense yields,
And richest odours from Sabæan fields,
On sacred altars in profusion placed,
With due solemnity was peace embraced.
The holy fire was in the temple sought,
And forth by priests from deep recesses brought;
A pious sacrifice were bullocks made,
And, to Chaldæan rites, high rev'rence paid.
The king himself was seen, with ready hand,
The sparkling cup's ingredients to expand:
He, Belus'* secrets, called his oath to hear,
And Mithras† ranging through the starry sphere.
When numbers thee attended to the chase,
Who showed, to Stilicho, superior grace,
The pointed steel a-far at once to dart,
And pierce the lion or the tiger's heart?
With reins the courser to conduct at will,
The Medes acknowledged thy superior skill;
In admiration Parthians stood, to view
The certainty with which thy arrows flew.
MEANWHILE a daughter's marriageable age,
In doubts appeared her father to engage;
A chief he wished, who would a hero make,
And equally to wife the princess take.
Through all the realm a son-in-law he sought,
Who, worthy of Serena's hand, was thought.
He, virtue, held in estimation high:
Searched camps and cities with discerning eye;
O'er various nations ran with dubious mind,
The scales suspended, anxious such to find.

* The Jupiter of the Persians.
† The Persian name for the Sun.

To thee at length the preference was shown,
Above the rest, in ev'ry quarter known;
As CÆSAR's son, at once designed to move:
To future emperors a sire to prove.
Rich, Tyrian purple decked the nuptial bed,
And gold around profusely, lustre, spread.
The royal maid forth from the palace came:
Here stood her sire, adorned with wreaths of fame;
And there the mother who, upon her, placed
The modest veil with precious jewels graced.
Then joys prevailed amid the starry sphere;
The coursers bounded in the Sun's career;
The bursting soil, large founts of honey, showed;
And milk in streams from earth's recesses flowed.
The undulating floods of Bosph'rus' shore,
With beauteous, vernal flow'rs, were covered o'er;
Europa, with a rosy garland, crowned,
The useful torch to Asia, raised around.
THAT sov'reign fortunate must stand confessed,
Whose choice, the universe, has rendered blessed:
Who, by superior judgment, first can learn,
What equally, at length, we all discern!
Such,—such the man, he to the palace brought,
And, proper for a daughter's husband, thought;
To whom, no luxury like glory's field:
No scenes, like those of peril, pleasures, yield;
Nor life preserved could in his bosom raise
More sweet delight than honourable praise.
For, who, fierce Mysians in their wagons, slew,
Or, at a blow, Bastarnæ, overthrew,
When quite elated by Promotus' death,
Who, in the conflict, had resigned his breath?

From Turnus' blood Æneas sought to gain
The appeasing vengeance due to Pallas slain;
And Hector's corse, to wheels of chariot, tied,
Achilles' wrath or av'rice*, made subside.
But thou, no lifeless bodies, dragg'st around,
For sale designed, to direful carriage, bound;
Nor, with importless cruelty† elate,
Upon a single victim‡, wreak'st thy hate:
Whole armies, horse and foot, receive their doom;—
By thee are sacrificed to friendship's tomb;
A nation whole, to this departed shade,
In expiation, is an off'ring made.
For thee no fabled shield has Vulcan wrought;
No arms the fictions of the poets brought,
Without their mighty aid, by pow'rs thy own,
Have hosts BARBARIAN been at length o'erthrown,
And pent within a narrow valley's space,
Who desolation spread through wretched Thrace.
Alike thou brav'st th' Alani's clam'rous charge;
The cruelty of Huns who range at large;
The Gelon's sithe; the Getæ with their bow;
And heavy javelins that Sarmatians throw.

* Achilles is accused of selling Hector's dead body to Priam:

"*Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,*
"*Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.*"

VIRGIL. Æn. Lib. I. 487—8.

"Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
"The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
"Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
"The lifeless body of his son is sold."

DRYDEN.

† Like Æneas. ‡ Turnus.

Their extirpation soon had been complete,
But, this, a traitor* laboured to defeat;
Perfidiously the sov'reign's ear he gained:
Delays, by art, repeatedly obtained;
The facile sword again, the scabbard, found;
The foe, no threat'ning force, perceived around;
And num'rous captives, panting for release,
Were readily allowed to sign a peace.
His hours were in the tented field employed;
The city air but rarely he enjoyed,
Unless th' imperial voice, with anxious breast
His presence in the royal palace, pressed.
Leave, scarcely of his household gods, he took,
Or on his wife bestowed a tender look;
His sword, unwiped, displayed the bloody stain:
Away he flew to banners on the plain;
Nor stopped, e'en through his helm to snatch a sip,
A parent's kiss, from young Eucherius' lip.
In him, the cares of gen'ral overcame
The father's fondness and connubial flame.
Oft Thracian frosts he bore within his tent,
And Scythian blasts that slow Bootes sent!
When others scarcely could the cold endure,
With fires in sight, heat fully to secure,
Thy courser trod the Danube's frozen face;
High Athos' snows thy tufts were seen to trace;
The bushes clad in ice were forced to yield,
As, through the woods, thou press'dst thy glitt'ring shield!
Along Cimmerian shores he now was led:
Now made the cloudy Rhodopé his bed.

* Rufinus.

O vales of Hæmus! always wintry viewed,
That Stilicho so oft with slaughter strewed;
Ye streams of Thrace, whose waves with blood were dyed:
Bisaltæ say, and you who bullocks guide,
To furrow up Pangæa's sod, avow
What rotten helmets crack beneath the plough!
How many bones of kings, along the soil,
In fight o'erthrown, resound with harrows' toil!
  Each noble action I would fain relate;
But such the numbers that, attention, wait,
Like rolling billows which, on billows, move,
Our pow'rs, too weak to sing his praises, prove.
  Against Eugenius, when the wars were o'er,
And that inhuman tyrant breathed no more,
To thee the universe in charge remained,
And, realms ethereal, Theodosius gained.
Like him, thy shoulders bore the weighty load,
Though tott'ring symptoms then the summits showed.
  So Hercules, the earth, upheld of old;
His pow'rs, the balance, equally controlled:
The Heav'nly orbs displayed no dubious force,
But, through the zodiack, kept their steady course;
And aged Atlas, for a while relieved,
Astonished stood when he, the mass, perceived.
  Barbarians, peace, observed;—no tumults rose
From novelty, so hostile to repose;
Though far removed, the prince, from earth's domains,
The realm imperial felt no change of reins.
From East to West was perfect order viewed;
The armies, steady discipline, pursued;
What standards e'er, such various people, led,
In arms, in language,—nations widely spread?

The royal father had the ORIENT raised:
Th' Iberians' armour here, with Colchyans', blazed;
The Arab, crowned with twining garland, there;
And near, th' Armenian with his flaxen hair;
The Saces, tents of various tints, displayed:
The Medes, pavilions stained with equal shade;
While those, the swarthy Indian force possessed,
In richest gems and precious stones, were dressed.
Here, cohorts proud from banks of Rhone's swift waves;
There, soldiers bred on shores that OCEAN laves.
The num'rous nations that together moved,
To Stilicho's commands, obedient proved,
By SOL reviewed at break of early morn,
Or when his setting rays the WEST adorn.
  AMID such various tongues and people round,
No feuds were heard;—tranquillity was found;
The feeble, in thy steady laws, perceived
A rampart safe that, trembling fears, relieved.
From depredations were the vineyards sure;
The farmer saw his crops of corn secure;
No cruelty from rage; no baseness reigned:
A due respect the placid sword maintained.
Examples, truly, by superiors shown,
The vulgar always seek to make their own;
And as the troops, their gen'ral's trump, pursue,
They follow equally his manners too.
  WHERE'ER, with victory around thee spread,
The Roman eagles were in triumph led,
The various streams no longer kept their course,
Exhausted by thy num'rous, martial force.
When, through Illyricum, they took their way,
Beneath them fields and mountains hidden lay;

Or if th' Ionian sea, thy ensigns, bore,
The liquid plain, by ships, was covered o'er.
No clouds that hover on Ceraunia's top,
Nor storms that crown Leucates, thee, could stop.
The troops would dauntless go at thy command,
Where waves a frozen surface far expand;
With thee secure, the lab'ring oars would sweep
The ice that Saturn heaps upon the DEEP.
By thee required the deserts SOUTH to tread,
Or pierce where mystick Nile conceals his head,
They, undismayed, would haste to burning skies,
And penetrate where Ethiopia lies.
Eurotas' gliding floods resound thy name;
Lycæus echoes with thy deeds of fame;
On Mænalus their voice the shepherds raise,
And fondly, in their songs, rehearse thy praise.
Parthenius' grove, where thy triumphant feats
Saved Greece from flame, the pleasing note repeats.
Th' Arcadian Ladon then, with heaps of dead,
No progress made along his oozy bed;
Alpheus, loaded with the Getæ slain,
Sicilian waves beloved, could scarcely gain.
SHOULD we feel wonder, foes are overthrown,
By war's dread rage, who bend to fright alone?
Without the trumpet's clangour, Franks gave way;
Suevi soon, our laws, were made obey;
No force was used: 'twill scarcely credit find;
Fierce Germany at once the neck resigned.
Your high exploits, O Drusus!—Trajan! yield,
Renown acquired by struggles in the field;
Whate'er, 'mid perils great, your arms assured,
The presence e'en of Stilicho procured.

The Rhine's subjection you, for years, pursued,
Which, in as many days, his sword subdued.
You, conquests, reaped from steel's imperious force;
He, triumphs, owed to eloquent discourse.
WHERE you appeared with mighty armies round,
Security he, unescorted, found;
The river, followed from the fountain-head:
Descended as the flowing waters led,
And reached the bi-fold mouth on fenny shore,
With speed of bolts that fly 'mid thunder's roar.
MORE rapid than the Rhine his efforts proved:
He peace extended as the current moved.
Now kings with bushy hair and tawny mien,
In former days with trembling terrour seen,
Who neither to th' imperial mandates bowed,
Nor precious presents' influence allowed,
In haste proceeded orders to obey,
And feared to raise thy anger by delay;
Across the gliding stream in boats they went:
Where'er thy wishes called, their footsteps bent.
Nor were their hopes of equity deceived,
Which FAME had widely spread and they believed;
With thee was rigid piety observed;
From what was just thy judgment never swerved;
The Germans, who approaching greatly feared,
When they returned, thy character revered.
These hordes redoubted, that, for sordid gold,
Oft ignominious peace and treaties sold,
Now, with their sons attending, humbly sought,
That, to conclusion, contests might be brought:
Their eyes on earth, like wretched captives bound,
Conducted to Tarpeia's heights renowned.

To Ocean's limits, from the Ister's source,
All viewed with dread a single gen'ral's course;
The North submission showed without a blow;
Those, under Charles's Wain, their arms laid low;
So many battles in a moment gained:
By thee, without the loss of blood, obtained!
At thy departure, Luna's rays were new:
And thou again wast back, ere full she grew.
With haughty look no longer now beheld,
The Rhine resigned the lance, by thee compelled;
The Salians thence their fields in safety plough;
Their falchions into sithes, Sicambrians bow;
When both the shores, the stranger's eyes discern,
In doubt,—the Roman, he desires to learn.
Beyond the stream the Belgian's flocks are seen:
Caïci show no irritated mien;
The Elbe's mid wave, the Gallick herds pass o'er,
And, mountains of the Franks, at will explore;
The hunter, at his ease, pursues the chase,
Across th' Hercynian forest's dreary space;
In groves where bloody superstitions dwell,
Barbarians' sacred oaks we freely fell.
  Devoted minds howe'er they now display,
And willingly the victor's voice obey.
The Alemanni oft, an union, sought,
And wished, beneath thy banners, to be brought;
Although refused, no discontent appeared:
The praise, their zeal received, dejection, cheered.
Each province sooner would the Rods neglect,
Than Franks, those kings by thee bestowed, reject.
'Tis wrong with armies rebels to confound:
In chains for punishment should these be bound.

Beneath our consul's sway Rome's dungeons saw
E'en crimes of princes subject to the law.
This, Marcomeres felt and Sonno too:
The one Etruria as an exile knew;
The other, when he hoped t'avenge the stain,
Was, in the moment, by his people slain.
Alike their bosoms burned with frantick rage:
In tumults,—always ready to engage:
Both, tranquil peace, with ev'ry hatred viewed,
And, vicious paths, fraternally pursued.
THE Arctick quarter scarcely found repose,
When, t'wards the other pole, a tempest rose.
Lest any should escape thy triumphs round,
The trumpet, from the SOUTH, began to sound.
By Gildo's furies had the Moors been led,
A people placed beneath high Atlas' head,
Whose regions, SOL o'erpow'rs with burning ray:
The Cinyps passes in his winding way;
The Triton, with his rolling waters, laves,
As, near th' Hesperian gardens, glide his waves;
The Gir*, in Ethiopian climes, renowned,
Which, like the Nile, o'erflows the neighb'ring ground.
With him the Nubians, bearing arrows, moved:
Swift Garamanthians, his confed'rates, proved;
Nor Ammon,† though with answers of dismay,
The lively Nasamonians, could delay.
In crowds the warriours through Numidia sped:
Thick dust, Gætulian quicksands, overspread;
The num'rous flights of arrows, seen arise,
Appeared to darken Carthaginian skies.

* Perhaps the NIGER. † Jupiter Ammon.

Here, some with rods their rapid coursers guide:
There, others wear the lion's tawny hide,
And skins of monsters huge, with labour brought,
From Meroë, in arid deserts caught.
The heads of serpents they, as helmets, bear,
And vipers' scales upon their quivers glare.
SUCH fear not Simois showed when Memnon led
His sable troops on Ida's lofty bed;
Less trembled Ganges at the Indians' view,
When, from the elephant, they javelins threw.
From Alexander, Porus met his death;
Achilles made black Memnon yield his breath;
And Gildo in the dust now prostrate lies,
Beneath thy arms, constrained to close his eyes.
NOR to the SOUTH alone was war confined:
Mars shook the EAST, to pious concord blind.
To others, Gildo left the Libyan climes,
And, with the regal title, masked his crimes.
A double war arose with direful mien:
Here, swords appeared;—there, vile deceit was seen;
Assistance, fierce allies to Africk lent:
The ORIENT realm by treach'rous plots was rent;
Thence edicts passed the leaders to deprave:
No longer corn-supplies the other gave;
These stores denied, fell FAMINE reared her head,
And, through the trembling city, horrour spread.
Destructive scenes in Libya met the sight:—
In silence, civil discord shunned the light.
THUS raged the storm alike from EAST to WEST:
The empire, torn, alternately was pressed.
The virtuous hero, faithful to the state,
No labour spared to watch impending FATE;

And, destined high successes to obtain,
Adversity but made his worth more plain.
So, on th' Ægæan sea, when storms arise,
And clouds Orion stretches o'er the skies,
The pilot, pressing gently on the helm,
The wave avoids that, all, would overwhelm,
Now turns with skill the prow and then the side,
'Mid raging floods and winds the ship to guide.
O STILICHO! in whom such virtues glow,
Where first shall I my admiration show?
Thy wondrous PRUDENCE, coming, could withstand;—
Detect feigned writings, or the treach'rous hand;
Though terrour reigned, by thee no plaints were made,
That might the Latian majesty degrade;
Thy answers always firm the ORIENT found,
And soon their truth thy valour proved around.
Thy riches, lands, and domes, though they possessed,
Tranquillity pervaded still thy breast;
The loss was slight, and disregarded lay:
No publick int'rest to thy own gave way.
Thy foresight looks at once to num'rous cares;
With thee remains the burden of affairs;
Whate'er is planned engages well thy mind:
To thee the execution is consigned.
With readiness thy diction clearly flows,
Designed by writing, orders, to disclose.
Briareus, with a hundred hands supplied,
If e'en as many more he could provide,
Would he such num'rous obstacles subdue;
Elude the wiles that fascinate the view;
The vet'ran cohorts strengthen:—new prepare;
Two fleets provide, alternately to bear

But vain the Ethiopian's venomed dart,
That, direful havock, doubly can impart;
The show'rs of arrows;—clouds of horsemen round:
From Latian spears, their overthrow they found.
The sluggish Nasamonian breathed his last;
No shafts the suppliant Garamantian cast;
Th' Autololes to native deserts flew;
Aside, their arms, th' appalled Mazaces threw;
And Moorish coursers, lab'ring o'er the plain,
No longer paid attention to the rein.
A little boat conveyed him from the shore:
To fatal Tabraca the monster bore;
Repelled by winds, the elements he saw,
Conspired to make him bend beneath the law;
Derided by the mob, he met his death;
By base-born judge, condemned to yield his breath.
THOUGH FORTUNE, constancy, have always shown,
She must not, this success, pronounce her own.
We ne'er depended on a single fight,
Nor, in a camp, collected ALL our might.
Had direful ills o'erpow'red the Roman force,
Still other vessels thither took their course;
Already Africa perceived at hand,
A hero famed,—superior in command.
No triumph e'er was reckoned more complete;
With pleasure ev'ry Latian bosom beat;
Tyranes' fall conferred not such delight:—
The Pontus' war:—proud Pyrrhus put to flight;—
Antiochus pursued;—Jugurtha chained;—
Or Perseus low;—or Philip's kingdom gained.
For empire's bounds enlarged those combats raged;
The Roman safety now our cares engaged;

In former times security arose,
From tardy steps that wily prudence chose;
But nothing here could by delays be won,
Since—late to vanquish was to be undone.
In dread suspense imperial Rome was seen,
Between the victor's wreath and FAMINE's mien.
Yet Libya, placed again beneath our laws,
More joy conveys than triumph's loud applause.
The pain that rises from possessions lost,
Is greater, than when hopes alone are crossed.
Should Punick faith be blotted from the mind?
O Scipios!—Regulus!—your names resigned?
What verse would sing of Fabius' firm delays,
If o'er our laws the Moor his pow'r should raise,
And Carthage in submission proudly hold?—
This conquest back recalls the bays of old.
The glory, Stilicho's exploits afford,
To thee, O Rome! thy triumphs has restored.

THE

PRAISES OF STILICHO.

BOOK II.

THUS far to glories I have tuned my lyre;
Now let the strings to softer strains aspire;
O Muse! th' accord of love and fear, express,
Designed at once the universe to bless:
The noble virtue Stilicho maintains,
Who guides with steady hands th' imperial reins;
The prayers that his reluctance overcame,
And, in the Calends, placed at length his name.
FIRST, CLEMENCY, protectress of the world,
Who sits on high where Jove's dread bolts are hurled,
Amid the air commingles cold with heat:
'Mong gods esteemed, in years the most complete;
(For she on Chaos pity took of old,
And sought the heaped confusion to unfold,
With countenance serene dire darkness chased,
And beaming light in future ages placed:)
Preferring thee to temples' sacred walls,
Where altars blaze and holy incense falls,
This POW'R DIVINE, with tenderness impressed,
Has fixed her hallowed seat within thy breast.

She whispers:—bloody punishments display
A savage mind, resembling beasts of prey;
The sword, in war with sanguinary stain,
When peace prevails around, let dry remain;
Resentment deep ne'er cherish in thy mind:
Let culprits readily a pardon find;
Away with anger as the gusts appear;
To supplications lend a willing ear;
Resistance crush; and, like the lion, show,
'Tis with contempt thou view'st a prostrate foe.
Whoe'er 'gainst bulls his strength desires to try,
Will pass the humble prey unheeded by.
With thee, this Heav'nly teacher's lessons weigh,
And, to the vanquished, grace at once, convey;
Prayers meet success: content their fears to move,
Thou stiflest heats, that always hurtful prove;
Enough when terrour thou extend'st around,
Like Jove, whose direful thunder shakes the ground,
Who hurls the bolts, by Cyclops' labour made,
On rocks, and monsters that through billows wade;
And, sparing human blood, his lightning, spreads
On trees that bend o'er Œta's brow their heads.
FAITH, like her sister, dwells within thy heart,
And takes, in all thy steps, a willing part.
From her thou learn'dst,—no falsehoods to aver;—
No wiles to use:—no promise to defer;
To lay the mystick veil of hate aside;
No venenation in the breast to hide;
Nor when afflictions piercingly arise,
With gayest smiles the feelings to disguise;
But ev'ry feature, artlessly resigned,
To leave, a faithful index of thy mind.

She ne'er to secret vengeance gives consent;
With private benefactions feels content;
In bands of adamant, long friendships, holds:
No levity capriciously unfolds;
Nor suffers ties, that amity has worn,
By idle tales to be asunder torn.
The pure regard which length of time has traced
Is not, by comers new, to be effaced.
Each benefit obtained is sacred thought;
No slight offence, again to notice brought;
The kindnesses received, both great and small,
Are fondly viewed, with gratitude to all;
And as with arms the foe is overthrown,
The friend is vanquished by attentions shown.
With ev'ry care the absent she protects:
While far away, each calumny rejects;
No willing ear inclines to rumours vain;
Allows no false reports respect to gain,
And, from the object, to their spite denied,
Thy mind, which proves a shield, to turn aside.
Affection shown is not withdrawn by death,
And to the sepulchre consigned with breath;
But friendship, that the parents long had known,
The children equally perceive their own.
While Theodosius' hand the sceptre swayed,
Through Faith thy veneration was displayed;
And when the monarch with his fathers slept,
By Her still firm was thy attention kept:
Alike his offspring, thy protection, share,
With those by Nature subject to thy care.
Him, Fame believes possessed of upright views,
Who, 'mid temptations, honour's path pursues,

And more desirous seems, return, to make,
Than, others' rights, disgracefully to take.
No heaps of gold nor stores with treasure swelled,
For those revered, by Stilicho were held;
But double realms, which SOL at morn surveys,
Or in the eve bedecks with gilded rays.
What!—insecurity supposed around,
While, in those able hands, the reins are found?
With such a shield his safety to insure,
Honorius might a parent's loss endure;
No contumely his early moments saw:
The various states subdued received his law;
And as the youthful prince to manhood grew,
Increase of triumphs equally he knew.
Thy utmost pow'rs were used to form his mind:
A proper rigour mixed with manners kind;
While anxious to concede what pleasure gave,
No sloth, his heart, was suffered to deprave;
By firm resistance, to illusions, shown,
No damp, upon his energies, was thrown.
If private hints to give appeared thy aim;
The people's wishes secretly to name;
Or, venerating age, thou guid'dst the helm,
And, by parental counsel, rul'dst the realm;
With rev'rence always was the sov'reign viewed:
The sire's advice, the gen'ral still pursued.
From thee betimes he learned to curb desire,
And, bonds connubial, for his flame, require;
No passion loose his early years betrayed,
But morals chaste he constantly displayed.
O happy man! the prince thy son to find:
And blessed the monarch in a father kind!

THE brother's int'rests anxious to befriend,
Thy cares were seen Arcadius to attend;
Nor when base wretches, madness to excuse,
Presumed the sov'reign's royal name to use,
Didst thou attribute, to the youth, disgrace,
That thy discernment could to others trace.
For when discordant uproar raged around,
Thou, always master of thyself, wast found;
Though contumely, without disguise, was shown,
And swords, to menace, equally were known,
By thee, was viewed the war, with eyes of hate:
A source of civil broils to wound the state.
Yet, spite of faction in the ORIENT raised,
Which, 'mid the palace walls, with fury blazed,
Thy faithful conduct, friendship's bands, maintained,
Between the brothers who conjointly reigned.
Those precious mantles from Sidonia brought;
Belts rich in pearls; and robes with jewels wrought;
The armour overspread with em'ralds rare;
Bright helmets sparkling with the jacinth's glare;
The swords, their father's hand had often pressed,
With hilts of ev'ry elegance possessed;
And crowns with diamonds' brilliancy combined:
By thee, in equal portions, were assigned;
Th' imperial ornaments alike to grace
The double heirs of Theodosian race.
Though various parts experienced restless crimes,
The troops were hastened to the EASTERN climes:
E'en rather wouldst thou, strength, afford the foe,
Then let suspicions of thy conduct grow;
Whate'er Arcadius justly sought to gain,
Thou anxiously desir'dst he should obtain;

And when reluctance in thy steps was seen,
The prince soon viewed thy course with pleasing mien,
Convinced, the wish expressed, he might rely,
His glory solely led thee to deny.
THE Heav'nly goddesses, who feel delight,
In putting base designs at once to flight,
Their choirs uniting, in thy heart reside,
And, with complacency, thy conduct guide.
By thee, from JUSTICE, this advice is heard:
" Let rectitude, to int'rest, be preferred;
" Obey the laws; and ne'er on friends bestow,
" What, perfect equity's neglect, would show."
Thy limbs, from PATIENCE, hardships, learn to bear,
And toil with equal readiness to share;
Through TEMPERANCE is appetite restrained:
By PRUDENCE, just reflections are maintained;
And CONSTANCY, attention, always pays,
To guard thy actions from incautious ways.
The hideous FURIES, reared 'mid darkness dread,
Are far removed:—their pinions forced to spread.
Base AVARICE, with jaws of largest size,
Insatiate parent, whence fell crimes arise,
Whose craving throat, 'mid floods of golden ore,
Ne'er glutted proves, but always thirsts for more;
And dark AMBITION, nurse attentive found,
Who slyly prowls, the gates of pow'r, around,
Intent, by bribes, high honours to obtain:
Together safety seek, from flight, to gain.
Against corruptions which, mankind, debase,
Those dire examples that, the age, disgrace,
Which, plunder, lawful make, and, guilt, defend:
Thy virtuous principles, with strength, contend.

THE reins of empire, seen within thy hands,
The rich feel tranquil, 'mid paternal lands,
No terrours for their household gods disclose,
But, in those ancient homes, at ease, repose.
No vile informers rove, that all detest:
No virtue lies by poverty oppressed;
By thee is merit sought throughout the earth:
Thou giv'st no preference to claims of birth;
No length of pedigree directs the choice:
'Tis solely merit that obtains thy voice.
A judge benign, our actions, keeps in sight:
To moral excellence, rewards invite.
Here, arts revive that shone in former days;
There, learning seeks once more the meed of praise;
And, from the dust, where long neglected seen,
Again the Muses rise with cheering mien.
An equal ardour, rich and poor display:
To useful studies, due attention, pay,
Since, spite of FORTUNE, talents mount to fame,
And wealth, for dulness, vainly makes a claim.
VOLUPTUOUSNESS, with all-seducing air,
Could never, thy sagacity, ensnare,
Though oft her smiles the senses have misled,
And o'er the mind the shades of darkness spread,
Unnerved each limb;—like Circé's treach'rous art,
The look serene concealing latent smart:
Around allurements charming to behold,
With serpents fierce beneath a robe of gold.
What numbers she has trammeled in her net!
Yet, thee, her utmost efforts ne'er could get.
No flame adult'rous troubles thy repose;
Nor sleep, to labour, opposition shows;

At thy repasts, no dulcet lyres resound,
Nor boys, with songs libidinous, are found.
What eye e'er viewed thee free from cares of state,
Thy mind unbent, 'mid festive scenes elate,
Unless the publick joy, pervading all,
For relaxation, loudly seemed to call?
No waste of treasure;—wealth of absentees
Ne'er fills the fisc, produced by base decrees;
From thy economy the soldiers feel
No chilling coldness through their bosoms steal;
Nor when aloud resounds the martial strain,
The troops, o'erlooked in peace, fresh favour, gain.
Thou know'st full well, that presents, made through fear,
To those contemned, devoid of charms appear;
'Tis then in vain to lavish precious ore,
Too long preserved in AVARICE'S store.
Thy lib'ral hand anticipates desire,
And boons, unlooked for, freely men acquire.
A seat, the warriour at thy table meets;
Thy tongue, his name, with readiness repeats:
His feats recalls, achieved in former days,
With thee in arms, deserving highest praise;
Thy cheering words, upon the sense impressed,
Increase reward and warm the feeling breast.
How oft soe'er the recompense is shown,
Reproach, upon thy favour, ne'er is thrown;
When thou addressest those who, honours, bear,
By thee conferred, no pride pervades thy air;
Nor does prosperity a glow impart,
That fills with silly vanity thy heart.
Those haughty manners, oft in greatness seen,
Which merit damp with arrogance of mien,

And, o'er the virtues, trembling terrours, spread,
In haste have always from thy presence fled.
To thee access with ease the people gain;
Attention ev'ry-where, their prayers obtain;
They need not, hours of banqueting, await,
To thee their wishes readily to state;
The liberty of speech, by all, is used,
And gayety, without restraint, infused.
Alike the guest beholds, with marked surprise,
The sire of her that charms the sov'reign's eyes,
And him, who guards the realm with able hand:
The citizen conjoined with high command.
The man of learning listens with delight,
To hear thee, facts of ancient date, recite;
The aged sage, to thy remarks, attends:
The warriour, to exploits, attention lends;
Less charms Amphion's dulcet strains displayed,
That, for the Theban ramparts, stones, conveyed;
Or Orpheus' lyre, which so enchanting proved,
That e'en the trees, with delectation, moved.
'Tis here, the source of true affection lies,
The wish sincere appears without disguise;
And while, thy name, loud plaudits echo round,
In golden statues is thy image found.
The anvils groan; the flame of artists glows;
In num'rous furnaces the metal flows,
For distant climes, thy semblance to prepare:
A god, thou soon wouldst adoration share,
Where'er the publick eye thy features views,
Didst thou not study honours to refuse.
Such high respect let those desire to gain,
Who, false devotion, scarcely can obtain;

Despairing true affection to acquire,
Let them, the homage paid through fear, admire:
He, doubtless, adulation, may despise,
Whose claims to praise, from real merit, rise.
AMBASSADORS, from various regions, came;
The prince, from num'rous voices, hears thy fame;
The Gaul his gratitude devoutly shows,
For limits well secured from savage blows,
Which leave him freely buildings to provide,
And lofty domes, upon the river's side,
To which BARBARIANS oft, disquiet, gave:
Now covered like the banks on Tiber's wave.
High laud thy due, for wresting of his fields
From tyrant's* grasp, the Carthaginian yields;
Pannonians, long besieged, their joy confess;
And those who, with their lips, Save's waters, press,
Unlock their city-gates, that war had shut;
From rust, with whetstones, clear the sithe to cut;
By labour, cankered mattocks, render bright;
To rural huts again direct the sight:
With eagerness embrace each well known hill;
And scarcely think, parental fields, they till.
The forests cleared, that long neglected lay,
On ev'ry side, abundance, shall display;
The Ister's banks, the vine shall deck once more,
Its clust'ring branches overhang the shore;
And farmers, that escaped the tyrant's steel,
To pay their fathers' TAX, delight will feel
Thy safety, happiness the state, secures,
And, to disjointed realms, fresh youth, assures;

* Gildo

Whate'er so many princes once resigned,
Beneath the sceptre's sway again we find.
By Stilicho alone, Rome's wounds are healed,
The cicatrice shall quickly be concealed;
Restored, the rustick to his fertile lands,
Th' Illyrian tolls will flow from willing hands.
  Nor less the object of celestial choice,
Than hero, favoured by the publick voice,
In union round th' Immortals, aid, combine;
Upon the shores, the hostile troops, confine;
Across the liquid plain, obstruct their flight;
Or, on themselves, let all their fury light;
The limbs asunder, Pentheus' fate to share,
Allow the soldiers, in their rage, to tear;
To thee each stratagem they open lay:
Disclose, like dogs, to Crime's retreat, the way;
The future, mark with signs that certain prove;
Obscurity, by flight of birds remove;
Or, when to sleep the senses are resigned,
A faithful image render to the mind.
  For thee innumerable climes desire,
With eager voice, the consul's bright attire;
But, deaf to such requests, and judge severe
Of those exploits that stamp thy own career,
While others' merits thou art prone to praise,
The blush upon thy cheek, such plaudits raise,
And thou, with modesty, wouldst fain refuse,
What ev'ry eye, a tardy honour, views.
So long their hopes deceived, at length they go
To Roman walls, their anxious wish to show;
To vanquish thy reluctancy, their aim,
And then their happiness aloud proclaim.

Delays to hinder, they at once repair,
To domes revered, to offer up their prayer,
And reach the temple, by the goddess graced,
Upon Mount Palatine's high summit placed.
Then SPAIN, with Olive branches round her head,
And robe that TAGUS' gold embellished, said:
" To me has Stilicho oft, kindness, shown,
" And, honours, to himself, denied alone;
" From Theodosius he, the RODS, declined:
" Honorius' offers now, refusal, find.
" If these, he shuns, from POW'R, his talents guide,
" Let him the boon receive, as one allied.
" Does he, as trifles, view his num'rous cares?
" Th' Iberian race, his firm protection, shares;
" Our children's children on his justice rest;
" The royal purple, Bætis' waves, has blessed.
" From Mary, future CÆSARS will arise:
" In him the sov'reigns' grandsire meets our eyes."
NEXT GAUL stepped forth with fierce and haughty air,
Her temples smoothly twined with golden hair;
A collar graced her neck; two darts she pressed,
And thus, the goddess, boldly she addressed:
" To calends, why remains that chief unknown,
" By whom the Franks and Germans were o'erthrown?
" Why still unregistered appears that name
" Which, worth, so oft has shown for rolls of fame?
" Does peace's blessing to the Rhine restored,
" No claim, to glory's splendid page, afford?"
BRITANNIA then, with cheeks that, wounds, displayed,
In Caledonian monster's spoils, arrayed,
And azure dress that, o'er her footsteps, waved,
Like rolling billows, thus attention craved:

" On me has Stilicho oft, aid, bestowed,
" When neighb'ring nations, hostile movements, showed,
" The Scotch allured the Irish in their train,
" And Tethys foamed with foes that ploughed the main.
" By him assisted, I, their darts, could dare;
" Devoid of fear, the Picts' incursions, bear;
" And Saxons, who their dubious course pursue
" In spite of winds, upon my borders, view."
Now Africa, bedecked with ears of corn,
And iv'ry combs her tresses to adorn,
While from her features ruddy brightness broke
Like sultry beams of day, thus freely spoke:
" Once Gildo slain, I hoped the chief would frame
" No more delays, the consul-robes to claim;
" But even now, when Moors no longer sway,
" The Rods he shuns 'mid triumphs to display."
Then lastly, Italy to speak was led,
The grape and ivy twined around her head,
And, from the luscious clusters on the vine,
Proceeded copious floods of gen'rous wine.
" If you," she cried, " so anxiously desire,
" That curule chairs should, Stilicho, acquire,
" Whose fame alone can give your breast delight:
" Still more the wish, my ardour, should incite;
" His high tribunal I with joy shall cheer,
" When he unfolds the entrance of the year."
Thus each expressed her love, and, Rome, implored
To bear their prayers to him they all adored.
Not slow their supplications to convey,
She snatched her arms, and hastened straight away:
Through airy space more swiftly winged her flight,
Than stars that fall from ether's mazy height.

Etruria soon, her rapid movement, viewed:
She o'er Mount Apennine her course pursued;
Along the Po, her shield's reflection played;
At length the chief revered her eyes surveyed;
The dignity, upon her features seen,
Like Mars' appeared, or Pallas' lofty mien.
Now through the house her brilliant buckler blazed:
The goddess' plumage, on the ceiling, grazed;
The hero, quite surprised, she then addressed,
And thus, with tenderness, her plaints expressed:
" O STILICHO! whose worth we fully know,
" To thee the curule chairs, their safety, owe;
" Though by thy labours steadily sustained,
" The consulship has yet, thy name, ne'er gained.
" What use the office, from a slave, to clear,
" The servile spots disgraceful to the year?
" Dost thou the honour shun, thy arm defends?—
" Refuse the offer that, such splendour, lends?
" The dignity debased thou seek'st to raise:
" From whence proceeds the cause of those delays?
" Now what pretence canst thou at present use,
" Thyself again still longer, to excuse?
" No more alarms the NORTH extends around:
" And calm is all the SOUTHERN region found;
" The Moor is prostrate; Germany laid low;
" And, perfect peace, the gates of Janus show.
" Am I regarded as unworthy still,
" The rank of consul, to behold thee fill?
" Can we that dignity consider small,
" Which CÆSARS, for themselves, an honour, call?
" What nations hast thou brought beneath my yoke,
" And captive monarchs, mercy to invoke!

" Are we debased if NATURE's signs disclose,
" Portentously, th' approach of future woes?
" The direful omen, that alarmed thy breast,
" Has solely, on the ORIENT quarter, pressed;
" By no experience is the fable proved:
" Disdainful smiles, the rumour scarcely moved.
" Should credence be allowed to such disgrace?
" In no despatch the horrid crime we trace.
" What virtue!—senate-counsel to require,
" And, prodigies alone, to hide, desire!
" Decrees designed the monster to pursue,
" No stains degrading on the palace, threw.
" My senate ne'er received Eutropius' name:
" To hesitate had been to share the blame;
" The page profane, from Phœbus' early ray,
" In OCEAN's rolling billows blotted lay.
" No base examples, of the FATES' career,
" Arrived to wound the chaste, Italian ear;
" And (thanks to cares, so thoroughly thy own,)
" The publick rage is in oblivion thrown.
" Whoe'er, in ORIENT calends, ceased to write
" The consul's name, must feel supreme delight.
" No Gabin-registers, such horrours soil;
" T' efface the spot, let those dishonoured toil.
" But why, to be exempt, should I rejoice?
" The wretch was never seen the Roman choice;
" The grief to EASTERN realms should be confined:
" To credit such events, we ne'er inclined.
" Yet, had a crime extended over ALL,
" Upon our AXES doomed alike to fall,
" To thee still more this dignity is due;
" The ancient honour should to worth be true:

" Save Stilicho, no consul's hand can heal
" The wound inflicted on the publick weal.
" Thy prescient mind might well the time retard:
" To thee the title then had proved reward;
" While now the DIGNITY, by thee obtained,
" Increase of honour, equally has gained.
" Dispel alarms that, consuls, now oppress,
" Or which, in future may, the charge, distress.
" Thy name allow the year: the rising youth,
" Security, will place upon thy truth;
" Our ancestors, whom sorrow clouded o'er,
" By thee defended, will repine no more.
" The consul-robes, which Brutus first designed,
" In Stilicho, an able shield, shall find.
" The former publick liberty replaced;
" The other's RODS expelled the wretch debased.
" The lofty dignity from Brutus rose:
" To Stilicho it preservation owes.
" Still greater glory, from protection, springs,
" Than, to the author, new invention brings.
" Why then so slow to follow my desire?
" Why let thy cheek, the ruddy blush, acquire?
" Away with modesty!—'tis that alone,
" Of all thy foes, remains to be o'erthrown.
" Though presents never can thy bosom sway,
" Yet, with admiring eyes, this dress survey;
" From me receive the robes that Pallas wove;
" To give the double purple dye we strove;
" The threads of gold by Lachesis were brought,
" When she, beneath thy rule, blessed ages, sought.
" The promised race, my hands depicted here:
" The progeny desired that ALL revere:

" Thou soon wilt, true my prophecies, aver,
" And, faith upon the loom, shall FATE confer."
THIS said, rich gifts she, from her lap, displayed:
The consul-robes with massy gold inlaid.
Minerva's hand divine, the work declares;
A palace here, with lofty columns, glares;
There, Mary's lying-in:—Lucina by,
On whom she can with confidence rely;
A bed of splendid elegance is seen:
Pale, 'mid her joy, the anxious mother's mien;
The new-born boy nymphs crowned with garlands hold,
And, full of ardour, plunge in fount of gold;
Loud bursts of laughter on their cheeks appear,
And infant cries seem trembling on the ear.
The child, each feature of his father, shows:
A youth, beyond the cradle, now he grows.
But Stilicho, by long experience, wise,
To gain attention from his grandson, tries,
And martial precepts, to the prince, convey,
Designed in time the universe to sway.
Eucherius, on another side, is placed:
His cheek, with bloom of early dawnings, graced,
He steadily his courser's step maintains;
In bloody foam appear the silken reins;
With darts or bow, that richest work adorns,
He strikes the purple stags with golden horns.
Fair Venus, drawn by doves, in wedlocks bands
A three-fold royal union, forms of hands.
The flutt'ring LOVES the charming bride surround,
From CÆSARS sprung:—to CÆSARS, sister found.

The modest veil, Eucherius raises now,
That overspreads the timid virgin's* brow;
Thermantia† laughs her brother's joy to view;
Alike to both the diadem is due:
A house whence monarchs, royal partners, gain,
And queens, for husbands, sovereigns, obtain.
To him the goddess, such rewards, displayed;
Within his hand, the iv'ry sceptre, laid;
Consulting auspices, the urn she stirred,
And birds, in lucky auguries, concurred.
His shoulders then, which often, armour, bore,
With Romulean dress she covered o'er;
In Latian ornaments, his neck was dressed,
And Robes, in lieu of steel, o'erspread his breast.
Thus Mars victorious, from the Scythian field,
Or Ister's course, returning, quits the shield;
Majestick calm appears upon his face;
The consul-splendour shines with ev'ry grace;
Triumphantly he enters Rome's proud walls;
The brightest glare upon his horses falls;
To Romulus, the rein obedient proves;
Before the bloody car, Bellona moves;
A weighty spear she stretches t'wards the stars,
Enriched with various spoils obtained in wars.
As lictors, Terrour and his brother Fear,
With laurel-wreaths upon their helms, appear;
Barbarian necks they load with heavy chains,
While Fright, beside the yoke, an Axe, sustains.

* Placidia, sister to Honorius.

† Thermantia, the sister of the deceased empress Mary, married to Honorius, *qui Mariam non tetigerat.*

THE consul wished, with ROME's request, complied:—
" I'll now, to fields Elysian, haste," she cried;
" Success, so long the object of my care,
" At once, to Curii and Fabricii, bear,
" Who, when of late the news their ears assailed,
" The gown debased, with floods of tears bewailed;
" They, o'er the verdant lawns, will skip and play:
" Without a blush, both Catos e'en be gay.
" Hear this, old Brutus!—Scipios, listen too!
" Who, Punick pow'r, completely overthrew;
" At length I'm cleared, from double ills that grieved:
" The RODS and Libya, one alone relieved.
" O Consul, with superior strength possessed,
" A favour add, to set my mind at rest,
" Thyself, amid our city ramparts, show:
" To thee the laws their restoration owe;
" From war and famine, Rome thou render'dst free:
" A new Camillus, let the Forum see,
" The people and the senators behold,
" In thee, avenging force, a hero bold,
" Their firm defence, who Africa restored,
" And made the Rhine at length, rich crops, afford;
" The fruits of Ceres from Massyla brought;
" The Gallic stores, for my consumption, sought;
" Now winds, from rainy SOUTH, or NORTHERN sky,
" Alike, with corn, my granaries, supply.
" What crowds of people then shall we survey,
" Spectators on the broad, Flaminian way!
" The clouds of dust that, anxious hopes, deceive,
" While, thee each moment coming, they believe!
" The matrons eagerly, their eyes, shall raise,
" The choicest flow'rs be scattered o'er thy ways,

" When thou, with consul-majesty around,
" Resembling senators, of old renowned,
" Thy course, to sacred temples, shalt pursue,
" To him devoted, who the Python slew.
" From Pompey's theatre, what shouts will rise!
" Thy name, from Murtia's vale*, shall reach the skies;—
" Mount Aventine with resonances, fill;—
" And echo o'er the Palatine high hill!
" Haste, leave the camp, I pray: my ramparts now,
" To gaze upon thy countenance, allow;
" Again the consul-robes, for thee, prepare,
" Which, with thy son-in-law, thou soon wilt wear."

While Rome thus spoke, wing'd Fame o'er Ocean flew,
Her many tongues, attention, quickly drew;
A thousand men, who highest honours shared,
To show respect, their readiness declared;
Nor age, nor length of way, nor Alps' high top
Where wintry blasts prevail, their course could stop;
The love of merit, obstacles, removed,
Illustrious chiefs, whose virtues oft were proved,
Who, with the Rods, were seen in former days,
The year, the realm's avenger, came to praise.

So when the Phenix sole, by fruitful death,
Resumes the charms that rise with youthful breath,
And, from Aurora's gates to Nile's repairs,
In pious claws, parental ashes, bears,
The eagles haste, with birds from all the skies,
On pinions from the Sun, to feast their eyes;
Afar, the fun'ral flame attracts the sight,
And cinnamon exhales what gives delight.

* In this valley stood the temple of *Venus Myrtea*. Murtia is the goddess of Idleness.

Nor less the pleasure by the stars expressed:
Joy filled thy gods,—both Theodosius'* breast;
E'en Sol himself, by Spring his coursers crowned,
The year prepared in which thy name is found.
Far off, in distant realms beyond our sphere,
And scarcely known to those, mankind revere,
The musty mother of the Ages rests:
Her cave antique, eternity attests,
From thence she, Years, in long succession, rolls,
And back, to gain her lap, their course controls.
A serpent huge that, all the human pow'rs,
With calm insensibility devours,
Intwines the cavern;—shows a lasting scale:—
With direful jaws brought back, consumes his tail;—
Continues in the sacrifice begun,
And, silently, the curve to overrun.
Before the door, is long-lived Nature seen,
The threshold's guard, with sweet, majestick mien;
The flutt'ring pow'rs that, animation, lend
To earthly things, from ev'ry limb depend.
Here venerable Age gives laws secure,
That shall to latest times, unchanged, endure;
The stars, distributes; regulates their place,
And course, amid th' immeasurable space;
By fixed decrees preserves the vital breath,
And equal certainty displays of death.
Th' irregularities of Mars, he shows;
Th' undeviating path, the Thund'rer goes;
Th' advantages which thence the world obtains;
In Luna's steps the rapidness that reigns;

* The father and grandfather of Arcadius and Honorius.

How slowly in his orbit SATURN moves;
For VENUS' car, what time sufficient proves,
And MERCURY, companion of the SUN,
Along the space assigned, their course to run.
BRIGHT PHŒBUS stopped his steeds, the cave in view;
To greet his coming, pow'rful NATURE flew;
Though elder, she inclined her hoary head,
Before the beaming rays that, splendour, shed.
The doors of adamant were open thrown,
And freely all the deep recesses shown:
The sacred seats, and mysteries that rise,
Around ETERNITY, to spread disguise.
The AGES here distinctly keep their place:
Of each, impressed the METAL on the face;
The BRASS, in heaps rolled up, *there*, meet the sight;
The stubborn IRON, *here*, and SILVER white;
But, in the fairest quarter, that of GOLD,
Which, anxious mortals scarcely e'er behold.
From those, selected SOL the choicest year,
That, marked thereon, might STILICHO appear;
To follow in the rear, he bade the rest,
And these expressions, to the whole, addressed:
" AT length for consul we the chief have gained,
" For whom the purest ages, I retained;
" Go, YEARS! by mortals wished; lead, VIRTUES! now:
" Again, with man to flourish, arts, allow;
" The flowing nectar, Bacchus shall provide,
" And fruitfulness be seen on ev'ry side.
" No ice shall DRACO hiss between the WAINS,
" Nor Northern BEAR extend his frozen chains;
" No rage the LION, from the flame, shall show:
" The CRAB, around his claws, no scorching, know;

" Nor shall the WATER-BEARER's pitcher show'r
" Those heavy floods that, rising crops, o'erpow'r.
" Let Phryxus' RAM, with horns delightful, bring
" Fertility to grace the lovely SPRING;
" Nor suffer SCORPION, with destructive hail,
" The ripe and unctuous Olives, to assail;
" May VIRGO's smiles, th' Autumnal fruits, mature,
" And, grapes, the DOG-STAR's milder rays, endure."
THIS said, he entered gardens strewed with dew;
A stream of flame around the valley flew;
Large Solar rays among the plants were spread,
On which the coursers of the SUN are fed.
His brow the GOD OF DAY, with garlands, graced,
And flow'rs, o'er saffron reins and horses, placed;
These, equally, the humid STAR OF MORN
And bright Aurora hastened to adorn.
Close by,—the coming, golden year was seen:
In hand the bridle, and with smiling mien;
The consul's splendid name in front appeared:
The circling course begun, th' IMMORTALS cheered;
And, in the calends of th' ethereal frame,
They, STILICHO, inscribed on rolls of fame.

THE

PRAISES OF STILICHO.

BOOK III.

PREFACE.

THE noble Scipio who, from Latium's shore,
Alone, to Carthage Punick contests, bore,
Attention ne'er confined to deeds of arms,
But courted equally Pierian charms;
The poet always, in the hero's breast,
A favoured place of eminence possessed;
For VIRTUE ever ardently desires,
The NINE should witness what, her bosom, fires.
The friend of verse, he constantly is found,
Whose actions most are worthy to resound.
If he, while youthful strength the veins pervades,
Submit Spain's waves, t'avenge paternal shades,
Or, anxious Tyrian force to overthrow,
On Libyan seas appalling standards show:
'Mid camps where trumpets' roar, the warriour, cheers,
The learned Ennius by his side appears.
When, clangour, clarions cease at times to raise,
The FOOT are seen attentive to his lays,

With hands still red from slaughter in the field,
The CAVALRY, their loudest plaudits, yield.
And when th' illustrious warriour gave the blow,
That both the haughty Carthages laid low,
(The one, a father's shade revered required,
The other, vengeance for his country fired,)
At length, subdued the direful rage of war,
In sorrow Libya marched before the car,
With VICTORY the MUSES back repaired,
And, laurel-wreaths of Mars, the poet shared.
Our Scipio now, in Stilicho, is seen;
Another Hannibal, more fierce in mien,
Than that famed chief in Punick annals known,
Has, by his pow'rful hand, been overthrown.
Five years estranged, he, Rome, to my desires,
Restores once more, and vigilance requires.

BOOK III.

O Rome! the hero cheered by publick voice,
Behold the object of the senate's choice;
No longer count the distance through the plain,
The clouds of dust that, anxious eyes, restrain:
Disquietude's tormenting doubts no more,
Thy bosom's ardent wish, shall hover o'er.
He, all, appears at present to thy eyes,
That memory of former days supplies.
With pow'rs that e'en thy utmost hopes transcend,
And virtues which to fame still lustre lend.
High veneration for the consul show,
To whom thy Rods their restoration owe.
Against thy lips with pleasure press the hand,
Which, Punick climes, restored to Rome's command;
Exalt the lofty mind, that guides the reins,
Whose care, in equipoise, the world, maintains;
His sacred countenance with joy behold,
Which thou rever'st in brass:—admir'st in gold.
His martial feats in ev'ry quarter shine;—
Gave Libya aid:—peace, Ister and the Rhine.
If Stilicho, as seen in former days,
Desired the mob, upon his toils, should gaze,

And wished to show the conquests of his sword,
Alike both poles would, laurel-wreaths, afford;—
Around, the spoils of Alemanni, lie,
And heaps of riches from the SOUTHERN sky.
Sicambrians, here, would move with golden hair;
The swarthy Moor disclose black tresses, there;
His coursers like the snow, the hero guide;
The car, with laurels hung on ev'ry side,
The soldier follow, while loud shouts arise,
And spread through all the air their joyful cries.
Kings dragged enslaved:—in metal, cities shown,—
The captive streams, and mountains, overthrown;—
The Libyan rivers, broken horns, display:
And Germany with tears, Rhine's chains, survey.
But, ROME, thy consul, no vain glory, knows:
No praises on himself he e'er bestows;
Far more the ACTION gives his heart delight,
Than those rewards so pleasing to the sight.
He, vain applause, disdains; and, triumph, finds,
To pomp, superior, in the people's minds.
No chief with greater joy, the Romans viewed:
Fabricius who, Epirus' king, pursued;
Nor when, o'er Pella, Paul* victorious proved,
And, to the capitol, his chariot moved.
Not equal glory was around displayed,
When proudly Latian gates were open laid,
And Marius, from Numidian conquests, came,
Or Pompey with the wreaths of ORIENT fame.
A jealous party always hovered near,
Against them clamours loud, intent to rear;

* Paulus Æmilius.

And ENVY followed, urged by spiteful sting,
On actions noble, foul disgrace to fling.
But Stilicho, by virtues all his own,
O'er malice rose and bounds to mortals known.
For who could e'er invidiously repine,
Because the stars, with lasting splendour, shine?
Or Jupiter retains the azure skies?
Or Phœbus, over all, directs his eyes?
A place, to lofty merit, is assigned,
Where envious shafts a passage never find.
Between those warriours then so much renowned,
The publick favour was divided found:
The one, whose worth the senators revered,
To vulgar sight an odious chief appeared;
While he, the object of the people's choice,
Could never fully gain the fathers' voice.
Among the orders reigns no discord now,
To one alone their suffrage, all avow;
Th' equestrian cheers; the senator gives praise;
Their plaudits, high and low together raise.
  O HAPPY chief! to thee Rome, safety, owes,
And, veneration as a parent, shows;
Whom all the world reveres; the Gaul attends;
Whose blood, with sov'reigns', SPAIN in wedlock blends!
Thy coming, ev'ry voice with gladness, moved;—
Alike the senate and the prince approved.
Not more the charms of Flora, maids desire;
Nor fruits, the animating show'r, require;
Nor prosp'rous gales to sailors give delight;
Than longed the people to behold thy sight.
  DID Delos e'er display, upon her shores,
Such prescient laurels from celestial stores,

When great Apollo's bow, with radiant ray,
Announced the god's approach who rules the day?—
Or, Lydia, swelled Pactolus' floods of gold,
From India's conquest, Bacchus to behold?
SEE, see! plebeians how they throng the ways,
And, from the houses, mothers fondly gaze.
O Stilicho! through thy victorious arms,
Again we breathe released from dire alarms.
Along the sev'n famed hills direct thy eyes:
From gold the sun's reflected beams arise;—
Upon triumphal arches spoils are placed;—
With trophies rich the domes of temples graced;—
And various treasures, gained where glory smiled,
In num'rous, lofty heaps around are piled.
The good by thee performed, astonished, view;
From thee what services the city drew.
The whole would truly be a fable still,
Had Africa been left to Gildo's will.
WHENE'ER, from hostile blows, in wars of old,
A citizen was snatched by efforts bold,
Who, quite exhausted, on the brink of death,
Was panting seen about to yield his breath,
A wreath of oak, the bright reward assigned,
Was, round the valiant hero's temples, twined.
But where, for thy exploits, the civick crowns?—
The recompense for those reconquered towns?
To thee her people's safety ROME avows;
Still more, to thy protection, she allows:
Her former fame restored;—the mind at rest;—
And pow'rs and kingdoms lost—again possessed.
The EAST no longer sees, with haughty pride,
Ambassadors, the Roman prayer, deride,

Those slaves puffed up, their arrogance maintain,—
For Libya taken, be implored in vain;
But, trusting Gabin youth, and thee their chief,
The Latian anger finds at length relief.
  At Rome's command the standards were disclosed;
The magistrates for war on thee reposed;
The eagles waited, ready to proceed,
Where'er, their course, the senators decreed.
The consul-robes to thee she freely brought:
The curule chair, for thy preferment, sought;
And, in the calends of immortal fame,
With fondest ardour, placed thy favoured name.
Though Rods she gave and warriours set in arms,
The ancient freedom felt no vain alarms,
Her former dignity she still maintained,
And viewed with pleasure new dominions gained.
Who e'er, for Latium, saw the Gallic field,
Or toil of Senones,* rich harvests, yield?
Or to the Tiber brought, from Northern Bear,
Those crops, the ploughs of Ligones† prepare?
Their produce now has lent the city aid,
And equally the pow'r of Rome displayed,
Her pristine character, to nations, shown,
And tribute raised, to icy climes unknown.
  At length th' imperial majesty was seen,
Return with ev'ry dignity of mien;
A sudden paleness o'er the features spread,
Of those who, Lybia, held awhile in dread;

* People about Sens in France.
† People of Langres in France.

The people's judgment they with terrour viewed:
By certain death their crimes would be pursued,
If, back the Punick treasures, found to keep,
Or what, from SOUTHERN GALES, Rome used to reap.
Here tyrants who, to various regions round,
Their haughty answers gave, are trembling found;
The FORUM sees, for trial, culprits near,
Whom Africa of late surveyed with fear.
  FROM Stilicho, once more receive, our climes,
The virtues known to venerated times;
He seeks the reins of empire to restore,
And usages revered in days of yore:
Disdains the honours, proffered through dismay;
Lets JUSTICE, in her scales, offences weigh;
The venial error, favourably views:
Applauds the innocent; but, guilt, pursues;
With clemency, each feeling bosom, cheers;
And excellence of old again appears.
  BENEATH a virtuous prince, whoe'er believes
That servitude exists, himself deceives.
Ne'er LIBERTY displays a higher grace,
Than under ONE, where piety we trace.
The people's wishes and the senate's voice,
In his commands, appear the monarch's choice.
To their desires, rewards for merit flow:
His punishments, their inclinations, show;
The purple's lofty consequence he quits,
And, all his acts to scrutiny, submits.
  THUS Stilicho has taught our prince to reign;
The fire of youth with caution to restrain;
Instilled pure precepts in his tender mind:
To CÆSAR always like a parent kind;

In war, against the foe, a shield secure;
In peace, the counsel, whose advice is sure.
The filth removed, whence foul disgrace arose,
The Roman ramparts, pristine times, disclose.
The CONSUL-POW'R, long trampled on the earth,
A stranger nearly to her place of birth,
By him restored, no more to torpor yields,
With marks of horrour flies from servile fields;
Resumes the seat within her native walls;
Triumphant FATES to Latium's soil recalls;
Again, the auspices, beholds around,
Which, with her fixed in former days, were found;
And all her scattered limbs, so widely spread,
At length are reunited to the head.

O CONSUL, image of the pow'rs on high,
What city fondly claims thy watchful eye!
Th' ethereal canopy, through earth's wide space,
To ROME's domain, can nought superior trace;
No sight, at once, can reach th' extensive bound;—
No mind her charms;—no tongue, her praises, sound.
With sparkling gold, her splendid domes arise,
And emulate the stars in lofty skies.
Like high Olympus' zones, sev'n hills she shows;
To arms and laws extensive empire owes;
With her, a cradle, JUSTICE first obtained;
From small beginnings both the poles she gained;
And wheresoe'er the SUN extends his course,
From narrow limits widely spread her force.
The FATES beheld her, in a single age,
Successfully in num'rous wars engage;

Iberian cities to her sceptre bow;
Sicilian towns, superior strength, allow;
The hardy Gauls, laid prostrate on the plain;
The Carthaginians, vanquished on the main;
To no disastrous slaughters she gave way;
No wounds, inflicted, filled her with dismay;
At Cannæ and where Trebia's water flows,
Though overpow'red, yet breathing war she rose;
And when the foe, her ramparts, sought to gain,
Dread flames to spread, she, armies, sent to Spain.
Nor OCEAN's billows could her steps arrest,
But through the rolling waves her rowers pressed,
In distant regions she the Britons sought,
And, them to bend beneath her banners, brought.
'Tis she alone who, to her bosom, takes
The diff'rent nations that she captives makes;
In her no haughty sway the vanquished find,
But all her actions show a parent kind;
The name of citizens the conquered bear,
And distant people easy fetters wear.
In peace her favours fully we obtain;
Like fields paternal, view each foreign plain;
Remove at will:—see Thulé's distant shore;
Recesses, horrid thought of old, explore;
Drink waters from the Rhine: th' Orontes' stream;
And, thus in union, one great nation, seem.
The pow'r that Rome displays shall never end;
'Twas vice and pride made other kingdoms bend.
Majestick Athens thus at length gave way,
When Sparta's forces spread around dismay;
By Thebes the latter was in turn undone:
Th' Assyrian empire by the Medes o'errun;

The Medes to Persians were obliged to yield;
These, Alexander vanquished in the field;
The Macedonians were at last pursued,
And, by the Latins, equally subdued.
But, Rome, the Sibyl's auguries ensure,
And Numa's sacred mysteries secure.
For her, great Jove, his thunder, hurls around;
Minerva's Gorgon-shield is ready found;
The mystick flame of Vesta, here, remains;
The city, Bacchus' frantick rites, contains;
The mother of the gods, from Phrygian tow'rs,
Transferred her lions to the Latian pow'rs.
The Epidaurian* hither came to dwell,
That he, diseases dire, might hence expel:
Along the waves he drew his serpent-folds,
And Tiber's isle, the sage physician, holds.
O STILICHO! thou clearly must descry,
This city proves the care of pow'rs on high;
Thy shield protects the parent, whence arise
The race of princes and the chiefs we prize.
Among those heroes of immortal fame,
Not one, beyond thyself, can favour claim.
'Twas here that first, his breath, Eucherius drew;
The mother raised him to the grandsire's† view,
Who, with delight, around the infant, twined
The purple robes for royalty designed.
ROME saw with joy the presage, FATE bestowed:
The pledge of love, secure thy presence, showed.

* Æsculapius. See SUET. in *Claud.* c. 25. OV. *Met. L.* xv. *Fab.* 50.
† Theodosius the Great.

Nor will ingratitude by thee be seen:
The publick view thy steps with pleasing mien.
The ancient annals of the state, o'errun:
How oft to serve allies was war begun!
And num'rous realms, by Latian blood, obtained,
For recompense the faithful monarchs gained.
But ne'er so loud appeared the people's voice,
As when thou prov'dst the object of their choice.
What prince, from flatt'ry, e'er the name, has known,
Of lord and father, made at once his own?
Those honours thou repeatedly hast found,
And, through the air, their echoes daily sound.
O consul great! new titles are thy share:
The race of Mars, thee master, now declare;
In Brutus e'en no gusts of anger rise;
And, what no terrours could from Rome surprise,
When Liberty from ev'ry tongue was heard,
On Stilicho, is gratefully conferred.
The people in the place their joy expressed:
Thy name re echoed where th' Immortals rest.
If in the Circus, decked with robes of gold;
Or, scenes theatrick, anxious to behold;
Or, 'mid the Forum, raised in iv'ry chair,
Decrees of sacred justice made thy care;
Or when before thy steps the Axes move,
And num'rous crowds around thee eager prove:
Their wand'ring eyes, ne'er sated with the sight,
Thy presence, always view with fond delight.
But what loud plaudits from the senate spring!
What joyful sounds along the welkin ring!
Her pinions Victory sublimely spread,
And, through her sacred domes, the hero, led.

O maid* revered! with verdant garlands crowned,
In trophies dressed, the realm's protectress, found!
Who seek'st alone, our rankling wounds, to heal,
And mak'st us lightly ev'ry labour feel:
Among the stars with crown DICTÆAN graced,
Or where the LION's summer rays are traced;
Jove's lofty sceptre; or Minerva's shield;
Or weary Mars reclining from the field:
On Latium, goddess! constant smiles, bestow,
And, to the senate's prayers, attention, show.
To thee let Stilicho oft, trophies, bear;
With him alone, to distant camps, repair;
Amid the battle's rage, his arm, befriend;
And, to the council, him in robes, attend.
With placid manners always he appeared;
His clemency, the vanquished nations, cheered;
Nor direful stains of cruelty were seen;
No haughty arrogance disgraced his mien;
Nor e'er the legions, by the hero led,
O'er trembling cities, were allowed to spread;
But, consul true, when ended war's fierce flame,
Contentedly he, with the lictors, came;
Nor sought the useless aid of arms around:
The people's love, a guard secure, he found.
  DELAYS disliking; treasures at command;
Of lib'ral heart, he gave with bounteous hand;
But when, in camps, to gratify the sight,
And yield a royal son-in-law delight,
His splendour, all with wonder had beheld,—
What he for Rome reserved still more excelled.

* Victory.

'Tis said, at Pallas' birth with Heav'nly pow'rs,
Great Jove, on Rhodes' proud domes, sent golden show'rs;
When Bacchus, in paternal thigh began
To move his limbs, with gold the Hermus ran;
And greedy Midas, when he hunger bore,
Whate'er he touched was turned to precious ore.
Or truth or fable, thus are told the tales:
With thee howe'er abundance more prevails,
Than Hermus rolls, or Midas' fingers gain,
Or from the THUND'RER flows in floods of rain;
Thy gifts and arms eclipse each glory passed,
And all to come, with thine, shall ne'er be classed.
Were flame to melt the massy wealth he gave,
The plains would shine with golden lake and wave.
NOR less, engages Stilicho, thy care,
Diana! queen of woods and star-decked air,
Thou usest toil, to have our shows display
The most renowned among the beasts of prey;
And, on the highest top of Alpine rock,
In council, call'st thy quiver-bearing flock,
Those chaste companions, scattered far and wide,
The bow, awhile unheeded, laid aside:
No cov'ring o'er their arms and shoulders lies;
Their hands with javelins:—backs, with arrows, rise.
Though void of ev'ry ornament of dress,
Yet, charms most truly fair, the nymphs possess;
The dust and perspiration o'er their brow,
A higher colour to the cheek, allow;
Nor virgin modesty, the sex, betrays,
While, strength robust, each forcibly displays;
No twining ties, their lovely tresses, bind,
But, down the neck, they wanton unconfined;

And, closely round, two folding girdles meet,
To keep the robe from falling on the feet.
Before companions of engaging mien,
The fair Leontodamé first was seen;
Her steps to tread, Nebrophoné appeared,
Upon the lofty Mount-Lycæus, reared;
And Thero who, on Mænalus, with darts,
To savage quadrupeds, death's pain, imparts.
In haste the ardent Britomartis came,
From heights of Crete that carry Ida's name;
And fleet Lycasté, who so swiftly moves,
That she, the rival of the zephyrs, proves.
Two sisters, those to join, were quickly led:
Strong Hecaërgé, held by beasts in dread,
And Opis, dear to ev'ry hunter's breast:
The birth of both the Scythian climes attest.
These owe to Delos' Love and Northern Cold,
The pow'r divine, which they, o'er forests, hold.
Thus, forth sev'n leaders came, the rest to guide;
More nymphs moved on to reach Diana's side;
From high Taygetus a hundred flew;
The troop, from Cynthus' top, as many drew;
Like numbers came from Ladon's virgin wave,
The produce chaste that flowing waters gave.
When these around Latona's daughter pressed,
Her female band, the goddess thus addressed:
" O Sisters! who, the matrimonial tie,
" Like me, have always viewed with hateful eye,
" Chaste swarms who range the lofty mountains o'er,
" And frozen summits rapidly explore,
" Behold how emulous the gods appear,
" In Italy, to deck the coming year;

" From all the globe, what coursers, Neptune sends!
" My brother's lyre, the hero praises, lends.
" Let us, to Stilicho, our favour show:
" To such high merit, recompense, we owe;
" No arrows this requires;—in quivers, dry,
" Closed up, awhile at rest, now let them lie;
" Be ev'ry bow suspended from the chase,
" And victims' blood, the Circus solely, grace.
" Away with eager darts: the monsters, keep,
" That, from their fall, applause, the consul reap.
" In parties go;—great expedition make:
" Where burning quicksands lie my way I'll take;
" Lycasté, born on Dicté's lofty brow,
" And Opis, shall attend my footsteps now.
" Our course we'll bend across the arid sands;
" To others, beasts, gave Mauritanian lands;
" These monsters fierce, alone this hero gains,
" As tribute that a conqueror obtains.
" While we, the savage race through Libya, seek,
" Do you, in Europe, search each wood and creek.
" In forests, free from fear, let shepherds raise
" Their joyful accents, Stilicho to praise;
" His sports let hills receive with loud applause,
" Who made the cities happy by his laws."
THIS said, from Alps' high top with leaves spread o'er,
Beyond the seas, her course, Diana bore;
Stags drew the goddess' car, conceived on high
By humid Luna as she ranged the sky,
Which she, from fruitful grottos, brought to light,
To gratify the queen of forests' sight.
Their perfect whiteness rivals driven snow;
Upon their clouded brows, gold-branches glow;

The horns aloft, like spreading beeches, stand;
And shining boughs, afar, their glare expand.
The chariot-reins were left to Opis' cares;
Lycasté bore the golden nets and snares;
And dogs immortal of Molossian race,
Ran barking round the car 'mid ether's space.
Five other nymphs (so Phœbe* had decreed,)
Like her in arms, were anxious to proceed:
Through various regions eagerly they flew,
And each, a sep'rate cohort with her, drew.
The race canine, of various forms and kinds,
From diff'rent parts, displayed instinctive minds;
These, ardour bold and strength of tooth, disclose:
Those, swift of foot: and some, sagacious nose;
The rough-haired CRETAN, and the SPARTAN thin,
With anxious accents of resounding din;
And BRITISH, famed, of daring spirit full,
Intent to seize the dewlap of the bull.
With hair dishevelled, Britomartis tried
Dalmatian woods and Pindus' craggy side.
Leontodamé, thou encircledst dens
Of beasts in Gaul: search'dst well the German fens:
The Rhine's thick reeds, in which the huge wild boar,
With tusk by age in-curved, lies covered o'er.
Swift Hecaërgé ranged Alps' cloudy steep:—
The Apennines:—Garganus' snow-clad heap.
With dogs, th' Iberian caverns, Thero traced,
And, ugly bears from dark recesses, chased,

* A name of Diana.

Whose throats imbrued with blood, the Tagus' stream,
To satiate, scarcely would sufficient seem,
Now chilled with cold, beneath the Pyrenées,
Lay hidden under leaves of neighb'ring trees.
The hale Nebrophoné her efforts made,
O'er lofty hills that, Corsica, pervade,
And those of Sicily, intent to gain
The deer and timid kind to wear her chain.
The forest's ornament which charms the sight;
Amid the Circus, viewed with fond delight:
Whate'er with pow'rful teeth spread terrours round;—
With noble manes, or horns, or bristles, found;—
The glories of the wood that, fear, maintained:—
To bear the hunters' fetters, were constrained.
T'escape, the cautious beasts no longer sought;
Without resistance, those robust were caught;
No more on speedy flight the swift relied:
Some loudly groaned, in trammels closely tied;
In wooden cages others, captive, lay,
And thus, from native scenes were borne away.
In vain the workmen toiled to polish bars;
Rough beech and mountain-ash were used as spars;
And, o'er the prisons, raised with anxious haste,
A verdant shade of leafy boughs was placed.
The diff'rent vessels, laden deep with these,
Through rivers moved, and o'er the surgy seas;
Pale grew the rowers, numbed with fright each hand;
The pilot scarcely could his fears command.
O'er land, on wheels, a number were conveyed:
The loaded wagons, mountain-spoils, displayed;
The lengthened train, that slowly onward moved,
Along the publick ways, obstructive proved.

The savage beasts, now trembling bullocks drew;
As food before, they met the captives' view;
Back on their charge oft looked the shudd'ring team,
And, in their terrour, fain would quit the beam.
MEANWHILE bright Phœbus' sister had o'errun,
The Libyan regions scorched by sultry sun,
And, lions, got, superior to the sight,
Which often put th' Hesperides to flight;—
Their floating manes, high Atlas, filled with dread;—
'Mong Ethiopian herds, fell havock spread;—
Their direful roar, which reached the shepherds' ear,
Chilled ev'ry bosom with horrifick fear.
No lighted torches had deceived their eyes;
No traps with sod and branches for disguise;
No kid's shrill cry, that piercing hunger grieved;
No pit, with treach'rous fall, their steps deceived:
They freely, chains, appeared to take from choice,
And, in the goddess' fetters, to rejoice.
At length tranquillity the pastures found,
And, from their huts, the Moors saw safety round.
Diana then the spotted Panthers brought,
With other beasts, in SOUTHERN regions sought,
And monstrous teeth, to tablets formed at will,
By steel divided with superior skill,
In shining gold the consul's name inlaid,
To senators and crowd alike displayed.
The wand'ring elephants, with great surprise,
Deprived of tusks, are viewed by Indians' eyes.
On swarthy necks, her seat, the goddess took;
The iv'ry, firmly fixed, she sharply shook;
The roots gave way; the bursting blood o'erflowed;
And, mouths disarmed, the gaping monsters showed.

These living wonders greatly she desired,
By us might, 'mid our ramparts, be acquired;
But beasts so large, she feared, would slowly move,
And cause delays that must unpleasant prove.
Around the Libyan prey, the sailors now,
Loud shouts, repeat, while, Tuscan waves, they plough.
With tail turned back, and limbs of bulky size,
Stretched out from stem to stern, the lion lies;
The vessel slowly, o'er the liquid main,
A single monster scarcely can sustain.
Hoarse roaring rises from th' abyss profound;
The mighty whales, in shoals, assemble round;
The beasts terrestrial, Nereus wondring sees,
And owns that His can never equal these.
Thus, o'er the Ruddy Deep, when Bacchus glides,
With victor's wreath, the helm, Silenus guides;
The Satyrs, at the oar, with labour row;
The Bacchæ, to their toil, attention show,
To cheer them, on the hides of oxen, beat;
And vines and ivy twine each mast and seat.
Upon the yards a serpent drunk reclines;
The lynxes skip on cables moist with wines;
And, on the sails unknown, with marked surprise,
The tiger fixes steadily his eyes.

THE

GETIC WAR.

PREFACE.

As if aroused from sleep, where long resigned,
Again, with Roman choirs, our MUSE, we find;
Once more are heroes seen deserving praise,
And Phœbus' dome receives the poet's lays.
The consul's RODS my verses here sustained,
And Libya's realm by Stilicho regained;
Now let fresh echoes, through the temple, ring,
While I his wars, and Getæ prostrate, sing.
HIS first success to me a statue* brought:
In brass the senate, our resemblance, sought.
The sacred honour, that the SIRES desired,
The sov'reign prince with readiness required.
Consider fully, O Thalia! now,
The rigid judgment that thou shouldst avow:
To lofty recompense, bestowed in haste,
May favour's loss—by talents oft be traced.
Whene'er rewards abundant meet the eye,
Propitious kindness they, to verse, deny.

* The emperors, Arcadius and Honorius, at the request of the Senate, had raised a statue of brass in honour of the poet. See the Life of Claudian prefixed.

Our features, in the Forum, raised to view,
Will CENSURE arm, 'gainst lays, with rigour new.
Howe'er, the subject will my bosom cheer,
And lend support to combat trembling fear.
The high affection for the hero known,
And pow'rs by Stilicho in battle shown.
Around have ears of gratitude secured,
And me attention equally assured.

WHEN seeking Colchis and Æeta's* shore,
The Argo, seas unknown, crossed boldly o'er,
And, spite of rocks terrifick, dared the main,
While fear appeared, in ev'ry breast, to reign,
'Tis said that Tiphys, next the Heav'nly throne,
The ship, with damage slight, preserved alone;—
Contrived from mountains dire the bark to keep,
And ride in triumph on the wavy deep,
With shifting stones the conflict dread to shun,
And, from impending ills, to safety, run.
The proud Symplegades, with wonder, viewed
Themselves to earthly laws, by man, subdued:
O'ercome;—each vessel now, their threat, derides,
And tranquilly, along the borders, glides.
If services like these, for Tiphys, claim
A place conspicuous in the rolls of fame,
What praises, Stilicho, shouldst thou receive,
Who couldst, from foes, so many realms relieve?
THOUGH poets may, Minerva's labour, sing,
Who, timber for the Argo, toiled to bring,
And animated beams with boding voice,
Felled 'mid the Tmarian THUND'RER'S forest choice:
Though they (allowed to speak in lofty phrase,)
May, miracles with strange predictions, blaze;—

* Æeta, or Æetes, king of Colchis, father to Medea, Calciope, and Absyrtus. SEE *Ov.* Epist. VI. 50. & *Valerius Flaccus*, I. 43.

By verse o'er tender minds deception throw:
The cruel Harpies, to the fancy, show;—
The dragon, stretched at length, with wakeful fold,
To guard the ever-precious fleece of gold;—
The bulls with yokes that vivid flames surround;—
The furrows, fresh with shields that spread the ground;—
The armed battalions which the fallow yields;—
And germe of war that grows, like corn, in fields:
Impartial TRUTH, howe'er the tales surprise,
Shall, o'er those brilliant fictions, proudly rise.
Can driving hungry Harpies from the board,
A higher claim to lofty praise, afford,
Than num'rous Getic jaws, to overpow'r,
Prepared, the blood of Latium, to devour?
Those earth-born troops that rise, shall I admire,
Which breathe at morn, and, ere the eve, expire!
And coldly view the heaps of Getæ dead,
Whom fierce Bellona oft, with trophies, fed,
Whose martial lives in camps had passed away,
'Till all were seen, beneath the helmet, gray?
O STILICHO! by thee, from darkness drear,
The realm relieved, passed forms again appear,
And laws that long, in dungeons dire, remained,
Now venture forth, their liberty regained;
The ancient pow'r, by magistrates, is shown,
Which lately lay, in wild confusion thrown;
To thy strong arm we justly owe our breath,
Which snatched us from the menaces of DEATH;
And nations, overrun by FATE's decree,
At length, their domes and fields, regain through thee.
No more, shut up by fear, like flocks in folds,
Our crops consumed by flames, the sight beholds;

Nor ask we flowing waves, with anxious vow,
Awhile, delay of ruin, to allow;
No streams intreat, as on their course they bend,
A surgy fence, against the foe, to lend;
Nor sigh when clouds with swiftness pass away,
And skies, unsafe serenity, display.
ROME, lately ravaged by plebeian pow'rs,
Now tranquil feels and, boldly, shows her tow'rs.
O parent long revered! at length arise;
On gods depend who look with fav'ring eyes;
Away let trembling fears of age be cast:
As long as both the POLES, thy sway shall last,
If o'er thee Lachesis should e'er extend
Those fatal pow'rs that in destruction end,
Then NATURE, 'mid the wreck around her hurled,
By other laws, shall regulate the world:
Turned floods of Tanais will, Egypt, lave;
The flowing Nile increase Mœotis wave;
Where SOL descends, the EASTERN winds prevail;
In India's clime, arise the WESTERN gale;
O'er Caucasus, the hot SOUTH breezes blow;
And NORTHERN blasts spread Libya's sands with snow.
THE foe's fierce menaces, and omens drear
So often heard, no longer now appear.
In truth, not always, peace, possessed the sky;
If we may speak, e'en trembled Jove on high,
When huge Typhœus, grasping mountains dread
With hundred hands, to brave the stars was led,
And serpents that, around his temples, trailed,
In ARCTICK skies, th' astonished BEARS, assailed.
What cause for wonder then should mortals find,
If ills disturb the realms of human kind?—

When brother-twins, to Aloëus traced,
The mighty Mars in heavy fetters, placed;—
The starry way, to all but gods denied,
By violence to seize, with boldness tried;—
And, in the war, three hills, plucked up by force,
Which almost stopped the world's continued course?
But rage excessive rarely meets success;
And hopes nefarious, joys, ne'er long possess.
The twins, that bore fierce Aloëus' name,
To prime of youthful vigour, never came:
While Otus, Pelion, strove to tear away,
He fell a victim to the God of Day;
And Ephialtes, weak and seeking breath,
Let Ossa cross his side, which caused his death.
O Rome! thy head now raise with fond delight,
From lofty hills behold the foe in flight;
See how his few remaining forces yield,
And quit ingloriously th' Italian field.
How changed the countenance, he first displayed,
When, rushing on, dread menaces, he made,
And, fully confident of triumph, swore,
By him that rules paternal Ister's shore,
Aside his armour never should be thrust,
Till Latium's throne were leveled with the dust.
O strange vicissitude of things and Fate!
The hostile, savage bands, with hopes elate,
Their prey to make the lovely, Roman Fair:
Now wives and babes their own, dishonour, bear!
The foe, who grasped the city's wealth, in thought,
To bend beneath victorious arms, is brought;
And he, who tried, by gold's corrupting bane,
From stanch fidelity our troops to gain,

By all deserted that composed his force,
Disabled, swiftly back directs his course.
  Resentment o'er, let mercy sway the heart;
Barbarians, who deserved Death's poignant smart,
'Tis glorious to forgive, when crouching low:—
E'en pain to view a supplicating foe.
What vengeance greater than, the haughty breast,
Awhile puffed up, to see by fears oppressed?
And, enemies, behold that, spoils, obtained,
At length, to suffer poverty, constrained?
This clemency, O Rome! which round thee glows,
From other springs, not int'rest solely, flows.
Thy cares humane allowed their cohorts flight,
Which, pressed by slaughter, might more fiercely fight.
Nor was it requisite that, near thy wall,
The Getic race should, as a nation, fall.
May Jove far hence, Barbarians, drive away,
And, Numa's temple, let them ne'er survey:—
His care, the dome of Romulus, maintain,
And guard the sacred rights from hands profane!
  If wars of old, howe'er, I justly view,
When, liberty, the senate truly knew,
To ev'ry quarter native soldiers moved,
And martial fame, their highest glory, proved;
In distant parts, beyond the liquid plain,
They sought their strength to try and honour gain;
The num'rous kings and chariots, captives made,
As Fortune's favours, proudly were displayed.
Yet when fierce storms assailed th' Italian realm,
And seemed, the city, bent to overwhelm,
No silly favour then obtained a voice;
The publick safety fixed the Roman choice;

Not those who, bold temerity, would show,
And think to triumph by a single blow,
But one, whose prudence, circumstances, weighed,
By no success elate, nor ills, dismayed;
Who knew, by turns, to curb or loose the rein,
To seize the time, or eagerness restrain.
THE able hand, whose skill from Pæon flows,
To treat diseases dire, more prudence shows;
In wounds about the heart, the depth he tries:
With ev'ry care the instrument applies;
Oft fear, between his fingers, keeps the knife,
Which, pressed too forward, might endanger life.
IN ancient page is Curius' valour traced,
Who, from the Latian shores, fierce Pyrrhus chased;
Not more the fame of Paul* and Marius rings,
Who dragged, with snow-white coursers, captive kings;
The BLOOD of Æacus, to flee, constrained,
Meets higher praises than Jugurtha chained.
Though Curius drove the monarch, weary grown,
By Decius and Fabricius twice o'erthrown,
Whose lofty minds no bribes of gold could sway,
No arms subdue, no faulty steps betray,
Yet still the former fullest triumph gains,
Who forced the hostile prince to leave our plains.
But, loud as these heroick actions sound,
The claims of Stilicho are greater found.
His arm has laid a martial nation low,
Which rose beneath the BEAR in Northern snow:
Not Chaones, who breathe Epirus' air,
Nor e'en Molossi, who those regions share,

* Paulus Æmilius.

Nor, from Dodona, armies that invoke,
With vain parade, their augurising oak.
First Fabius stopped, by slow and struggling course
The Punick leader with tremendous force.
Marcellus next displayed the daring shield,
And taught to vanquish in the open field.
At length the third, the virtuous Scipio's toil,
Constrained the chief to quit the Latian soil.
A single Stilicho, howe'er we see,
Has now, against the foe, surpassed the Three:
The blust'ring Getæ, by his conduct, bled,
And, overpow'red, from Italy have fled.
The hero's efforts were so well begun,
That, what the people wished, was quickly done.
Through five long years, Ausonia saw with grief,
No hope, from Pyrrhus' flames, to find relief.
For thrice six springs, Massylian horses bore
The Punick bands to waste our growing store;
And youth, that in the war received their birth,
Drove Hannibal at last to native earth.
Our active leader, here, the storm repressed,
And, in a winter, all was laid to rest;
Again have summer smiles, the harvests, reared,
And peace and plenty equally appeared.
Those years engaged with Hannibal in fight,
Or haughty Pyrrhus, why should I recite?
Vile Spartacus, through all Ausonia, spread
Destructive flames and devastation dread:
In open plains against the consuls fought;
From camps, inactive gen'rals, captives, brought;
With slaves in arms, extended havock round,
And, feeble eagles, trampled on the ground.

We, scarcely knowing terrour's direful reign,
'Mid softest luxuries, at once complain,
If, from the plough, an ox away be borne,
Or growing crops, by hostile bands, be torn.
No dungeons drear poured forth these martial foes,
Nor came they from the SAND designed for shows,
Thessalians, Thracians, Mœsians, all will own,
What armies Stilicho has overthrown.
O'ER Hæmus' leafless brow, now thirty fold
Has WINTER's rage extended icy cold;
The SPRING as oft, dissolving snows amassed,
Has verdure fresh, around the mountains, cast:
Since first the Getæ left their place of birth,
Where CHARLES's WAIN is seen above the earth,
By FATE directed and th' IMMORTALS' ire,
The Ister, crossed to scatter havock dire,
Commenced the train of ills that caused our toil,
And fixed at length their feet on Thracian soil.
THEN, like disease or pelting hail, they spread,
Through bars and narrow ways, as FURIES led;
The rapid streams and rugged rocks around,
A rampart vain against their course, were found.
Nor Rhodopé, nor Athos' lofty top,
Nor Hæmus, could, the Thracians' ruin, stop.
They passed with ease the banks the Strymon laves;
The Bessi blamed the Haliacmon's waves;
The Macedonians saw, with wond'ring sight,
O'errun, above the clouds, Olympus' height.
With grief Thessalians, Tempé, viewed oppressed,
And Œta's tow'ring rocks, by foes, possessed.
Sperchius' current, and th' Enipeus' stream
Which playful virgins, cherished waters, deem,

Became the fierce BARBARIANS' fond repair,
When inclination led to wash their hair.
The Dryades could no protection gain,
Against their course, from Pindus' lofty chain;
Nor high Leucates, always clouded o'er,
Security was found for Actium's shore.
Thermopylæ itself, renowned of old,
That proved, against the Medes, a lasting hold,
Assailed by this infuriate, savage mass,
A single effort burst the famous pass.
The Sciron-rocks, where raging billows fall;
The isthmus joining seas with length of wall;
Lechæum's narrow port, that bars pervade;
Were, by ferocious armies, open laid.
Nor, Erymanthus, could thy leafy space,
Arcadian husbandmen in safety place;
And, O Amyclæ! thou beheld'st, with fear,
Their horse, upon Taygetus, appear.
For all these mountains high, the Alps, at last,
Destruction dire among the Getæ, cast;
At length, with noble triumph graced, the Po
Avenged the num'rous streams that wailed their blow.
Th' event, we now have viewed, has fully shown,
That, o'er the ways of FATE, a veil is thrown.
Alps' barrier passed, what mind, a thought, possessed,
That e'en a shade of Latium's pow'r would rest?
The CITY's fall was rumoured cross the seas,
Through distant Gaul, beyond the Pyrenées.
And babbling FAME, with sable pinions spread,
Collecting idle tales wherever led,
Had scattered terrours dire the Ocean o'er,
From Hercules' high PILES to Britain's shore;

And Thulé, war's alarms, unused to hear,
With apprehensions shook, beyond our sphere.
Be ev'ry fear to Southern Gales resigned;
May festive ears from ills not, pleasure, find?
Or rather, griefs remembered, passed away,
Increased delight, to breasts relieved, convey?
And as the sailors, tost on surgy main
When set the Pleiades, joy port to gain:
So Stilicho, to me, more great appears,
If I compare success with former fears;
And tumults dread that lately raged around,
To pain the heart, no longer now are found.
Were walls, though raised on adamant's firm pow'rs,
Not seen to fall like feeble, broken tow'rs?
And massy gates with iron clamps and frame,
Thrown freely open when the Getæ came?
Nor closest palisades, nor ramparts steep,
Their swift-foot horse away, were found to keep.
Now some, in ships, embarked with anxious haste,
Their hopes of safety on Sardinia placed,
Or rocks of Corsica, that Ocean laves,
Where life might rest, secured by foaming waves.
E'en Sicily, mistrusting shores too nigh,
Desired to move, if Nature would comply:—
Th' Ionian Deep, to see more widely flow;—
And, further off, Pelorus' summits go.
The rich, their golden columns, viewed as nought,
And, caves of Æolus, for safety, sought.
At length a heavy burden, treasure seemed:—
E'en Av'rice, other cares more weighty, deemed.
As fear, by Nature, is loquacious made,
And can with ease the credulous persuade,

Dire dreams and omens filled each vulgar breast,
And fell prognosticks kept the mind from rest:—
Portentous flight of birds across the air;—
What lightning's flash to mortals may declare;—
The Sibyl's verse, which marks, in ancient page;
The destiny of Rome from age to age;—
The Moon's eclipse that, terrour, spreads around;—
At night the sable shade o'er Phœbe found,
Whose lengthened labour, tinkling metals aid,
While howlings loud, the city-domes, pervade.
Nor think they, Earth's obstructing Phœbus' light
Deprives his sister of her radiance bright;
But poisons dread, which from their sires descend,
Thessalians, who, Barbarian camps, attend,
Through ether's sphere, have scattered far and wide,
Which, Luna's rays resplendent, turn aside.
To signs in former years that marked the skies,
O'erlooked in peace, now, others, fright supplies:
The bees in swarms abroad;—large stones of hail;—
Without a cause, destructive flames prevail;—
The comet, ne'er observed by mortal eye,
Unless some fell calamity be nigh,
First seen arise where Sol unlocks the morn,
With Cepheus and his wife that Heav'n adorn;
Then slowly pass the Lycaonian Bear;
The Getic Wain pollute, with loosened hair;
Till, in the firmament, the dying fire
Appears to languish and at length expire.
Two wolves howe'er, before the prince's eyes
As on he rode, met death and raised surprise:
Upon the troops they darted in the plain,
And, wondrous prodigy! at once were slain!

Both beasts, with sides laid open to the light,
A human hand in each engaged the sight;
The *right* in this;—the *left* in t'other found:
The fingers bending:—blood quite fresh around.
If anxiously the truth thou seek'st to know,
These monsters, aug'ring Mars' intentions, show
The savage foe about to meet disgrace,
And bite the dust before Honorius' face.
As these, from entrails, glowing life display,
So Latium triumphs after Alps gave way.
But FEAR, which always seems the worst to view,
Conclusions dire from ev'ry presage drew:
Those bloody limbs, and wolves from whence they came,
Predicted empire lost, and Roman shame.
Then years to come were counted; when, with flight,
The eyes discerned a single vulture's* flight,
Which spread at once confusion over all,
And indicated empire's early fall.
A better augur Stilicho appeared;
With pleasing hopes, despairing hearts, he cheered;
Amid the dubious signs that caused distress,
Alone the hero prophesied success.
" BE firm," he cried, " a little while sustain
" What FATE decrees:—like women ne'er complain;
" The sailor's wailing, when dread tempests roar,
" The vessel never rescues from the shore;
" No plaintive sighs e'er angry waves assuage,
" Nor prayers avail when winds impetuous rage.

* Alluding to the twelve vultures, seen by Romulus, which the augurs had interpreted to mean the twelve centuries that the city was to last.

" Now, now let ev'ry hand assistance lend;
" For gen'ral safety anxiously contend:
" The sails assist; the waters bale that flow;
" Prepare the ropes; to skill obedience show.
" Not wholly void of hope should we be seen,
" Because the Getæ, with perfidious mien,
" Have seized the moment, Latium, to annoy,
" While distant wars and Rhætia, troops, employ.
" I should, with wonder, these BARBARIANS view,
" By recent stratagem, or passage new,
" Their footsteps press, through winding paths unknown;
" And, Alps' high summits, make at length their own.
" But now the slaughter, twice, of tyrants dread,
" Has all the secret passes open spread;
" By civil broils prepared, the narrow ways
" No longer, bars to hostile forces, raise;
" Through roads revealed by direful discord's flame,
" The bands in arms of savage Getæ came.
" But instances the same, in ancient times,
" Howe'er, were not unknown within our climes;
" Ausonia, we confess, was oft assailed,
" Yet, o'er attacks, her vengeful sword prevailed.
" The fire, the Senones extended round,
" Within the authors' blood extinction found.
" To fury Teutonick, exposed of yore,
" ROME's fetters, presently the Cimbri wore.
" That glory's base, which dangers cannot move:
" The greatest perils, double triumph, prove.
" Why now look back as if intent on flight?
" Why, t'wards the fields of Gaul, direct the sight?
" With armies, leaving Latium far behind,
" A refuge seek on Arar's banks to find?

" To NORTHERN hordes, the city thus a prey,
" The Rhone, the seat of empire, will display;
" And, when the head is severed from the rest,
" Existence, by the trunk, shall be possessed!
" If love of children in your bosoms rise;
" With like emotions, NATURE me supplies;
" The use of arms, this breast, ne'er rendered steel:
" Affection equally with you I feel;
" Of parent, husband dear, the sacred name,
" That glows within your hearts, cheers mine the same.
" But nought from honour shall this mind estrange,
" And lead my steps, the haunts of shame, to range;
" Nor, recommending bold, audacious mien,
" Will I, to shun the raging storm, be seen.
" Here dwell my precious babes;—my cherished wife:—
" A son-in-law, to me more dear than life;
" No part that me concerns has left these walls:
" With equal force the blow upon us falls;
" O earth Italian! what my soul reveres,
" Preserve from harm, amid impending fears,
" Accord some short delay to ramparts round,
" While I choice cohorts bring to trumpets' sound."
THESE words relieved the people from dismay,
And calmed the court, prepared to move away.
Then darkness fled; her head Hesperia reared,
When, 'mid the danger, CÆSAR pledged appeared.
STRAIGHT, where, the Larius, verdant Olives shade,
With tufted groves that, winding shores, pervade,
And waters fresh, like Nereus, motion, make,
A boat conveyed the hero o'er the lake.
Then, spite of winter and inclement sky,
He climbed the rugged sides of mountains high.

THUS, from the fasting young, through deepest snows,
In silent night, the furious lion goes;
His neck by frosts made rough; and yellow mane
In ties congealed, which icicles retain;
Nor death, nor cold, nor rain in torrents, heeds,
While he, to gain the LITTER food, proceeds.
T'WARDS NORTHERN realms, th' Hyrcanian forest lies,
Confining tracts where Rhætia's summits rise;
The Rhine and Danube hence derive their wave,
And both the rivers, Latium's empire, lave.
At first but slender, gliding from the source,
Yet, by and by, they deepen in their course:
Collecting smaller streams, as on they go,
And, floods and name conjoined, together flow.
The Rhine, with bifold lip, his waters, pours
Where Tethys' billows wash the Cimbrian shores;
Through five wide mouths, the Ister's surge is pressed,
With Thracian Amphitrité, doomed to rest.
Both fit for oars;—their frozen face for wheels;—
And each, to Mars and Boreas, partial feels.
But Rhætia's bounds, that on Hesperia lie,
With craggy apex, strike against the sky,
And offer narrow paths, beheld with dread,
Which scarcely human feet, in summer, tread.
With ice quite stiff, have many there been found,
As if the horrid Gorgon prowled around;
Despairing numbers, where deep snows arise,
In one large, glacial heap, have closed their eyes;
And often oxen, with their heavy wain,
Together in the WHITE PROFOUND have lain.
At times the icy hill, with sudden fall,
Below, has, dire destruction, hurled on all;

And, when WARM WINDS have, loose foundations, moved.
The sliding mass of earth has treach'rous proved.
THESE places Stilicho, with ardour bold
And anxious step, passed o'er 'mid winter's cold.
A stranger here the god of rosy wine,
And scarcely seen are Ceres' stores divine.
Th' heroick chief, content with humble fare,
In haste procured while destined arms to bear,
And cloak, by moisture made a heavy load,
His horse benumbed, forced on to gain the road.
When NIGHT around her pitchy garment spread,
His weary limbs obtained no downy bed;
In caves of horrour, used by beasts of prey,
Or rural huts, upon his shield he lay;
Pale stood the shepherd, while the man unknown,
To babes with wonder by the wife was shown.
IN forests dread, these beds on rugged soil;
This sleep in snow; and cares; and watchful toil;—
The universe, produced the quiet sought,
And, to the empire, peace unlooked for, brought.
O Rome! thy present safety may be traced,
To those drear sheds on Alpine summits placed.
ASIDE now nations, faith of treaties, threw;
By Latian slaughters, fierce their armies grew:
O'erran the woods, Vindelici possessed,
And, fertile fields of Noricum, oppressed.
So slaves, by false communications, led,
To think, beyond a doubt, their master dead,
'Mid riot revel at the rumoured news,
The mansion void, for festive pleasure, use,
In wine and dancing all their hours employ,
And give a loosened rein to ev'ry joy:

If FORTUNE unexpectedly restore
The tyrant lord, so lately thought no more,—
Aghast they stand, excess behold with fear,
And all, a prey to conscious dread, appear.
THE rebels thus perceived, with great surprise,
The hero, famed, again before their eyes;
The prince, the Latian realm, and Rome entire,
Seemed all in one bold bosom to respire.
No marks of joy upon his features rose;—
No clouds of sadness spoke internal woes;—
Nor was dejection from disaster seen;—
But, anger blended with majestick mien.
SUCH countenance the great Alcides wore,
Whene'er Eurystheus' orders, horrours, bore;
Or similar when angry Jove on high,
With clouds of darkness, overspreads the sky.
" HAS Getic war, your courage, raised?" he cried,
" And idly filled each breast with silly pride?
" Rome, spite of FATE, will pow'r sufficient find,
" To punish those, to turbulence, resigned.
" With words howe'er I'll not detain you long:
" From former ages, take examples strong.
" When Hannibal assailed th' Ausonian walls,
" And Cannæ, slaughters, viewed where Trebia falls;
" Emathian Philip, hope impelled in vain,
" To try, while ills prevailed, our realm to gain.
" The cruel insult, indignation, moved;
" The senators at once their firmness proved,
" Though then superior dangers pressed around,
" In which were, mighty cities' int'rests, found.
" Nor was the chastisement awhile delayed;
" Levinus, who, Rome's banners, then displayed,

" Against the Punick force, received command,
" To punish ALL, who durst invade the land.
" The order he obeyed with ev'ry haste;
" And Philip, (while unequal troops he placed,
" With pow'rful people, contest, to maintain,)
" By Latian forces vanquished in the plain,
" Was taught the danger, greatness, to provoke,
" Though grieved and writhing from disastrous stroke."
THESE cautions sage, the threat'ning storm, repressed,
And, to defend the state, inspired each breast;
The hero fixed the armament desired;
The proper aid, th' imperial realm required;
The number such as Italy might spare,
Yet give the gen'ral no perplexing care.
NOR less our cohorts, as the rumour spread,
(Impelled by high regard for him, who led,)
In haste, from various parts, their standards, reared,
The sight of Stilicho, each bosom, cheered,
From him all hearts expected full relief,
And tears of joy succeeded those of grief.
THUS cattle, scattered o'er the forest wide,
By storms dispersed, return from ev'ry side,
When they, the keeper's well known whistle, hear,
In vales and meadows eager to appear,
Direct their steps according to the voice,
With lowing loud, to answer him, rejoice,
And, where the list'ning ear the sound receives,
At length the horns project through shady leaves.
THE troops, that Rhætia lately found a shield,
With spoils Vindelici were forced to yield,
Ausonia to defend, repaired in haste:
The legions came, on British confines placed,

Where they, fierce Scots, restrained by lofty bars,
And viewed the dying Pict with frightful scars.
Battalions too, by whom Sicambrians dread,
The rebel Catti, and Cherusci, bled,
From Rhine secure, their footsteps hither bore,
And terrour left alone to guard the shore.
Will you the fact believe, O! future race?—
The Germans, who displayed undaunted face,
In former times, and whom our princes bold,
With num'rous force, in bounds, could scarcely hold,
Thus docile stand, obedient to the reins,
That Stilicho, with steady hand, maintains,
Nor seek to tread on limits naked left:
The soil, of garrisons' defence, bereft;
To cross the stream, without designs, appear,
And seem, in native fields, retained by fear.
O Hero great, what excellence thy own,
With thee Camillus may compare alone!
Beneath his blows, the rage of Brennus dropped:
By thine, the course of Alaric was stopped.
You equally, by force divine, o'erpow'red
The threat'ning ills that, round the city, low'red.
But, later he upreared his vengeful hand,
When all was plundered by the savage band;
While thou, thy country still in safety seen,
Repell'dst the foe that showed destructive mien.
O Fortune changed! how blessed our lot appears,
Since thy return, each trembling bosom, cheers:
Fresh vigour now, to ev'ry quarter, flows,
And hope, in all th' afflicted cities, glows!

THE wife,* to DESTINY's decrees resigned,
Who sacrificed herself for husband kind,
By Hercules' superior hand, 'tis said,
From dreary shades of death, to life, was led.
The youth,† by step-dame with incestuous aim,
A victim made, when he repulsed her flame,
With herbs Circæan, by Diana sought,
Again, to breathe the vital air, was brought.
And Crete beheld, if we the tale receive,
The yawning tomb, the son of Minos leave:
The body,‡ pointed out by birds' shrill voice,
An aged seer restored with juices choice;
How strange!—the boy, in honey met his death,
And, from a serpent dread, recovered breath.
INDEED thou didst not, from the gloom of night,
A single mortal bring to realms of light,
But various nations trembling with alarms,
And num'rous cities, from Tartarian harms.
That lucky day, a voice unknown proclaimed,
To Rome, th' arrival of the leader famed;
Loud plaudits echoed through the vaulted sky,
Of triumph sure when Stilicho was nigh.
But who can paint the joy Honorius knew,
Or eager glow, that through the palace flew?
From summits high of lofty tow'rs, our eyes
Perceived a doubtful cloud of dust arise,
But yet uncertain if the mist o'erspread
Allies in arms, or foes beheld with dread.
Inquietude pervaded ev'ry breast:
The gen'ral silence, hopes and fears, expressed;

* Alcestis. † Hippolytus. ‡ Glaucus.

Till, through the haze, the well known hero, gray,
A star resembling, burst with cheering ray.
Shouts suddenly were heard on ev'ry side:
"He comes, he comes, see Stilicho!" they cried;
Alarm subsided: wide the gates were thrown;
Forth rushed the crowd, with pride the troops to own.
No wretched cohorts these, from mowing fields,
Whose novice hand, the javelin, feebly wields,
The sithe aside, 'mid yellow harvests, placed;
Nor Ceres, from the harrow, armed in haste,
Who tries, with awkward air, the shield to use,
Which fierce Bellona, with derision, views;
Nor new-made gen'rals, who loud clamour raise,
That, want of merit, instantly betrays;
But, leading youth sincere, a chief was seen,
The god of war, in conduct, heart, and mien.
If confidence, within our breasts, revived;
Of hope the Getæ seemed at once deprived,
Whose heads, when Alps they passed, were in the skies,
And All, they thought, to make an easy prize.
But when the foe, so many rivers, found;
The num'rous cities, fenced with streams around;
Th' unlooked for Foot; the Cavalry in force;
On ev'ry part, by snares, pent up, his course:
He burned with secret rage, and sadly grieved,
That, his designs, Ausonia had deceived;
Rome, he beheld receding from his view,
And nought but pangs he, from th' incursion, drew.
Yet Alaric, concealing dread alarms,
A council called of elders great in arms;
With length of hair and furry skins o'erspread,
The Getæ fathers, to the senate, sped:

The scars of honour, on each brow, remained;
The spear in hand, their feeble steps, sustained:
Still bearing arms, old age, for aid, relied
On lofty weapons, as a staff, applied.
Then one arose, of years, for wisdom known,
To whose advice regard was always shown;
Eyes fixed on earth; his head bereft of rest;
And, on the iv'ry prop, he forward pressed:
" If I," said he, " the number well have told,
" Away have thirty winters nearly rolled,
" Since we o'erleaped the rapid Ister's course,
" And braved, so many years, the Roman force.
" But war, O Alaric! thy troops ne'er placed
" Where such alarming perils might be traced.
" Believe an ancient friend, whose length of age
" Has passed in fields amid the battle's rage,
" Who, oft in tender years, thy wish, supplied,
" And, on thy boyish back, small quivers, tied,
" Was wont parental kindnesses to show,
" And, to thy shoulders, fit a little bow:
" Who warned thee, faith of treaties, to maintain,
" In Thessaly, securely to remain.
" But youthful ardour, with impetuous sway,
" From paths of prudence, hurried thee away.
" O hear my prayer! avoid those dangers dire,
" And, while far off the foe, from hence retire;
" With rapid movement, quit Hesperia's soil;
" Nor rashly risk, by seeking further spoil,
" To lose thy booty, like the wolf in folds,
" Which, former guilt to meet, the shepherd holds.
" Why Tuscan vineyards always dost thou name?
" To me, why Rome and Tiber's waves, the same?

" If truth we learn from those in days of yore,
" Not one, who arms against the city bore,
" Victorious laurels thence could ever take:
" The gods, their sacred temples, ne'er forsake.
" 'Tis said that, on their foes, dread thunder flies,
" And Rome receives protection from the skies.
" But, if inclined, Olympus' pow'r, to dare,
" Of Stilicho, so much renowned, beware,
" Who, all his might, against injustice, bends,
" And FORTUNE always, on his steps, attends.
" Remember how, the num'rous Getæ, dead,
" In hateful piles he, o'er Arcadia, spread;
" The blood in torrents, by his legions, spilled,
" Which, Grecian streams, with ruddy horrours, filled;
" And, had not favour, from the ORIENT throne,
" By treachery procured, to thee been shown,
" Assuming laws to form a specious blind,
" Thou, in the conflict, hadst thy life resigned."
WHILE thus the vet'ran talked without disguise,
The chief, upon him, kept infuriate eyes;
At length the rage, that swelled his bosom, broke,
And, flames of anger o'er his cheek, he spoke:
" IF not, by age devoid of vigour, left,
" And, ev'ry manly sense, thy mind, bereft,
" Which claim indulgence, ne'er should Danube flow,
" And see these shameful words unpunished go.
" Shall I, who, num'rous CÆSARS, put to flight,
" Which Hebrus' waters witnessed with delight:
" Shall I, persuasions such as these, allow,
" To whom all NATURE's regulations bow?
" We, who have mountains seen submissly lie
" Beneath our feet, and rapid rivers dry?

" The Getic gods and our forefather' shade
" Will ne'er, with adverse course, our steps, degrade.
" These pleasing climes I'll firmly hold till death:
" The conquest not surrender, but with breath.
" I've, mighty towns and nations, forced to yield;
" O'errun the Alps and Po with victor's shield;
" What yet remains to call the world my own?
" The city famed:—the domes of Rome alone.
" E'en then our strength excited great surprise,
" Though clearly unsupported by allies.
" But now Illyricum, my laws, maintains,
" And fully trusts these hands to guide the reins;
" For me the Thracians, with laborious care,
" Darts, helmets, swords, abundantly prepare;
" And, towns long used to give the Latins aid,
" In arms, my tributaries, I have made.
" To me thus DESTINY has favour shown;
" The nations, yearly by my pow'rs o'erthrown,
" Our rigid orders, are compelled to take:
" Themselves to hurt, war-instruments to make;
" Soft render steel, by fire and toilsome art,
" And, direful weapons, forge, with aking heart.
" Th' IMMORTALS too, who, in high regions, dwell,
" To perseverance clearly, me, impel.
" To us no dreams:—no birds, their pinions, rear;
" But, from the wood, a voice we plainly hear,
" Exclaim,—O Alaric! no more delay;
" This very year, now Latium's Alps give way,
" E'en to the CITY penetrate shalt thou:
" 'Tis fixed, thy progress thither, to allow.
" What mind so weak, when Heav'n's decree he hears,
" To show reluctancy and doubtful fears?"

THIS said, his troops he cheered with prospects bright,
Prepared to march, and dare the sanguine fight.
He fully, on the oracles, relied,
Which filled his breast with rage and haughty pride.
O! POW'RS DIVINE, pervading realms on high,
Your answers always dubiously apply!
The truth is solely by the issue shown,
And, to the augurs e'en, remains unknown.
A stream, the CITY* called, (O strange surprise!)
Upon Liguria's furthest limits, lies.
The Getic chieftain reached at length the place,
The theatre assigned to dire disgrace;
Th' event explained th' illusive words too late:
Removed the mystick cloud, concealing FATE.
HOWEVER, Stilicho for fight prepared;
His ardour equally the cohorts shared;
With rapid steps their march they forward pressed;
His eager bands, the hero thus addressed:
" NOW, now, brave comrades, Latium's realms require,
" For injuries received, your vengeful ire;
" Remove the horrours that, our prince, aggrieve:
" The royal dome besieged, in haste relieve;
" Efface, with arms, the wound your hearts deplore,
" On Alps inflicted and Timavus' shore.
" Behold the foe that, in the Grecian field,
" Your overwhelming swords constrained to yield;

* The vestiges of Pollentia are 25 miles south-east of Turin. *Urbs*, (the CITY,) in the same neighbourhood, was a royal chase of the kings of Lombardy, and a small river which excused the prediction, " penetrabis ad urbem." CLUVER. *Ital. Antiq.* tom. I. 83, 85.

" Not strength upholds him, but intestine jars,
" Which plunged the universe in civil wars;
" While his deceit, of treaties, made a jest,
" And, falsehood, sold by turns to EAST and WEST.
" Be confident, that nations far and wide:
" Fierce Britons;—those from Rhine and Ister's side;—
" All stand prepared, and anxious conduct show:
" Stop future contests, Romans, by a blow;
" Again let glory on Ausonia wait,
" And, with your shoulders, prop a tott'ring state;
" In this encounter vengeance shall be hurled:
" A single triumph, peace, restore the world.
" 'Tis not in Thrace, where Hæmus' summits rise,
" That now the scene of bold contention lies;
" Nor are we placed where Mænalus' high shade
" Appears th' Alpheus' borders to pervade.
" Not Tegea, safety, thus our arms afford,
" Nor, Argos to protect, we wield the sword:
" Across th' intestines, war pursues its course,
" And seems, the very heart, intent to force.
" Let father Tiber, whence your sires arose,
" Beneath the buckler's umbrage, find repose."
AMID the ranks, with cheering words like these,
Now horse, now foot, the gen'ral sought to please,
Their ardour raise, as well as foreign bands,
To whom, with equal haste, he sent commands.
Obedient to the state th' Alani proved:
Where'er our trumpets called, they freely moved;
The chief* renowned, who led this nation bold,
Taught death, for Latium, glorious to behold.

* This was Saul, a Barbarian and a Pagan, who had served with

Though small his limbs, yet NATURE gave him fire,
High mind, and eyes that flamed with furious ire.
No part, without a hideous wound was seen;
The scars of honour overspread his mien;
A noble fierceness, ev'ry look displayed,
Derived from furrows, hostile spears had made.
When Stilicho his services required,
Though far away, he hastened as desired:
His squadrons eagerly he forward thrust,
And, in the conflict, bit Ausonian dust.
O happy warriour, worthy to obtain
The praise of verse and blessed Elysium's plain!
Who burned unjust suspicions to efface,
And, with his blood, disproved detraction base.
THE horse, when fell their leader, showed dismay;
The reins were turned: the troubled wings gave way;
And, these cut off, the whole inclined to flight,
When Stilicho with legions came in sight;
The succours brought of foot were gladly viewed,
And, reinforced, the battle they renewed.
WHO, highly favoured by the SISTERS NINE,
And, whom Apollo fires with pow'rs divine,
The kindnesses, by Mars, bestowed that day,
Our city's founder, fully can portray?
We ne'er more deeply made the Scythians feel
The dire effects of Latium's pointed steel;

distinguished reputation among the veteran generals of Theodosius the Great, though his name is omitted by Claudian, while he thus celebrates his virtue and fame. The battle took place on Easter day (29 March) *Anno Christi* 403.

Nor, by such slaughter, Tanais repelled,
Nor, haughty horns of Ister's borders, quelled.
With thirst of odious blood, the soldiers flew
O'er costly garments; ears that, metal, drew;
Passed heaps of silver; havock, solely sought;
On riches trampled as beneath a thought.
More charms had carnage than the golden ore:
To satiate rage, their naked swords they bore.
The foe, before the troops, with wily aim,
Threw Valens'* spoils and purple, torn from flame;
The massy cups, that wretched Greeks resigned;
From Corinth's ashes, statues showing MIND.
The fatal plunder, scattered o'er the way,
In vain, they hoped, pursuit, awhile would stay:
The monuments of grief, displayed around,
To vengeance solely, greater spur were found.
THE people lately doomed to bear the chain,
In liberty, by arms, are placed again;
And all the nations, whom the savage foe,
In fetters, forced to suffer poignant wo,
At length, by slaughter of their tyrants, free,
Imprint the grateful lip, with eager glee,
On hands still bloody from the carnage drear,
And, domes beloved, regain, and children dear.
The household wond'ring hear your suff'rings told,
And prodigies achieved by heroes bold.
O ALARIC! what sorrows rack thy breast,
Those treasures lost, by thee of late possessed,
The fruits of plunder gained through length of toil;
With howlings loud, thy wife laments the spoil,

* The emperor Valens, slain in fight against the Barbarians.

Who, on success, so thoroughly relied,
That she, her husband, gifted, with fraudful pride,
For collars rich, that Latian ladies wear,
And Roman beauties, her commands, to bear:
Already doubtless, virgins, she disdained,
From Argos, Corinth, Sparta's land, obtained.
But Nemesis, who seeks proud schemes to bar,
With indignation, turned aside her car.
No longer, victory, the Getæ knew;
Distress and poverty around them flew;
And, in a single day, the Roman sword,
Whate'er we lost in thirty years, restored.
POLLENTIA! to the latest times, my verse,
Thy beaming glory, fondly shall rehearse;
Renown transcendent waits upon thy name,
Designed for triumphs worthy rolls of fame.
O soil! to hostile forces, fatal doom!
Remembered ever, as BARBARIANS' tomb!
Within those fields*, oft Latium, vengeance, sought,
And to submission, mighty rivals, brought;
The Cimbri who, from Ocean's utmost wave,
Of old, burst lofty Alps, here found a grave.
Both nations' dust, let future times confound,
And, with united trophies, mark the ground:
" HERE Cimbri, Getæ, lie beneath the plain,
" By pow'rful Stilicho and Marius, slain;

* The identity of the Cimbric and Getic fields must be understood (like Virgil's Philippi, Georgic I. 490.) according to the loose geography of a poet. Vercellæ and Pollentia are 60 miles from each other; and the latitude is still greater, if the Cimbri were defeated in the wide and barren plain of Verona. MAFFEI, *Verona Illustrata*, P. i. p. 54—62.

" From these dread blows, O furious nations! learn,
" The Roman strength, distinctly to discern!"

PANEGYRICK

ON

THE SIXTH CONSULSHIP

OF

HONORIUS.

PREFACE.

EACH wish that, through the day, pervades the mind,
The sense retraces when to sleep resigned.
The hunter, led his limbs at rest to lay,
Still in idea seeks the beasts of prey;
The judge, contentions, hears; the charioteer
Imagines bounds, his horses try to clear;
The lover smiles in scenes of soft delight;
The sailor fancies rich exchange in sight;
The greedy miser, roused from slumbers deep,
The visionary wealth, desires to reap;
And, 'mid repose, the thirsty lip in vain,
From icy spring, expects a sup to gain.
ME, equally at night, the love of verse
Inclines, my usual labours, to rehearse.

Amid th' illusion, t'wards the starry sky,
I, stanzas, bore to feet of Jove on high;
And as, when SOMNUS, drowsy clouds, extends,
Conception, favour to the image, lends,
I thought the gods and sacred choirs around,
Of their applause, my lines deserving, found.
Enceladus o'ercome, engaged my strains,
And huge Typhœus, charged with heavy chains;
Oppressed by Ætna's weight, the former lies:
Beneath Inarimé, the other sighs.
The joy that, through Celestial regions, rang,
When Jove, with Phlegra's spoils, returned,—I sang.
My dreams are proved;—the vision justly smiled:
No iv'ry* with deceit the truth beguiled;
Behold the prince;—the domes of sov'reign pow'r:
Aloft, like proud Olympus' top, they tow'r;
The venerated band that met the view;
Th' IMMORTALS, such my recollection drew;
SLEEP, nothing greater to the sense, could raise:
To me the palace, gods the same, displays.

* Alluding to the two gates of SLEEP, the one of *Horn* and the other of *Ivory*. Dreams of truth pass through the former; those of false appearances, the latter.

To FORTUNE, if our sires raised fanes of gold,
When heroes, from the wars, returned of old,
Did she, more sumptuous temples, e'er desire,
For merit, greater recompense, require,
Than when anew, to grace the coming year,
Amid the city, Consul-robes appear?
Nor in the field of Mars an urn 's displayed,
To which, through custom, useless tribute's paid;
No foreign image, to the sight, is shown,
A shadow vain, that play alone would own.
At length the palace sees the dress once more,
That, with delight, the natives always wore;
And, Romulus, where Mars' enclosure stands,
Plebeians joining with heroick bands,
The god of war, amid his field*, renews
The suffrages, that Rome with transport views.
Such, such the year, Evander's hill† bestows
On fav'ring birds‡, where Tiber's water flows!

* Where the consuls were elected. † Mount Palatine.
‡ The twelve vultures.

If all the times, that bear the prince's name,
Have, by success, to augurs yielded fame,
And VICTORY has shown her smiling mien,
Whene'er, before his steps, were AXES seen:
What happy promises, on this, await,
Conjoined the sov'reign and the city's state!
  FOR, like Chaldæans who, when planets rise,
To highest regions of the vaulted skies,
And, beaming rays, expand through ether's space,
Felicity assured, to mortals, trace:
The Zodiack thus that, Latium's palace, sways,
Th' imperial star aloft to Rome, displays;
The hopes of Italy engage the sight,
And promised triumphs spread around delight.
  WHEN bright Apollo, altars to survey
In Northern climes, from Delphi bears his ray,
No virtues then Castalia's waters show:
The waves, like those from common sources, flow;
With vilest shrubs the laurel's honours sleep;
And grots deserted, mournful silence, keep.
But if the beaming god of day arrives;
If back his griffins in the yoke he drives;
From Scythia's chilly confines, turns the rein,
And, to survey the tripod, seeks again:
Then caverns, woods, resume their former tone;
Once more the fountains' excellence is shown;
Religious horrour pours from limpid springs;
Through temples' deep recesses, ECHO rings;
And, from the craggy rocks where learning lies,
The oracles' prognostications rise.
  To Palatine's high mount, see homage flows!
A god thereon, his constant smiles, bestows;

The people hear, from ev'ry side, resound
Predictions cheering, more delightful found,
Than those of Delphi:—laurel-boughs divine,
Commands, receive, our standards to intwine.
No other residence was ever made,
For those, whose pow'rs, the universe, pervade;
Such noble dignity no hill displays,
Nor, equal magnitude of empire, sways.
The lofty palace, tow'ring to the sky,
Beholds below the courts of justice lie;
The num'rous temples round, and ramparts strong,
That, to th' immortal deities, belong;
The THUND'RER's domes; suspended giant-race
Upon the summit of Tarpeian space;
The sculptured doors; in air the banners spread;
The num'rous tow'rs that hide in clouds their head;
The columns girt with naval prows of brass;
The various buildings raised on terreous mass,
The works of NATURE joining human toils;
And arcs of triumph decked with splendid spoils.
The glare of metal strikes upon the sight,
And sparkling gold o'erpow'rs with dazzling light.
O PRINCE! rememb'rest thou, with fond desire,
A child, thou ask'dst this mansion from thy sire?
He, star divine! in all his life, ne'er proved
More truly blessed, than when, with thee, he moved,
Amid the ramparts, Romulus had raised:
Examples, imitated highly praised;
The citizens approached him, void of fear;
With these he jested: heard their harmless jeer;

And equally the proud patrician's dome,
Was seen to enter, or the humble home;
No haughty looks appeared upon his face,
But all was affability and grace.
When royal majesty, with lib'ral ease,
Descends from grandeur's lofty height, to please,
And mixes modestly with subjects round,
The grateful people's love is endless found.
WHILE new to life, and yet, with splendid glare,
No diadem was placed to bind thy hair,
Great Theodosius, thee his partner, made:
Thy tender limbs in purple robes, displayed;
And, in his bosom triumphs to await,
With care prepared thee to direct the state.
The nations, who, their footsteps hither, bent,
Of diff'rent tongues;—the Persian nobles sent,
Behold thee by thy sire, when peace they sought,
The knee inclined, and full submission brought.
With thee beside him, lib'ral gifts he threw
To those whose deeds of arms attention drew:
In robes of state, to walls of sacred name,
Where sat th' assembled senators, he came,
Held up, to Latian love, his precious boy,
And, in affairs the heir, would fain employ.
Then Rome's firm roots, upon thy bosom, fixed,
Increased in depth, and with the vitals mixed;
The city, in thy infancy revered,
To thee, as youth advanced, more dear appeared;
Nor lofty tow'rs, the Bosphorus displays,
Could change thy mind, though seen in early days.
And when thy royal sire, with playful air,
The fav'rite walls, would tempt thee to declare,

Thou to thy brother leftst the EASTERN throne,
The treasures destined to become his own.
" Let him," thou criedst, " the soft Assyrians sway:
" The shores where Nile and Tigris take their way;
" And mine be Rome, th' imperial domes that rise,
" The ancient realms, that beam in WESTERN skies."
O PRINCE! thy ardent wish accomplished stands:
Another tyrant, crushed by FORTUNE's hands,
For thee now Latium anxiously was sought;
And, when the troops a second time had fought,
In haste thou, quitting palaces sublime,
From EAST, repair'dst to OCCIDENTAL clime,
Thy sire, to thee, intrusted empire's toils,
Hesperia, twice regained from civil broils.
Serena e'en, the ORIENT skies, forsook,
With thee her way through towns Illyrian, took:
All dangers braving, with a mother's mind,
Watched Latium's prince, to her a son, designed.
When Theodosius, doomed by FATE, repaired
To azure skies, and starry splendour shared;—
While perils seemed, her cares, to overwhelm,
Again she carried, to her uncle's realm,
To camps where, martial troops, her husband led,
The precious charge, preserved from havock dread;
And, 'mid the anxious tenderness bestowed,
The fond attentions, that the couple showed,
The hero, Stilicho, from wedded charms,
Received Honorius in his eager arms.
How blessed thy sire, who could on thee rely
For empire's safety, when he soared on high!
What joy, from Heav'n's ethereal range, to see
His steps, that led to fame, pursued by thee!

In Europe's plains and Libya's fertile fields,
Two haughty enemies displayed their shields:
Mount Atlas gave, to savage Gildo, birth,
And Alaric first breathed on Peucé's earth;
Their impious boldness often would engage,
And seemingly contemn, thy father's rage.
The one, to Hebrus' banks, confined his course,
A rapid stream that flows from Thracian source;
The other, proudly spurning all commands,
When war approached, refused to bring his bands;
For treaties, showing openly disdain,
Audaciously he seized the Libyan plain.
Their chastisement, thy father fondly views,
When, in remembrance, he, those feuds, pursues;
And triumphs in a son who, vengeance dire,
Has taken on the foes, that raised his ire.
With dreadful blow, Orestes' falchion spilt
Ægisthus' blood, to punish impious guilt;
But, if the crime, that raised his vengeful sword,
To pious glory, doubtful claims, afford,
A mother's death, howe'er her faults might move,
Must, on the son, a blot for ever prove.
Augustus sacrificed, to Cæsar's shade,
The foes who, hatred of the name, displayed;
With sanctity he vainly masked the stain:
In floods of tears the country wept the slain.
But here the int'rests which, thy parent, wait,
With those are blended, that attend the state:
Secure is seen the publick safety now;
A double laurel twines around thy brow;
The vengeance dire, for Theodosius, hurled,
Has liberty at once restored the world.

When Gildo, captive made, I lately sang,
Pierian strings, my lyre Parnassian rang;
The Getæ force, by Stilicho laid low,
I sounded recently with tuneful bow;
The Muses now I anxiously invite,
Thy coming to behold with fond delight,
Detail beginnings thy career has run,
The battles fought, and glorious trophies won.
The savage chieftain, in Pollentia's field,
By slaughter dread, constrained at length to yield,
Though spared his life, (necessity's demand,)
And thinned the number of Barbarian band;
Forced Latium's realm to quit; his riches lost;
At once from grandeur's lofty summit tost;
Compelled the will of Fortune to obey:
With ignominious shame, traced back his way.
The pirate-vessel thus, on liquid plain,
With plunder crammed, the fruit of impious gain,
Awhile, the dread of seas, destroys the fleets:
At length, a ship of force superior, meets;
Prepares, as usual, for the promised spoil,
But soon perceives, how vain the bloody toil:
Her sailors slaughtered; spreading canvass torn;
The rudder useless; yards in fragments borne;
The sport of waves, and winds that, billows, sweep:
At last is swallowed by the briny deep.
So, from the city, Alaric removed,
Ausonia, fled, his threats illusive proved.
When he approached, the paths were open laid:
Now difficulties ev'ry turn displayed;
Each pass, closed up, was pictured to his mind;
And, streams of late contemned, he feared behind.

ERIDANUS*, within his glassy grot,
As yet a stranger to th' eventful lot,
Revolved huge cares, which pained his anxious breast;—
The consequence of wars that, all, oppressed:
If Jove, the empire, would protection lend?—
Give peace to Rome?—the Latian laws defend?—
Or, to their ancient liberties a foe,
Again, like brutes of old, let mortals grow?
While high solicitude engaged his thought,
To him, in haste a Naiad, tidings, brought;
Her hair hung loosely; to his arms she ran,
And, thus to speak, with eagerness began:
" BEHOLD this savage Alaric," she cried,
" No longer triumphs gratify his pride;
" Not such as lately on these borders seen:
" With wonder, father, view his humbled mien;
" How sweet to count the few that now are found,
" Of all his swarms, that overran the ground!
" Quit shades of grief; give lamentations o'er;
" And, pleasure to our sister nymphs, restore."
WHEN this was said, the god, from humid cave,
His brow raised high above the flowing wave;
The splendid horns of gold, that graced his head,
On all the shores, a bright reflection spread.
No humble reed, whence dewy drops distilled,
The tresses' place, about his temples, filled,
A verdant shade th' Heliades supplied,
And amber trickled down on ev'ry side.
Upon his back, which huge extent displayed,
An azure mantle's flowing folds were laid;

* The river Po.

There Phaeton, with all around on fire,
Appeared to drive the chariot of his sire;
His bosom, on a pitcher, seemed to rest,
Amid the stars in colours bright expressed.
For SOL thereon, in ether's lofty space,
Was led himself, in various griefs, to trace:
To feathered swan the aged monarch*, changed;
The sisters fond, as leafy trees arranged;
And equally the stream that laved his son,
When he, the thread of life, had nearly run.
In icy space the charioteer remained;
The Hyades, their brother's footsteps, gained;
And, on his outstretched wings, old Cycnus lay,
Companion, moistened by the Milky-way.
Th' Eridanus moved on, with bending course,
To parts where SOUTHERN WINDS extend their force;
And passed below, where huge Orion stands,
With sword that, starry splendour, far expands.
The flowing god, in splendid habit dressed,
Beheld the Getæ flee with fallen crest.
" O ALARIC! why thus in haste," he cried,
" Back steps to trace?—dost thou a change decide?
" For thee, has Italy no charms that please?
" Thy horse, in Tiber's meads, not fed at ease,
" As thou wert led to hope? nor has thy plough
" Made furrows on Etruria's fertile brow?
" Wretch! worthy Hell's worst pains, with giant rage,
" Durst thou, the city of the gods, engage!
" Nor Phaeton, by his disastrous fall,
" Could, thy infuriate eagerness, appal,

* Cycnus. See Ov. *Met.* VII. *Fab.* 13.

" Who, from the lofty skies, by thunder cast,
" Within our undulations, breathed his last,
" While rashly he expected to command
" The flaming curbs of Heav'n, with mortal hand,
" And vainly fancied, beaming light of day,
" His earthly countenance would round display!
" Whoe'er, believe me, thinks Rome's spoils to gain,
" As well may hope to guide the Solar rein."
THIS said, he called, while raised above his wave,
Ligurian streams, and those that, Venice, lave:
The clear Ticinus, and the Addua blue,
Their humid heads, from verdant borders, drew;
Timavus' floods, that from nine sources flow;
Swift Athesis; and Mincius always slow.
These jeered the fleeing Alaric aloud,
And, back to peaceful meads, asked flocks to crowd.
Now Pan, they called, from mount Lycæus' lawns,
The nimble Dryads and the rustic Fauns.
VERONA too, thou gav'st no pressure small
To Latium's triumph and the Getic fall;
Nor Asta's ramparts, nor Pollentia's field,
More real glory to Ausonia yield.
Before those walls, no treaties sacred proved,
The savage chieftain, still 'mid slaughters, moved;
In spite of hazards, tried, however late,
By perils dire, to change impendent FATE.
In vain his fury!—perjuries were nought;—
The DESTINIES denied whate'er he sought;
On carcasses of num'rous soldiers dead,
Voracious birds, with eager hunger, fed;
The Athesis, unfriendly bodies, bore,
And changed th' Ionian floods to human gore.

The treaty broken, Stilicho, with haste,
To take the field, in order, forces, placed;
Away from Rome now danger too was far,
The Po, with flowing stream, divided war.
The hero, joy, received, the foe to find,
Whom perfidy had marked, to brawls resigned;
With firm example, troops he forward thrust,
In spite of burning heat and clouds of dust.
His sword in hand, he flew from part to part;
Where'er required, prepared the dreadful dart;
If Latian soldiers, faint and weak, gave way,
Th' auxiliaries he brought without delay,
Who stood secure, and eagerly at length,
He, Ister, overpow'red with kindred strength;
The battle thus producing double gain,
Since, by BARBARIANS, savage hordes were slain.
O Alaric! how nearly had thy breath
Been yielded up to Stilicho, in death;
But, 'mong th' Alani, one imprudent son,
By folly, marred the measures, well begun.
Thou, nearly captive, press'dst thy weary steed,
The whip with force appliedst to haste his speed.
Nor feel we grief that thou hast fled our ire:
Go, show how few have scaped from havock dire;
What numbers thou surviv'st of Danube's race;
Proclaim our triumph by thy own disgrace!
  HOWE'ER, the slaughter dread around displayed
Had not his savage nature quite dismayed;
Some secret path o'er mountains steep he sought,
Through which his vanquished forces might be brought,

Across the craggy rocks, desired to crawl,
And enter Rhætia and the climes of Gaul.
But Stilicho, who prudence great disclosed,
With eager steps, his deep design, opposed;
For who, that mind divine, can circumvent,—
That vigilance, to guard the realm, intent?
The hero's plans were thoroughly concealed:
The wily enemy's as oft revealed.
The drift of Getæ, straight the former knew,
And, to prevent their schemes, his cohorts, drew.
The foe, his aim, unable to fulfil,
'Mid trembling fears encamped on one small hill.
Though bitter leaves his horse was forced to crop,
And bark of trees could hunger scarcely stop;—
Though dire disease, from meats putrescent, rose,
While summer's heat increased destructive woes;—
And haughty soldiers taunted him around;—
His babes, their captives, showed in fetters bound:
Nor pestilence, nor Famine's hideous mien,
Which, ev'ry horrour, added to the scene,
Nor grief for richest plunder, borne away,
Nor shame, nor rage for loss of valued prey,
Nor insolence could dare him to the field,
Where he, of late, so oft was forced to yield.
The victor's wreath, no triumphs more attest,
Than when the foe's impuissance is confessed.
And now desertions, num'rous ev'ry hour,
Left bare the camp, and rendered less his pow'r;
Nor was sedition in concealment held,
But presently to open tumult swelled;
The horse and foot, alike possessed with fright,
Threw off disguise and freely took to flight.

Their savage leader followed, full of rage,
And war, against his troops, was seen to wage.
Then prayers and tears he used, each called by name,
Reminded them of former toils and fame,
In vain, his bosom, offered to their steel;
The load of ills he fully seemed to feel;
And, in the soldiers deaf to all commands,
Of ev'ry pow'r deprived he saw his hands.

THE hoary father thus, on Hybla's top,
With brass of Cybelé, seeks bees to stop,
Tries tinkling sounds to call, while yet in view,
The swarms that, rapid flight, from combs, pursue;
At length exhausted with the silly noise,
Laments the honey lost, his promised joys,
The labourers that, old retreats, have left,
And hives, of all their sweetest stores, bereft.

BUT when, with slackened reins, grief's poignant force
Allowed his words again their wonted course,
On Alpine heights he turned his humid eyes,
The well known summits saw with heavy sighs,
FATE's thread how changed! revolving in his breast,
His present steps, and former entrance blessed.
A single word then fixed the battle's rage;
Shook walls; each spear was ready to engage;
The craggy rocks, that high their apex reared,
No obstacles deserving heed, appeared:—
Now, void of hope, those hills beheld his face,
Constrained, his daring inroad, back to trace.
A last regard he, on Ausonia, threw,
Which, from his lips, these words desponding, drew:
" O REGION! fatal to the Getæ found,
" With inauspicious auguries around,

" The bloody desolation widely spread,
" At length allow to sate thy vengeance dread.
" I, who above the world myself believed,
" With smiles of FORTUNE on thy bounds received,
" Now, like an exile driven from the state,
" Condemned by laws that, guilty crimes, await,
" Am chased by foes, to direful rage resigned,
" Whose breath is heard, so near they press behind.
" Thus wretched left, while horrours fell prevail,
" Which slaughter first, which last, shall I bewail?
" Not thou alone, Pollentia, giv'st me pain,
" The loss of plundered treasures in thy plain,
" This rig'rous lot, Mars' questionable care,
" And fate of arms, I undismayed could bear,
" Still round me cavalry and foot remained;
" With these conjoined the Apennines I gained,
" High hills, th' inhabitants affirm to run,
" From where Liguria's confines are begun,
" To Sicily, Pelorus' tow'ring space,
" Comprising fully all th' Italian race,
" The chain's continued range, two seas, divides,
" And reaches waves that lash on distant sides.
" My first intention, prompted by despair,
" I followed up, all dangers bent to dare,
" Here took my course;—those heights to travel o'er,
" Exerted ev'ry nerve:—what could I more?
" Myself would freely in the field expire,
" The Roman realm involved in one dread fire;
" The vanquisher, who saw my parting breath,
" Perhaps might, in the conflict, meet his death.
" Yet, in their hands, were left not spoils alone,
" But darling babes, and wives we fondly own.

" E'en had I led these forces well prepared,
" By Stilicho we risked to be insnared.
" Alas! his stratagems how spread around:
" Him always fatal, has my glory found.
" While he pretended, sympathy, to show,
" My people he disarmed without a blow,
" And me, beyond the Po, forced war to move:
" Oh! worse than slavery these treaties prove!
" The fearless strength of Getæ then declined,
" And I, to DEATH's decrees, my life resigned.
" The victor's clemency displays such charms,
" Th' effects our soldiers feel far more than arms.
" Mars' dangers greater prove, by peace when veiled;
" And e'en myself at times, through frauds, have failed.
" Now, where, for solace,—counsel, shall I fly?
" On comrades, less than foes, I can rely.
" O! these companions, how I wish that all
" Had, in the slaughter dread, been doomed to fall!
" For those, in bloody fight, who suffered death,
" 'Mid faithful service, yielded up their breath.
" Far better perish by the stubborn steel,
" Than, me their perfidy, allow to feel.
" Does none his firm fidelity display?
" My very kindred, angry, turn away.
" Why hold I hated life?—where find a place,
" To hide the fragments saved from dire disgrace?
" What skies, from Stilicho, will spare my fears,
" Where sounds of Latium's pow'r ne'er grate our ears?"
THIS said, and Rome's dread eagles just in sight,
With trembling, Alaric continued flight;
His cheek was pale; grim FAMINE nigh him seen;
Grief's livid spots o'erspread his wounded mien;

And num'rous maladies, diseases fell
Around him raging, vomited by Hell.
THE learned priest thus, round the victim, turns
The od'rous torch that, pitch and brimstone, burns,
The limbs, besprinkles with the holy dew,
Invokes, with herbs to sacred uses true,
The cruel gods that he, to drive, prepares:
To Jove and chaste Diana, offers prayers;
His hand aloft he raises o'er his head;
To SOUTHERN GALES the torch inflamed is spread;
Away, in flight, repair, to distant climes,
The dread enchantments, source of horrid crimes.
THE senators,—plebeians too, desired,
With eagerness, to see the prince admired;
Honorius' coming, though so oft delayed,
Inquiries still, their ardent wish, displayed.
With less accord our ancestors, of old,
Sighed, 'mid the city, Trajan to behold,
When he, the Dacians, to submission, brought;—
The furious NORTHERN hordes, obedience taught;—
RODS fixed on Hypanis;—Mæotis' shore,
Constrained the laws of Latium to adore.
Nor thou, for clemency and virtues, famed,
O! Marcus Antoninus, *Pius* named,
Wast by the people equally caressed,
When in the temples they, regard, expressed,
On thy return, with FORTUNE's favours, crowned,
Hesperia, freed from fierce BARBARIANS round.
The laurel wreaths, our armies then obtained,
Were not, by those who led the cohorts, gained;
A show'r of fire, from regions high, was shed:
The horses, scorched, with frightened warriours fled;

The helmet, spear, and sword, by lightning's rays,
Dissolved in vapour 'mid the glitt'ring blaze.
The fight was managed by the gods' commands,
The pow'rs above the skies, not mortal-hands;
Or Heav'nly forces, by Chaldæan charms,
On earth, perhaps, were drawn to carry arms:
Or, I suppose, the piety displayed
By Marcus, fully gained the THUND'RER's aid.
Nor would Olympus now have, help, denied,
Had falt'ring strength appeared on Latium's side:
But Providence no disposition showed,
To take, from soldiers, what to toil they owed,
And let the lightning share the laurel crown,
Designed for him whose virtues claimed renown.
THE nobles sent, as oft returned the same:
The answers clearly marked delay the aim;
Till ROME, afflicted by the tardy way,
Burst forth from secret domes, disclosed her ray,
And, by complaints her own, expressed with force,
She overcame thy dilatory course:
" O PRINCE!" she cried, " too long a mother's grief,
" To thee has looked in silence for relief.
" What I, so ardently, desire to gain,
" Shall thus Liguria constantly retain?—
" The Rubicon, aside to turn our joy,
" Shall, intervals, that give us pain, employ?—
" From Tiber's banks, divert that splendour bright,
" Which, with thy name, is sure to yield delight?
" Oh! was it not enough to slight applause,
" When Africa again obeyed the laws,

" And gave the city hope, the prince, to view?
" Will, thy reluctant ears, no prayers subdue?
" Two chosen coursers, white as driven snow,
" Have I prepared, the rein from thee, to know;—
" An arch erected of triumphal fame,
" Designed for consecration by thy name,
" Where thou mightst enter, in the splendid dress;
" The monument eternally express,
" To future times, the glorious battles won:
" Rebellious Libya by thy arms o'errun.
" Already was prepared the sumptuous sight,
" To please the THUND'RER on Tarpeia's height:
" A noble fleet, in metal nicely made,
" To plough the golden wave, by rowers' aid;
" Massylian cities, models well combined,
" Before the victor's car, to move designed;
" Then Triton, drawn by horses captive led,
" And olive branches twined around his head;
" Encircling cohorts, with the weighty mass,
" Of Atlas' trembling form, a slave, in brass,
" Jugurtha's punishment designed to bear,
" By force and arms obliged the chain to wear,
" Not seized by Bocchus' wiles nor Sylla's stroke:
" Condemned to bend the neck beneath the yoke.
" Such facts as these howe'er I'll not recall;
" But shall the laurels gained by Getæ-fall,
" From me be borne to regions far away?—
" What places better can such wreaths display?
" Thy former merits, those delays, accuse,
" And conscious virtues longer won't refuse,
" To let thee, favour to these ramparts, show,
" Which, to thy lib'ral cares, existence owe.

" Now summer's sithes, a hundred fold, have mown
" The yellow harvests on Mount Ida grown;
" As oft the year, beneath a consul new,
" Has games renewed, which none e'er twice can view;
" In twenty lustres, which to mem'ry rise,
" Three diff'rent times, have CÆSARS met my eyes;
" But broils intestine then the cause appeared,
" That, to their glory, trophies high were reared.
" They doubtless proudly came to show their cars,
" With Latian blood bedewed in civil wars.
" Will any one believe, a mother kind,
" To see her children weep, can pleasure find?
" If horrid tyrants yielded up their breath,
" Yet, pangs severe, I suffered by their death.
" Though Cæsar, Gallic trophies, proudly showed,
" He, silence to Pharsalia's triumph, owed.
" For when fraternal troops in fight engage,
" And banners known, war 'gainst each other wage,
" Defeat is wretchedness, and those who gain
" The victor's name, no honour thence obtain.
" O prince! let glory take her ancient way:
" Now, at my feet, those recompenses lay,
" So long disused, which, wreaths to valour, yield,
" When wrested from the foe in open field.
" Each guilty triumph, let thy conquests blot,
" With rightful spoils, from fierce BARBARIANS got.
" Why far away does pow'r imperial roam?—
" As if expulsed, the empire keep from home?
" My palaces, that gave, to others, name,
" Why thus neglected stands their ancient frame?

" Or confidently does the world believe,
" No laws the universe can hence receive?
" Though fixed 'mid skies remains the god of day,
" Yet all is lighted by his beaming ray.
" Did those, who dwelled beneath our roof of old,
" The Rhine and Ister's reins more loosely hold?
" Did Tigris and Euphrates tremble less,
" When Medes and Indians, anxious to express
" Desire of amity, my dome implored,
" With ardent prayers, that peace might be restored?
" Those men, my walls possessed whom VIRTUE chose;
" In turn to honours, by their worth, they rose:
" For Rome's affairs on rolls of consuls placed:
" To publick voice, not blood, the series traced;
" The Ætian race here, sprung from Nerva's sire;—
" The PIUS'*:—and Severus' martial ire.
" O prince! amid this circle, let thy mien,
" Again, by us, with highest joy be seen;—
" The pomp displayed in former days renew,
" When, by thy sire, a boy thou metst our view;—
" Due homage pay thy youth, let Tiber's tide:
" Thy consort's father moving by thy side."
WITH accents mild, Honorius, silence, broke,
And thus, her plaints to soften, kindly spoke:
" O GODDESS! never shalt thou, cause for grief,
" Derive from my refusing thee relief:
" It would be great injustice to withdraw
" Attention from the mother of our law.
" When Libya bowed, to prayers we then gave way,
" (Complaints, like these unfounded, drop I pray,)

* Marcus Antoninus Pius.

" Amid thy ramparts, in the curule chair,
" Raised high was Stilicho, applause to share;
" The consul for the prince appeared with grace:
" The sire-in-law supplied the sov'reign's place.
" In him was I beheld; the truth I feel;
" Exploits, not ties alone, his love, reveal.
" I scarcely, with a hundred tongues, could tell,
" For me,—the world,—his actions that excel.
" To thee however, one, I will relate,
" Which FAME perhaps has ne'er been led to state;
" These eyes bear witness to the just applause:
" Myself at once spectator and the cause.
" The scourge, that Greece and Thrace, had overrun,
" Grown insolent by battles often won,
" Who, bursting Alps, with frantick fury flew;—
" Troops, round Liguria's trembling cities, drew;—
" The winter's frosts (to which, in native earth,
" His savage forces were inured from birth,)
" Of great advantage, to his projects, proved:
" Fierce threats were used;—to form the siege he moved;
" Me, to confine 'mid broken walls, he thought:
" Fond hopes to feed through dreadful terrours, sought;
" That, far from succours, and by fears beset,
" I might allow him, peace at will, to get.
" But not susceptive was my breast of fright;—
" Convinced the gen'ral would be soon in sight,
" And mindful, Rome, of heroes dear to FAME,
" Who death preferred to loss of glory's name.
" The shades of night had overspread the skies:
" BARBARIAN fires, like stars, I saw arise;
" The trump was heard, the first relief, to sound;
" When Stilicho arrived from NORTHERN bound.

" The foe, between us, howsoever, lay;
" His interposing army shut the way,
" And held the bridge, that Addua's water laves,
" Dividing banks with rapid, foaming waves.
" How act?—Delay, should Latium's leader try?—
" The peril seemed an instant to deny.
" Cross hostile ranks, should he a passage force?—
" The troops were few attendant on his course;
" For numerous allies and cohorts brave,
" He left behind, when us intent to save.
" Thus placed in doubt, he thought his army slow,
" Their coming long, and wished to give the blow;
" Inflamed by virtue and affection true,
" Disdaining life while dangers rose to view,
" With naked sword he pressed BARBARIAN band,
" And, tents, like lightning burst with pow'rful hand.
" Now to my mem'ry rise the poet's lays,
" On Diomed, bestowing highest praise,
" Who, confident Ulysses' aid to reap,
" Pierced Thracian camps where Rhesus lay asleep,
" Amid his troops through feasts in torpor thrown :—
" By treach'rous Dolon, to the quarter, shown;
" And, to the Grecians, captive horses, bore,
" More fleet than winds that press the WESTERN shore;
" Their skins, if safely faith we may repose
" On vaunting MUSES, white as driven snows.
" See one, whom frauds nor sleep, no help, afford,
" Who boldly opes a passage by his sword,
" With blood besprinkled comes, the object won,
" As much above the fame of Tydeus' son,
" As day excels the night in charming smiles,
" And open fight transcends insidious wiles.

" Besides, the foe, protection to provide,
" High banks possessed upon the river's side;
" And Rhesus, such defence had ne'er obtained
" If, on the watch, he always had remained.
" 'Twas first in Thrace the vital air he drew:
" That clime, from Alaric, now conquest, knew.
" No darts, our hero, from his course, could move:
" No obstacles, the flowing waters prove.
" So Cocles braved the threat'ning Tuscan band,
" While able, on the tott'ring bridge, to stand;
" Then bore his buckler, cross the Tiber's wave,
" With which the city he, protection, gave;
" And, from the stream, while Tarquin stood aghast,
" Back, look indignant, on Porsenna, cast.
" Our sire-in-law, swift Addua, traversed o'er;
" But, when the other sought the surgy shore,
" His back he, to th' Etrurian force, disclosed:
" To Getæ, Stilicho, his heart, opposed.
" O Rome! in learned circles, glory raise;
" Let eloquence portray the hero's praise;
" And may applause reecho merits choice:
" Our parent worthy of the publick voice!"
THIS said, in air Honorius' banners flew;
Ravenna's ancient walls were lost to view;
Behind,—the Po, and port which Nereus laves,
By settled laws with adventitious waves;
Light ships, as runs the stream, now safely glide,
And now return, conducted by the tide:
The surge o'erflows, then quits the shores again,
Like Lunar pressures on the briny main.
From Fanum's walls where FORTUNE's temples rise,
Th' imperial sov'reign cast his eager eyes,

Upon the craggy vale that lies below,
In which, 'mid rocks, Metaurus' waters flow,
The mountain pierce, by means of human art:
From thence across the living arch, depart;
Along the clefted path extend their course;
A passage to the THUND'RER'S altars, force,
And those in stone that high their summits rear,
Which shepherds, in the Apennines, revere,
Affection led thee to Clitumnus' stream,
Those floods to VICTORY we sacred deem,
Which offer herds, with skins like Winter's snow,
On Latium's triumphs splendour to bestow.
Nor did the fountain famed escape thy sight,
Those prodigies that, scrutiny, invite:
When reached with silent steps, all seems at rest;—
But, if 'mid noise, emotion, is expressed.
Each wave, by Nature, can reflection raise;—
These imitate alone the human ways.
From thence high Narnia, that o'erlooks the plain,
Thy royal courser's steps were seen to gain,
And, near, the stream that, sulph'rous surface, shows,
From which the lofty city's name arose;
Confined by dusky woods, the river glides:
Beneath oak-foliage, laves two mountains' sides;
With num'rous curves the waters onward move,
And, always pale, in ev'ry flexure, prove.
At length, in view, the Tiber's current came;—
The arches sacred to triumphant FAME;
Huge monuments around the CITY placed,
With which Honorius' entry might be graced.
As seeks the mother, with attentive care,
Her girl, for promised wedlock to prepare,

When she, the lover, anxiously expects:
With trembling hand the blooming fair, she decks;
The robe and girdle smooths in which she's dressed;
A verdant jasper, places on her breast;
With costly gems, the flowing hair, confines;
A precious collar, round her neck, intwines;
And, to the ears, delightful pearl, suspends,
That, elegancy, to the features, lends:
So ROME, desirous thy regards to gain,
Tried, for her hills, additions to obtain;
With fresh renown more glorious still to rise,
And, highest grandeur, offer to thy eyes;
New ramparts, lately raised, diffused delight,
Completed when the Getæ caused affright;
Each hand, to labour, direful terrour taught;
The works, in haste, were to perfection brought;
And, wondrous change! old-age's furrows wide,
From peace derived, by war were laid aside;
Straight, tow'rs arose: a chain of walls was reared;
And, o'er the sev'n proud hills, youth's charms appeared.
The sky itself, propitious to our will,
With soft serenity, seemed, air, to fill;
And, though the night effused incessant show'rs,
Clouds fled the prince and SOL's resplendent pow'rs;
For, prior days, dark vapours overspread,
And, on earth's surface, heavy floods were shed.
The moon, just new, was moist with SOUTHERN gale,
That, at thy coming, radiance might prevail.
FROM where Mount Palatine's famed summit stands,
To spacious paths, the Milvian bridge commands,
A crowd extended; and the domes on high
Showed numbers gazing with impatient eye;

The men through roads in undulations rolled;
The FAIR, upon the roofs, thou mightst behold.
By anxious youth was eager fervour shown,
To view a prince, whose age was like their own.
Rassed times, the OLD contemned, and joy expressed,
That, with the present day, their eyes were blessed;
The sov'reign's easy manners much they praised:
His free access and mildness, wonder, raised;
The only CÆSAR, senators to grace,
Who let them take, before his chariot, place;
While young Eucherius, who on ev'ry side
Is closely, to the royal blood, allied,
And his imperial sister, rev'rence, claim,
Attendant on a brother's lofty fame.
So counselled Stilicho, with pious care,
The youth, for triumphs, anxious to prepare,
Who sought on greatness, honours. to bestow,
Which he, to NATURE's ties, would never show.
Old men, and those mature in reason's laws,
Conferred upon his conduct high applause;
Distinctions clear from palace-scenes of yore:
This, marks of CITIZEN, *those*, TYRANTS, bore.
The FAIR, his cheeks, in admiration, eyed,
By early years, with bloom delightful, dyed;
The diadem that, charming tresses, bound;
The pearly consul-robe, his limbs, around;
Those shoulders firm; and neck with em'ralds bright,
From RUDDY SEA, that, Bacchus, e'en might spite.
With modest blush the maid who, this, admires,
Straight, information, from her nurse, requires:
" What mean those dragons, to the standards, fixed,
" With wide-spread mouths, 'mid Roman banners, mixed?

" Float they in air and, hissing, dart below,
" With open jaws upon the wily foe?"
But when the troopers, clad in steel, she viewed,
And horse in brass, inquiries were renewed:
" These iron men, what nation?—tell me, pray;
" Metallic coursers, where discovered?—say.
" Did Lemnos' god, to metals, neighing give,
" And, for the combat, effigies that live?"
With joy 'mid fear her eager finger showed
The plumes, that crests to Juno's peacock owed,
And silk-bands, hanging down the horses' necks,
Which played on sparkling ore that, trappings, decks.
O! STILICHO, rewards for actions brave,
By thee so oft deserved, then FORTUNE gave,
When, in the city thou, with anxious eyes,
Beheldst thy son-in-law triumphant rise,—
In bloom of youth, the lofty chariot, grace;—
Which led thee, scenes in mem'ry, back to trace:—
'Mid fears great Theodosius, at his death,
Consigning thee his race with dying breath.
Now num'rous virtues, for attentions kind,
Assure thee grateful recompense to find.
Thy faith preserved the trust with firmest hand,
And tenderness sustained a child's command.
THIS, this the boy, amid the city's walls,
Who now, the Romans, to the Forum, calls,
And, seated on his father's iv'ry throne,
Reminds the senators of actions known;—
The cause of wars commenced:—the efforts made
By Latium's force, and marked success displayed:
To elders' judgment, as in days of old,
Proceeds the fate of empire to unfold;

Without exaggeration, facts, reveals,
And, nought, by means of artful phrase, conceals;
Of merit conscious, claiming highest praise,
He seeks not worth by eloquence to raise.
The prince, in Cabin gown, the nobles knew;
The senators in robes around him drew:
Beneath his auspices the banners high,
In floating air, were proudly seen to fly.
To greet her lofty altars, VICT'RY came,
The winged defence of Rome's imperial name,
Who, richest splendour to th' assembly, showed,
And great respect to holy places owed,
Companion of thy camps, unwearied found,
Her wish accomplished she perceived around,
The Romans, promised, thee with them to rest,
And by herself for ever to be blessed.
THE Sacred Way, a name with truth bestowed,
Thee, back conducted to thy sire's abode.
The publick favour strongly then was shown,
Not won by gold among the people thrown,
Nor treasures lavished in corruption's cause,
Designed to purchase prostitute applause,
But homage pure is to thy virtues paid,
And by all hearts sincerity displayed.
No precious gifts can ever be obtained,
To equal safety by affection gained.
To distant regions let ambition go:
No boons they seek who, life to kindness, owe.
AMONG the citizens, what joy appears,
When that high pow'r is seen, each heart reveres!
How sweet the recompense, the sov'reign lends,
When royal purple to the people bends,

Amid the theatre, where crowds arise:
Plebeian plaudits reach the vaulted skies;
Like thunder, ECHO, all the welkin, fills,
And sounds AUGUSTUS through the sev'nfold hills.
NOR here the horses solely take their round;
The tigers equally o'errun the ground;
The combatants, within the Circus, toil;
And Libyan blood is spilt in foreign soil.
Battalions armed here often meet the view,
In action regular, the charge pursue:
With speed advance; or seem to hasten flight;
Mars' skill displayed gives every breast delight.
When sounds the whip that, holds, the master's hand,
The warriours form, at once obey command;
Now close their flanks; aloft now raise the shield:
The buckler hoarsely creaks as, steel, they wield;
The hollow notes, that from the armour spring,
By swords' alternate beating, loudly ring.
Before the prince with sudden impulse now,
Alike in union, all the cohorts bow;
Then separate and, highest art to prove,
With regularity through windings, move:
The Minotaur's could scarcely equal those,
Or bendings where Meander's water flows.*
At length, by diff'rent ways, returns the force,
To where they first began their mazy course;
And Janus, underneath eternal bars,
Within his lasting gates, confining wars,

* In these games of Honorius, the inhuman combats of gladiators polluted, for the last time, the amphitheatre of Rome, *Anno Christi*, 404.

To PEACE presents voluptuous scenes of arms:
Delightful image! free from direful harms.
THE god, whose double front, choice garlands, shares,
Now, lucky calends, for the year, prepares:
The prince to Tiber, Brutus' robes, displays,
And, Romulus's ancient sceptre, sways;
Mount Palatine, so many ages passed,
With joy, the consul, views restored at last;
The curule chair is, to the Forum, known,
Amid our ancestors so often shown;
Again the lictor bears the golden ROD,
Around the place disused, where Trajan trod;
While Getic wreaths, the six-fold AXES, deck,
Honorius stamps on vanquished Ister's neck.
THIS year, which, birth from ancient cradle, draws,
Let, all the passed, transcend, in just applause;
No foreign honours, distant climes bestow:
The inchoations, from the senate, flow;
The opening rays at length ROME first beheld,
Which VICTORY bestowed on troubles quelled.
Let YEARS where private names alone are traced,
And those Honorius' sire and CÆSARS graced,
In various places, far from hence away,—
Their adoration, to the present, pay.
Five consulships, O prince! let them revere;
May THIS, and those to come, alike be dear;—
The SIXTH, now honoured with superior name,
Excel the passed:—the plan for future aim!

THE

PRAISES OF SERENA.

SAY why, Calliope, so much delay,
To crown Serena with Pierian bay?
Dost thou suppose the boon, disdain, would share,
Shouldst thou bedeck with wreaths the royal hair,
Whence richest gems are, splendour, wont to show,
Procured from shores where RUDDY BILLOWS flow?—
If thou wert, flow'ry garlands, to infold,
Not scorched by DOG-STAR'S ray, nor pinched by COLD,
Which, 'mid eternal spring, Permessus laves,
And nourishes with Aganippe's waves:—
Where, Heliconian honey, bees obtain,
For future times, around the smiling plain.
DID ever virtues to a FAIR belong,
More worthy to appear in poet's song?
THE chaste Alcestis, Grecian pens relate,
When, o'er her husband hung, impendent FATE,
To save the partner, she revered, from death,
Without reluctance yielded up her breath.
The Latin Muses, Tanaquil, have praised,
Whose skill in divination high was raised;—
Famed Clœlia who, her freedom to redeem,
Back anxious to repair, swam Tiber's stream;—

And Claudia who, across those floods, conveyed,
By hair, the bust that, Cybelé, portrayed.
Mæonia's ancient bard*, renowned in verse,
Does he, achievements more sublime, rehearse?
When he, Charybdis, paints, where billows roll;—
The dogs of Sylla;—Circé's baneful bowl;
Antiphates, with hungry stomach, left;
Of hearing,—rowers in the ship bereft,
While passing wily strains that Syrens try;
Huge Polyphemus roaring for his eye;
Contemned Calypso; num'rous horrours drear,
That one bright character might high appear;
Those years of toil, 'mid wars and waves to move:
All tend, a wife's fidelity, to prove,
Let Claudia's bosom glow with pure delight,
Confirmed her virtues in a goddess'† sight;
The ship's delay, and charge of impious shame,
Are cleared alike from mystery and blame.
Let fair Penelope, with wily art,
Illude the suitors who besiege her heart:—
Their prospects to deceive,—at night destroy
The woven threads, by day her chief employ:
Impuissant rivals! vainly you contend,
Serena's glories greatly, such, transcend.
If noble birth, for praise, prepare the course,
And actions always back retrace their source:
What blood more lofty;—origin more high;—
Than when, on royalty, we can rely?
No private house produced her to the view;
No narrow, humble dome, this goddess, knew.

* Homer. † Cybele,

On thee, thy martial grandsire, fame, bestows,
From whom thy uncle Theodosius rose;
On British seas his banners bore alarms,
And spread dismay among Gætulian arms.
Cornelia, Scipio's child, restrain thy tongue,
On trophies, from the Libyan contests, sprung.
Serena, thou, from double worlds, canst show
The laurel wreaths, from ancestors, that flow:
Here Caledonian spoils around thee rise;
There, honours gained beneath the SOUTHERN skies.
Nor yet this house began the realm to sway,
Ere, thee, Lucina offered to the day.
Resplendence bright!—the moment of thy birth
Made Theodosius ruler o'er the earth.
O SPAIN!—what worth within thy regions choice,
Deserving praises from the human voice!
The SUN, at early dawn first India views;
Thou wetst at eve his coursers with thy dews;
The STARS fatigued, as through air's space they bend,
To seek refreshment, in thy waves descend.
How rich in horses, precious ores, and corn!—
The best of princes, empire to adorn:
The world, famed Trajan, to Iberia, owed;
The Ælian* race, from those dominions, flowed;
And thence the elder Theodosius came:
The brothers† now, with diadems, the same.
From other nations, brought beneath our laws,
By arms or treaties, Rome, assistance, draws;

* The emperors Trajan and Adrian.

† Arcadius and Honorius.

Rich fruits gives Egypt; corn, the Punick field,
Designed, the troops, abundant food, to yield;
Gaul sends us men of strength, with pow'rful swords;
Laborious HORSE, Illyricum affords;
Iberia solely, to the Latian realm,
Contributed the CÆSARS at the helm.
Corn, metal, soldiers, come from ev'ry side:
For us the CHOSEN move through regions wide;
Tis Spain alone brings rulers for the earth;—
Yet, not content to give those heroes birth,
She, mothers, equally desired to show,
From her domains, alike two sexes flow,
Flaccilla*, Mary†, both, this glory share,
Thence take beginning, and Serena fair.
To thee when, breath, first POW'RS IMMORTAL gave,
The Tagus laved the meads with golden wave;
Gallicia showed gay flow'rs; the Douro's shore,
'Mid roses, flocks with purple, coloured o'er.
Upon Cantabria's coast, where surges reign,
The pearly gem was cast by troubled main;
Nor pale Asturian longer sought to try
His efforts,—wand'ring o'er the mountains high;
Thy birth to grace, from ev'ry quarter, gold,
Along the earth, at thy appearance, rolled;
From caves of Pyrenées, the NYMPHS OF STREAMS
Collected precious stone that, lightning, beams;
In moving floods the Nereids, docile seen,
With loudest plaudits, thee, confessed their queen;

* Mother of Honorius.

† Daughter of Serena and Stilicho, and married to Honorius.

Auspicious verses eagerly they sang,
And, accents, with thy future nuptials, rang.
THEN Stilicho, in distant region, grew;
His infant days, no promised blisses, knew;
Far off, in climes remote, the FATES, a wife,
For him prepared: the charm to bless his life.
No mortal nurse, around thy cradle, pressed:
The HORÆ, first, bestowed their fragrant breast;
Unveiled the GRACES three, thee, fondly sought,
And clasping to their bosom, accents, taught.
Where'er thou crepst along the verdant lawn,
The roses bloomed, the lilies' smiles were drawn.
If wrapped by balmy sleep in soft repose,
From grassy sod, the purple vi'let rose,
And gentle SPRING, the choicest flow'rets, spread,
To form the image of a royal bed.
WHEN, presages like these, thy mother saw,
Conclusions flatt'ring scarcely durst she draw;
To air alone, her sighs, the wish, revealed,
And, under timid hope, success, concealed.
Thy sire, Honorius*, thee with fondness, bore;
Oft Theodosius, ere he purple wore,
Would, to his brother's house, with freedom, skip,
And, tender kisses, press upon thy lip:
Then, in his eager arms, he, from thy home,
With ev'ry joy, conveyed thee to his dome.
Upon thy mother turn'dst thou eyes in tears,
And thus, 'mid sobs, express'dst thy childish fears:

* The brother of the great Theodosius, *not* the emperor Honorius.

" Why vainly seeks he always some pretence,
" From native household gods, to bear me hence?"
Upon thy fault in play, an omen hung,
And happy auspices on infant tongue.
To realms of death, at length thy father, flown,
This uncle famed adopted thee his own;
Assuaging grief, a brother's child he showed
Like care, as on his offspring he bestowed.
Nor seen was love of old, with closer ties,
Between Laconian Leda's sons to rise.
Regard sincere great Theodosius led
To give his son the name of brother dead,
Whose image thence would often be retraced,
And, full in mem'ry's hallowed page, be placed.
At length when he became th' imperial choice,
And empire's reins were subject to his voice,
Then, with his sons, affection to divide,
'Till thy arrival equally denied,
Thee and thy sister, to the ORIENT shore,
His wishes, from Iberia's district, bore.
Now Tagus' banks were quickly lost to view,
WEST-WINDS, the ship t'wards EASTERN cities, blew;—
Two virgin daughters of a brother's race:—
Thermantia,—first;—Serena, youngest grace;
Unwedded both; nor yet by Hymen seen,
To yield their snow-white necks to Paphos' queen;
Alike emotion sparkled in their eyes,
And blushing cheeks disclosed carnation-dyes.
THUS chaste Diana and her sister, known
To spring from Jove's prolifick brain alone,
When they, their uncle's palace, seek to gain,
Whose trident rules the undulating main,

The foaming billows, to their steps, give way:
Pert Galatea quits her sportive play;
Whatever ardour, Triton's bosom, heaves,
The coy Cymothoë he quiet leaves;
Attention, MODESTY desires to keep,
Commanding rigid manners o'er the DEEP;
And Proteus orders Neptune's monsters base,
To stay awhile their feculent embrace.
So those fair sisters to the court repair,
Their sceptre-bearing parent's love to share,
Who, each, caresses like a father kind,
Yet, most his smiles, Serena seems to find.
And oft as things of magnitude oppressed
The sov'reign's mind, or fired with rage his breast,
When both Arcadius and Honorius fled
Their angry sire;—Flaccilla e'en with dread
Beheld her husband's ire:—then solely thou
Couldst frowns remove that hung upon his brow;
Thy mild discourse would, o'er his senses, steal,
And prove the faithful balm each wound to heal.
Thy steady prudence, which sublime appears,
Combined with age, surmounted girlish years.
IN vain does Homer, lavish of his praise,
Alcinous' daughter, to Diana, raise,
Who, spreading clothes, to dry, upon the ground,
Was dancing with her maids the joyous round,
The golden ball, in quick vibrations, threw:
When, on a sudden, pale at once she grew,
To see, from leafy grove, Ulysses peep,
Where, after shipwreck, he experienced sleep.
PIERIAN works and ancient poets' verse
Delight thy leisure with their numbers terse;

Thou turnest o'er those lines the GRECIAN sang,
And, sounds, repeat'st which Mantuan Virgil rang:
Despisest Helen, as unfit to live;
And scarcely ventur'st Dido to forgive.
Thy modest mind has purer models viewed:—
Laodamia, who, to SHADES, pursued
Protesilaus;—Capaneus' dear wife*,
Who, flames with husband dead, preferred to life:
And fair Lucretia, resting on the sword,
That could, revenge, to chastity, afford,
Who, by her wound, the tyrant's crime, disclosed;—
To war's just rage, her countrymen, disposed:
Base Tarquin banished;—and, with yielding breath,
Her shame, and liberty, avenged in death.
Unceasingly those actions fix thy sight;
Not less thy virtue, but with lot more bright.
AND now the age for wedded ties, arrived,
Doubts overhung whate'er the court contrived;
Great Theodosius wished to give his voice,
For him most worthy of Serena's choice.
THE Muses' page details, that kings of old,
Contentions, for their daughters, would behold;
The bloody combat, view with cruel eyes;
Each suitor braving death to gain the prize;
And, with barbarian joy, their transports, show,
To see, by death, ambitious hopes, laid low.
Away from bold Œnomaus' arrows dread,
In nuptial chariot, swiftly Pelops fled;
Perfidious Myrtilus, deceit, displayed,
And, fixing wheels, his sovereign's cause betrayed.

* Evadne.

Hippomenes, 'mid fear, with golden fruit,
O'er Schœneus daughter*, triumphed, whose pursuit,
With car and ready sword, his footsteps, pressed,
Her course so much rapidity possessed.
From lofty ramparts Calydon perceived
What Hercules 'gainst struggling STREAM† achieved;
The high reward was Dejanira's charms:
Soon panting, Achelous felt alarms,
Changed colour, back his safety sought in flight.
O'erpow'red at length by great Alcides' might;
To bind his wounds the NYMPHS astonished flew:
With horn wrenched off, quite pale the RIVER grew.
SERENA's hand, on Stilicho bestowed,
To no Hesperides' gold fruit, he owed;
Nor to a STREAM o'ercome by potent force;
Nor sire-in-law deceived by chariot's course;
But worth that CÆSAR viewed in battle tried,
And virtues meriting a royal bride.
OFT chiefs in camp gave garlands of renown;—
Who scaled the walls received a mural crown;
If citizen were snatched from fatal stroke,
In war, the hero gained a wreath of oak;
Who first on seas attained the hostile prow,
A TWINE of honour, beaked, adorned his brow;
For deeds of arms, 'twas Stilicho alone,
Who, Hymen's bay, obtained from empire's throne.
Alike her uncle's care, Thermantia knew;
For her, from gen'rals, he, a husband, drew;
Far less howe'er thy sister's lot, than thine:
Rome, brighter, saw thy nuptial torches shine;

* Atalanta. † The Achelous.

And dignities, that marked the highest state,
Were destined on thy wedded joys to wait.
  Th' Imperial coursers were his earliest cares,
Intrusted with the charge of Phrygian mares,
Which on Argæan herbage used to feed:
The sacred stud of Cappadocian breed.
Soon other honours Stilicho obtained:
Command of armies equally he gained;
Though, for his toils, the prince high favour showed,
Yet greater, to his merit, still he owed.
If war's fierce threats were in th' horizon traced,
The gen'rals, white with age, in eager haste,
Would rights forget, resign with willing hand,
To Stilicho, though young, the chief command;
Nor lofty rank, nor shame, appeared to weigh,
Those elders freely would, the youth, obey.
  Thus, when light winds, o'er tranquil seas, preside,
A feeble steersman may the rudder guide;
But, if the Southern Gales pervade the skies,
And angry billows, on the ocean, rise,
Which, ev'ry quarter of the ship, assail,
No longer jarring contests then prevail:
To able pilot is resigned the helm,
While waves, the vessel, threat to overwhelm;
Superior talents, due regard, engage,
And hushed is clamour by the tempest's rage.
  So Stilicho, when war spread awe through Thrace,
Alone was chosen: all to him gave place;
Fright, judge imperious, open truth confessed,
And yielded suffrages that filled each breast;
At danger's view, Ambition dropped her claim,
And Envy, chased by terrour, mute, became.

Throughout thy frame, extended, trembling fears,
And, from thy eyes, gushed copious floods of tears,
When martial clarions called the troops to arms;
Then,—bathed thy cheeks,—thy bosom with alarms,—
Deserted, thou beheldst, thy house, in pain,
And wish'dst already back thy spouse again:
Across his threat'ning helmet, press'dst thy lip,
In spite of plumes, affection's kiss to sip.
But, what delight! when 'mid the trumpets' sound,
The victor comes, with wreaths of triumph, crowned,
In armour clad, by thee with joy received,
And, safely clasped, he tells exploits achieved!
While far the hero, toils of war to share,
No pearly gems were seen to deck thy hair;
On Pow'rs Above, in prayer, thy eyes were fixed:
Along the ground with dust thy tresses mixed.
Neglected charms which, inattention, prove,
Alone the husband's presence will remove.
Nor in thy bosom languished love sincere,
Through cares inactive for a partner dear:
Thy prudence watched the war for sounds of praise;—
Sought confidence, by female pow'rs, to raise;
While he contended with the foe in fight,
On ev'ry thing thou keptst attentive sight;
Nor Envy, always with envenomed dart,
Prepared to pierce the Virtuous to the heart,
Thy absent husband to assail, was led:
No groundless rumours through the city spread;
Nor Perfidy, by craft with blackest dye,
And arms concealed, on efforts durst rely.
When crimes, Rufinus turned within his mind,
And, massacre of Stilicho, designed,

Against the Roman spears, with frantick rage,
Tried ev'ry means the Getæ to engage:—
The horrid secret having reached thy ears,
Thou sentst, to warn thy spouse, with anxious fears.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON

PALLADIUS AND CELERINA.

PREFACE.

FROM me Palladius, nuptial songs, desires,
And Stilicho, the marriage-verse, requires;
Deny I cannot,—hastily though penned,
Since *here* my gen'ral stands, and *there* my friend.
The one, at court, is my companion seen;
The other shines with dignity of mien.
To me, the first, like age and place unite:
Years, honours of the last, respect, excite.
The poet, love, by lines, his chieftain, shows:
To sire-in-law, the soldier, rev'rence, owes.

WITHIN a grot where vines a cov'ring made,
Once Venus, sleep, indulged in grateful shade;—
Her form divine to verdant bed, resigned,
And on a couch of flow'rs her head inclined;
The twining branches, gentle zephyrs moved,
And ripe the luscious grape around her proved.
Each beauty unadorned, amid repose,
With more enchanting delicacy rose;
Heat, from her precious frame, the garments, threw,
And neck of snow through leaves appeared to view.
IDALIAN NYMPHS attended on her charms;
Beneath an oak, the GRACES twined their arms;
And, where refreshing coolness might be found,
Winged LOVES were seen extended on the ground;
Their bows hung waving with the passing breeze;
And, flame, sighed quivers, pendent on the trees.
Some gayly played, or ranging leafy grove,
To find the nests of birds with ardour strove;
Or, apples, culled besprinkled by the dews,
A present, BEAUTY'S queen would not refuse:
Skipped o'er convolving vines that sought a prop,
And poised their wings upon the elm's high top.
The grove's protection, others kept in sight,
Who, prying wanton Dryads, put to flight,

Repelled divinities of woods and lawns,
And darted javelins on the sportive Fauns,
Which, at a distance, with lascivious eye,
Desired, the grotto, freely to descry.
From neighb'ring city, on a sudden,—sound
Burst forth in loud applause that echoed round;
And notes enchanting, from the tuneful lyres,
Through fields, in cadence mixed with dancing choirs;
On Latium's hills they, Celerina, sang,
And, with Palladius wedding, valleys rang.
The goddess' ears were struck by joyful cries;—
She woke, and rosy fingers cleared her eyes;
With hair dishevelled, and of ease bereft,
Her charming couch, fair Cytherea left,
And, from the num'rous Loves who round respired,
In vain for Hymen anxiously inquired.
A Muse his parent:—Venus, with delight,
Beneath his sceptre, placed the nuptial rite;
'Tis he alone can marriage ties proclaim,
And give beginning to connubial flame.
At length the god of wedlock's bands was seen;
Beneath a lofty Plane-tree shone his mien;
Two reeds unequal, he, by anxious care,
With wax to join, was eager to prepare.
In emulation of the shepherd's song,
And accents that, to Mænalus, belong,
Thereon to press his lips at ease, he sought,
And, from the slender pipe, sweet concords brought.
When he, the goddess, saw, those notes he stopped:
On ground, the reed, from loosened fingers, dropped;
Eyes beamed; the Sun and Modesty o'erspread
His snowy cheeks, with glowing tints of red;

And unclipped tresses hid, with shadows thin,
The down that scarcely rose upon his chin.
At last the queen of BEAUTY, silence, broke,
And thus, to Hymen, Cytherea spoke:
" WILT thou, O boy! ne'er weary grow of verse,
" But gifts maternal fondly still rehearse?
" The Muses' study, always keep in sight,
" And emulate thy parent with delight?
" Why dost, amid the heat, such musick try?
" Hast thou the lyre's harmonius strings thrown by?
" Forgotten are Lycœus' woods and flocks,
" And ECHO's sounds returning from the rocks?
" Come hither, let us learn, of joy, the cause:
" Whose nuptials claim this manifest applause?
" What maid is married?—say, her father:—race:—
" Whence came her husband;—all his lineage, trace;
" Thou know'st the whole:—each wedding is thy care;
" Through thee fond lovers blissful union share."
" O GODDESS!" he replied, " of late, my eyes
" Have, thy delays, beheld with great surprise;—
" That thou indifference shouldst to wedlock show,
" When noble blood would, to thy empire, flow,
" Illustrious houses that from consuls spring,
" And magistrates whose praises proudly ring:
" Together those, within my bands, are placed,
" Who, in the world, by excellence are graced.
" What isle, amid the RED SEA's billows, lies,
" What tract beneath the Ethiopian skies,
" What distant clime, impervious proved to fame,
" Which sounds not love of old Palladius'* name,
" His mind humane, and manners that engage,
" Delightful wit, and pleasantness in age?

" Through each gradation of the court he passed;
" The highest dignities, obtained at last;
" The senate, swayed with infinite applause,
" That to the ORIENT gave immortal laws.
" Such, such the source from whence the youthful swain
" Received the noble blood that fills each vein.
" The ancient Tomos and the Danube's shore,
" The lovely maiden's early cradle, bore;
" Her mother's ancestors exult in spoils,
" The splendid fruits derived from martial toils:
" From Celerinus, drawing lustre bright,
" Whose steady conduct beamed resplendent light,—
" When ordered Meroë from foes to save,
" In former days, and banks Nile's waters lave:—
" Who, after Carus'† death, near Parthian stream,
" Was by the soldiers offered rank supreme,
" The sceptre, earnestly desired to sway,
" That him extensive empire might obey:—
" Their ardent prayers disdainfully he heard,
" And, to a throne, tranquillity preferred:
" Refused a diadem's refulgent charms,
" Which others, faithless, seek by force and arms.
" Then first the PURPLE less than VIRTUE seemed,
" And majesty, refused, was credit deemed;
" Her weakness, FORTUNE with regret avowed,
" And, MAN's superiority, allowed.
" The proffered empire, and refusal shown,
" Proved still the GREAT might higher merit own.
" The gen'ral's lofty rank, the father gained,
" And each preferment by degrees obtained,

* The ancestor of Palladius. † The emperor.

" That o'er the soldiers gives supreme command:
" No chieftain's honours more illustrious stand.
" He dignities of ev'ry sort prepared;
" The governors of diff'rent states, declared;
" Recounted troops, vast regions, scattered o'er:
" The forces kept to watch Sarmatia's shore;
" The bands designed fierce Getæ to oppose;
" Those placed to curb the Scot, or Saxon foes;
" The cohorts on the coast that Ocean laves;
" And those, preserving peace, near Rhine's famed waves.
" In her chaste house, sincerity resides;
" With skilful hand, she ev'ry labour guides;
" For her 'twas Stilicho who gave his voice:—
" What praises, aught, can add to such a choice?
" When such a FAIR expects the nuptial tie,
" 'Twould be a crime attentions to deny.
" Away at once:—gay scenes let ALL partake;—
" The faded garlands I desire to shake:—
" Connubial torches, vibrate with delight,
" And pass, in play and merriment, the night.
" To me, this pipe,—how precious will it prove!
" To cheer, in mazy dance, the choirs that move."

WHEN this the god of wedded joys had said,
To lave in limpid stream was Venus led;
Each hair she smoothed;—assumed her usual dress,
And took Dioné's tissue from the press.
The goddess' car with charming flow'rs was strewed;
The sweetest perfumes, all the seat, bedewed;
To purple doves were joined extended reins,
The choicest blossoms woven into chains.
From ev'ry side, winged flocks repaired in haste:
What, Athesis, delighted;—Larius, graced;

Those by Benacus fed;—that Mincius' wave
With gentle stream no longer refuge gave.
No more the rolling waters, murmurs, bore:
The swan fed Po,—and rough Padusa's shore.
The Loves rejoiced;—birds, fastened to the yoke;—
No pity showing, through the air they broke;—
Before the goddess, anxious to arrive,
And gain her sight were warmly seen to strive;
Their hands with menaces the whip retained;
And, when descending, still unhurt remained;
The fall was followed by more happy flight,
And reins on team the charioteer kept tight.
Now, driving on, to nuptial doors they flew:
Cast flow'rs from baskets;—copious show'rs of dew;—
From quivers scattered vi'lets, (culled in fields,
Where, smiles, the queen of Beauty always yields,)
On which the Dog-Star, anxious to display
Attentions great, had beamed benignant ray.
From vases rich with jewels overspread,
Some, balsams of the highest perfume, shed,
Which, on the banks of Nile, from trees, distil,
When nails, the bark with wounds injurious, fill.
Fair Venus sought the bride amid alarms,
And took her, weeping, from chaste mother's arms;
In bloom of years, her lovely bosom rose,
More white than lilies or the driven snows;
Her golden tresses, attestation, bore,
Of ancestry derived from Ister's shore.
Uniting then the belle and husband's hands,
She consecrated thus, connubial bands:
"Live," she exclaimed, "harmonious be your days,
"And let my gifts, your grateful fervour, raise.

" Your arms intwining, num'rous kisses, sip,
" And be your souls united on the lip.
" Do not on virtues, youth, of sire, rely:
" By prayers, not terrour, will the maid comply.
" Yield, charmer, to a husband's fond desire,
" Nor exercise thy nails with Scythian ire;
" Submit, we pray: avoid each shade of strife;
" And thus, a mother's name, conjoin with wife.
" O lovely FAIR! for why those eyes in tears?—
" Him, soon thou'lt love, who raises now thy fears."
THIS said, two winged attendants, armed with dart,
Whose bows were famous for unerring art,
The goddess called, and ordered to proceed;
Straight Pyrois and Æthon showed their speed;
Each pinion shone, with richest purple tipped:
Their arrows in the purest honey dipped;
To hit the beauteous bride, the one aspired:
The lover, by the other, was required.
Th' elastick cords resounded with the force;
Through gentle air the missiles took their course:
At once conveyed with equal truth the smart,
And pierced the deep recesses of the heart.

THE

RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

BOOK I.

PREFACE.

THE man who first, where briny OCEAN raves,
In slender bark presumed to dare the waves,—
With rugged oars disturbed the WAT'RY DEEP,—
Braved dubious winds that, rolling billows, sweep,
And, by his art and industry, descried
The distant ways that NATURE had denied:
Commenced his course, when surgy storms were o'er;
Pursued the winding coast along the shore;
To bays extensive, ventured by degrees;
And, quitting land, spread sails to gentle breeze.
At length howe'er, he more presumptuous grew;
No longer, trembling fears, his bosom knew:
Through foaming floods he ploughed, the stars his guide,
And stemmed th' Ægæan and th' Ionian tide.

BOOK I.

My mind impels me, in audacious verse,
Th' Infernal Rape, and coursers, to rehearse;—
The shades that darkened ev'ry beaming star:—
The nuptial couch Below, and Stygian car.
Away, Profane!—alone Apollo's lyre,
Within my breast, sensations, will inspire;
The holy altars and the domes that rise,
To their foundations, shake before my eyes;
The presence of a god is clearly shown;
From caverns deep, proceeds the hollow groan;
Th' Athenian temple roars with murmurs dread;
And, sacred flame, Eleusis' torches spread.
Triptolemus' fierce serpents hiss aloud,
Raise scaly necks that to the yoke have bowed;—
Abate career;— their rosy heads extend;—
And, to my ardent strains, attention, lend.
Far off the three-formed Hecaté is seen;
Beside her Bacchus shows his smiling mien;
Around his temples ivy-branches twine:
A Parthian tiger's skin o'erhangs his chine;

United in a knot the golden claws:
His tott'ring step, support, from *thyrsus*, draws.
O Gods! that in Avernus' gulph have sway;
Whom multitudes of dreary Shades obey;
To whose insatiable store, is hurled
Whatever meets destruction in the world;—
Whose gloomy realm the Styx' black waters lave,
And Phlegethon surveys with burning wave:
To me, let deep recesses be revealed;—
No secret things nor places be concealed;
With readiness, the open truth impart:—
What torch of Love inflamed grim Pluto's heart;
The rape of Proserpine;—her dowry;—show;—
From whom she gained the sceptre of Below.
Say, through what num'rous regions, Ceres flew,
In hopes, her daughter lost, again to view;—
What laws she gave;—and how rich ears of corn,
Dodonian acorns, led mankind to scorn.
In former times, Hell's king, with furious rage,
Against the Pow'rs Above, fain war would wage.
Himself alone, he said, without a wife,
In steril solitude, consumed his life:—
To taste sweet nuptial joys, his anxious aim,
And be accosted with a father's name.
Now all the monsters, from Hell's deep recess,
With Steel, in crowds, were forward seen to press;
The Thund'rer's fall, conspiring Furies swore;
Tisiphoné, whose brow, fierce serpents, bore,
Assembled in the dreary, tented field,
Those Shades in arms, inured the sword to wield.
By discord moved, the elements again
Had battles waged amid th' ethereal plain;

The Titans, breaking chains, from prisons free,
Once more might hope the SUN's bright beams to see;
And fierce Ægæon, bursting from his bands,
Had back Jove's bolts returned, with hundred hands.
HOWE'ER the Parcæ calmed stern Pluto's ire;
They dreaded for the world commotions dire;
Before his feet and throne themselves they threw;
Displayed white hairs in reverence to view;
Their hands embraced his knees, with woful face,
Accustomed human destinies to trace,
All NATURE rule, each action to control,
And, on their iron spindle, ages, roll.
First Lachesis, with hair dishevelled, spoke,
And thus began the tyrant to invoke:
" O SOV'REIGN arbiter of gloomy shades,
" Whose empire, NIGHT eternally pervades,
" For whom our threads with constant labour bend;
" Who, ev'ry thing beginning, giv'st, and end:
" Replacest, by vicissitude of birth,
" Alternately whate'er returns to earth;—
" O'er life and death possessing pow'rful sway;—
" What MATTER yields thy orders to obey:
" Who, after certain years have run their course,
" The soul restorest to corporeal source:
" Dissolve not ties, our distaffs formed with toil;
" Nor brothers let engage in civil broil.
" Why dost thou impious banners seek to raise?
" Why, show incestuous Titans, ether's blaze?
" But, Jove, alone implore thy wish to gain,
" And thou a wife wilt presently obtain."
THIS said, the god assuaged his angry breast,
Ashamed, to him, such prayers should be addressed;

His cruel heart, though stubborn to be bent,
Seemed rage to curb, and gently to relent.
So when the fierce NORTH WIND, in fury, blows,
With wings o'ercharged by Getic hail and snows,
Prepares, in war, o'erwhelming force to wield,
And bear loud blasts on forest, sea, and field,
If Æolus, through opposition, lay
A massy, brazen barrier cross the way,
The raging pow'r in impotence subsides,
And back to caves the broken tempest glides.
THE god was led then Maia's son to call,
Who bears aloft the hasty words that fall;
Cyllené's youth obeyed the stern command,—
Cap o'er his head,—caduceus in his hand.
GRIM Pluto sat upon a rugged throne:
Black majesty, in terrour, round was shown;
His weighty sceptre, rust had overspread,
And angry clouds inwrapped his hideous head:
In ev'ry feature of the monarch's mien,
Were horrid signs of cruel rigour seen;
The gloomy sadness, on his brow severe,
Increase, still added to terrifick fear.
Then, from the tyrant, thund'ring accents broke:
(The palace, silent, trembled while he spoke;
The porter huge, his triple howling, stayed;
No longer tears, Cocytus' fount displayed;
In quiet Acheron, mute waters, rolled,
And, ev'ry murmur, Phlegethon controlled:)
" O BOY, whose veins, with blood from Atlas, flow,
" Assigned to gods ABOVE and those BELOW:
" Who solely hast the right to enter Hell,
" And realms on high where POW'RS IMMORTAL dwell;

" Through whom, between them, intercourse prevails:
" Go, swiftly pierce on wing the SOUTHERN GALES,
" To Jove, what I require, directly bear,
" And thus aloud my sentiments declare.
" Most cruel brother! is thy haughty sway
" Disposed to make me tyrant laws obey?
" Did spiteful FORTUNE, when from lofty sky,
" She took me, strength and Heaven alike, deny?
" When us the day's effulgent splendour left,
" Were we at once of force and arms bereft?
" Perhaps with cares thou think'st us overpow'red,
" By abject sluggishness and spleen devoured,
" Because the Cyclops' bolts we have not hurled,
" Nor, with loud thunder, terrified the world?—
" 'Tis not enough, deprived of grateful light,
" That I'm allotted realms of wretched plight,
" In loathsome regions, doomed to pass my days,
" Whilst thou behold'st the cheering Zodiack's rays;
" And CHARLES's WAIN, upon thy tract divine,
" With dazzling splendid beams, delights to shine?
" But dost thou truly me refuse the grace,
" Those joys that flow from wedlock's soft embrace?
" Nerean Amphitrité yields her charms,
" And, Neptune, clasps, 'mid billows, in her arms.
" Thee, to her kindred bosom, Juno takes,
" When tired of thunder that, air's empire, shakes.
" Shall I, thy love-scenes with Diana, state?—
" With Ceres,—Themis,—sly amours, relate?
" The sex around thee plenteously repair,
" And swarms of happy females are thy share.
" But I, debased, in desert palace, grieve:
" And shall no child, my cruel cares, relieve?

" Such suff'rings longer cannot be endured:
" I swear by precincts that, drear NIGHT, immured,
" By floods inviolate of Stygian wave,
" If thou refusest what these accents crave,
" Against thee, all Hell's monsters I'll excite,
" Asunder, Saturn's ancient fetters, smite,
" O'er beaming light I'll, thickest darkness, throw,
" The face of things shall, dread convulsions, show,
" And all the brightness that, high Heav'n, pervades,
" Shall blended be with black Avernus' shades."
THIS said, the messenger on pinions light,
T'wards stars aloft, pursued his rapid flight;
Stern Pluto's resolution, Jove was told;—
Straight, various plans he, in his bosom, rolled:
What charmer would consent to wedlock's ties,
If doomed, for realms below, to leave the skies,
And bid adieu to SOL'S resplendent ray?—
At length, to one, his wav'ring thoughts gave way.
AT Henna, Ceres, on a daughter smiled;
To her Lucina gave no second child;
Exhausted by the labours she sustained,
The goddess always steril thence remained.
Howe'er, all mothers, she in care excelled,
And ev'ry favour Proserpine beheld.
To her were wholly Ceres' thoughts applied,
Intent to keep this charmer by her side.
NOT more the heifer on her offspring fawns,
Whose feet ne'er trod as yet the verdant lawns,
Those sprouting horns which scarcely curved appear,
Resembling Luna's in her first career.
To nubile years at length the maiden came:
Her heaving bosom glowed with modest flame;

Through ev'ry vein the trembling throbbings ran:
The dome with suitors to resound began.
The god, who bears the pow'rful shield for fight,
Opposed Apollo, skilled in arrows' flight.
Mars offered Rhodopé;—the god of day
Amyclæ, Delos, Claros, to her sway.
Support, the former's suit to Juno owed;
Latona, favour to the other, showed;
The deity bedecked with ears of corn,
Bestowed, upon the lovers, equal scorn;
And as her terrours pictured dire alarms,
A cherished daughter torn from mother's arms,
(Alas what future ills were unrevealed!)
She, 'mid Sicanian rocks, her charge concealed.
The isle of Sicily, in ancient times,
United closely with th' Italian climes;
But raging billows, beating on the side,
At length cut off the site with foaming tide:
Triumphant Nereus sundered shore from shore,
Disjoining mountains with impetuous roar:
A narrow interval divides the lands,
That once were rivetted in solid bands.
Now torn from friendly earth that Nature gave,
Three points she offers to the stormy wave:
Pachynus, here, resists, with lofty head
And rocks advanced, th' Ionian surges dread;—
Gætulian Thetis there her anger shows,
On Lilybæum fall her foaming blows;—
Th' Etruscan billows, bounds intent to break,
In vain upon Pelorus, fury wreak.
High Ætna's summits in the centre lie,
Whence massy stones, in flaming fragments, fly:

Of giants' downfal, monument renowned;—
A tomb, Enceladus, the mountain, found,
Who, chained and wounded, lies with weight oppressed,
And, brimstone, belches from his burning breast.
As oft he rolls, of freedom's pow'r bereft,
With stubborn neck, the load from right to left,
The deep foundations of the island quake,
And tott'ring cities with their ramparts shake.
To sight alone is known the lofty space:
No mortal thither can a passage trace;
The other parts with verdant leaves are filled:
The tow'ring heights, no husbandman e'er tilled.
Now from the crater native clouds arise,
Which shrowd, in pitchy darkness, beaming skies;
To strike the stars, now rocky masses aim:
The falling fragments feed the furious flame.
But, spite of fire that, from the mountain, flows,
Hot embers, sacred faith, preserve with snows:
The ice grows hard, from vapours round secure;
Defence, the cold in secret renders sure;
And harmless blaze and sweeping smoke accost,
With gentle, gliding touch, the neighb'ring frost.
These stones that fly aloft, what engines roll?
Those caverns drear, what mighty pow'rs control?
Of these volcanick streams, from whence the source?
The wand'ring winds perhaps, to spend their force,
Through hollow clefts, while seeking forth to break,
On rotten cavities their fury, wreak.
Or 'mid the bowels of the sulph'rous hill,
The sea, by pressure, drives a winding rill:
The waters, heated by th' ignition nigh,
Hurl craggy rocks against the spheres on high.

When Ceres thus her child had safely placed,
For Phrygian regions, she prepared in haste;
Those fears removed that racked her anxious mind,
She, Cybelé with tow'rs, desired to find.
The goddess in her carriage dragons drives;
Obedient to her will each swiftly strives,
With writhing limbs, to cut aerial plains:
Their harmless foam spreads whiteness o'er the reins.
Upon each head a lofty crest is seen;
On azure backs, rich spots of lively green;
And, 'mid the scales that, o'er their bodies, fold,
Beam forth the sparkling rays of shining gold.
Now, to their plicature, the Zephyr yields;
Now, with inferior flight, they skim the fields;
The running wheel, with seed the earth, supplies;
And yellow ears of corn from thence arise;
The growing stalks, the chariot-furrows, hide;
And harvests deck the road on ev'ry side.
The heights of Ætna soon were left behind,
And, Sicily, the eager eye resigned.
Alas! how oft, foreboding direful ill,
Down Ceres' cheek distilled the pearly rill.
Back, t'wards her palace, casting looks distressed,
These words, in plaintive sound, her voice expressed:
"Farewell! O grateful earth, by us preferred
"To realms on high, immortal seats averred;
"To thee, a precious daughter, I commend,
"My blood, my joy, whose veins from mine descend.
"To thee sincerest gratitude I owe,
"Thy kindness, proper recompense, shall know;
"No harrow shall upon thy surface toil,
"Nor, broken by the ploughshare, be the soil;—

" Devoid of culture, flourish shall each field:
" Men, oxen rest;—and plains, rich harvests, yield."
THIS said, the shining dragons swiftly flew,
And, Ceres soon to Ida's summits, drew;
The holy domes of Cybelé appeared:—
On sacred altar raised, the stone revered;
The pine, a shade the goddess' image, wove;
And, when no storms pervade the lofty grove,
The branches, with their cones displayed around,
Upon the ear, return a solemn sound.
Within are heard the Bacchanalian throng;
The temple echoes with their frantick song;
The clam'rous shouts, through all the hill, extend;
And frightened woods, their tops, submissly bend.
WHEN Ceres came in sight, drums ceased to roar;
The choirs, at once, their noisy mirth, gave o'er;
The priests, the immolating knife, withheld;
No more the flute, harmonious accents, swelled;
The trumpet's clangour, air, no longer rent;
To ground their manes the lions lowly bent.
Forth Cybelé, from holy mansion, ran,
And, bending tow'rs, to kiss her child, began.
ON high, great Jove, perceiving things designed,
To Venus thus disclosed his inmost mind:
" O Cytherea! I'll to thee confess
" The secret cares that, on my senses, press;
" I've long decreed in wedlock to bestow
" Fair Proserpine upon the king BELOW.
" This, Atropos propels me to unfold,
" And ancient Themis such presaged of old.
" Now, while the mother's absence we perceive,
" (The time is good, performance, to achieve,)

" Do thou to Sicily at once away;
" And when to-morrow's light, with beaming ray,
" Shall rosy brightness to Aurora yield,
" And Ceres' daughter frolick in the field:
" Then all thy arts to manage be thy aim,—
" Those wonted wiles which oft myself inflame.
" Why, realms infernal, are they quiet left?
" Let none of love's allurements stand bereft;—
" No bosom be exempted from the fire:—
" With Venus' tender passion all respire.
" Let warmest ardour in fierce FURIES burn;—
" Stern Acheron, to soft impressions, turn;—
" And rigid Pluto, in his iron heart,
" Feel mildness glow and pow'r of am'rous smart."
THESE orders Venus, to obey, prepared;
For her companions, Jupiter declared,
Minerva, and the goddess bending bows,
Who, skill on Mænalus in hunting, shows.
The path, as forward pressed their steps divine,
With beams of brightest lustre, seemed to shine.
THE rapid comet thus, with bloody blaze
And sudden fall, dread prodigies, displays;
These signs, the sailor views with terrours drear;
The people equally express their fear;
The frightful flakes of fire, extending far,
To vessels, storms announce:—to cities, war.
THEY reached the place where Ceres' dome expands
With highest splendour, built by Cyclops' hands;
The lofty walls, of solid iron, rise:—
Of steel, the frames and doors of massy size.
No work Pyracmon e'er with equal toil,
Nor Steropes, constructed on the soil:

Such furious puffs the bellows never showed,
Nor metal stream from groaning furnace flowed.
With finest iv'ry is the hall inlaid;—
The roof of brazen beams most strongly made;
And columns formed of silver mixed with gold,
Aloft in air, magnificence, unfold.
FAIR Proserpine, in sweetest accents, sang;
The palace, with her notes melodious, rang,
While she, the nicest presents, tried to frame,
Against, returning, her loved mother came.
With dext'rous needle she, on tissue, wove
The course of elements;—the seat of Jove;—
The ways of NATURE when, with skilful trace,
She, things discordant, ranged in proper place.
Whate'er proves light, on high in skies, is shown;
And, 'mid the universe, the heavy thrown.
AIR shines with flame;—the HEAV'NS, bright beams, dis-
EARTH hangs suspended: and the OCEAN flows. [close;—
Nor does a single colour, all, pervade:
In gold are STARS;—in purple, WAVES, displayed;—
The CLIFFS of precious gems;—while threads below,
Feigned undulations of the BILLOWS, show;
The GRASS-WRACK seems to dash against the shore,
And, through the sands, the SURGES hoarsely roar.
Five ZONES are added by the charmer's hands:
The TORRID, 'mid the whole, in red, expands;
The threads that mark the bounds, dark shade, display,
As if burnt up by PHŒBUS' sultry ray.
On both the sides two TEMP'RATE she designed,
Alike inhabited by human kind.
Two FRIGID, in th' extremities, are found:
Perpetual WINTER seems to hover round;

The webs, a gloomy dreariness, unfold,
And indications of eternal cold.
Nor failed she to portray her uncle's dome,
And realms infernal, destined for her home.
Howe'er a direful presage prompted fears,
And filled her eyes at once with floods of tears.
She scarcely had begun the surge to trace
On OCEAN'S margin in the distant space,
When opening doors discovered, to her view,
The goddesses divine, who near her drew.
Each finger instantly, the work, forsook;
Possession of her cheek the roses took,
And, piercing features that might rival snows,
In scarlet tints of modesty, arose.
Less glows the iv'ry, that the female slave,
Of Lydia, plunged in Sidon's purple wave.
THE beams of DAY had sunk within the DEEP,
And humid NIGHT'S dark chariot scattered SLEEP,
When Pluto, docile to a brother's sway,
T'wards realms of light, prepared to take his way;
The loathed Alecto, for the god's control,
The savage coursers, fastened to the pole:
To feed, accustomed, on Cocytus' shore;—
The gloomy tracts of Hell to wander o'er;—
And, drinking muddy floods from Lethé's stream,
Disgorge oblivious foam in languid dream.
Orphnæus, fury glaring in his eyes;
And Æthon, swifter than the arrow flies;
With Nycteus, glory of the Stygian breed;
And stern Alastor, marked as Pluto's steed;—
Together joined, stood ready at the gate,
And, fretting, seemed the promised joys to wait.

THE

RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

BOOK II.

PREFACE.

WHEN Orpheus sought in quiet to respire,
And left awhile untouched th' harmonious lyre,
The NYMPHS lamented pleasures from them kept,
And mournful streams, sweet songs relinquished, wept.
To savage beasts fierce nature was restored,
And, fearing lions, cows, mute strings, implored;
Ee'n craggy mountains wailed the silence round,
And woods, that oft had echoed back the sound.
BUT when, to Thracian fields, Alcides came,
From Argos' walls which we, Inachian, name,
With peaceful step:—the horrid stalls, destroyed,
Where, savage scenes, the bloody king enjoyed,
And Diomedes' steeds with grass had fed,
The bard, since festive mirth around was spread,
Again, the lyre disused, commenced to ring:—
With bow and fingers, touched the sounding string.
HE scarcely had begun the pleasing strain,
When calm, o'er winds and waves, was seen to reign;

The Hebrus' waters slowly moved along;
Rocks bent on Rhodopé to hear the song;
O'er tow'ring Ossa admiration rose,
Aside the summits threw the frozen snows;
The lofty poplar quitted Hæmus bear;
The friendly pines drew oaks their joy to share;
E'en came the laurel*, struck by Orpheus' voice,
Though arts despising of Apollo's choice.
The hare grown bold, on gentle dogs, relied;
The wolves and fearless lambs lay side by side;
To play with tigers, deer, in peace, appeared;
Nor stags, the lion of Massyla, feared.
A FELL step-mother's rage, the minstrel sang;
The strings, with Hercules' famed actions, rang;—
To him, the monsters that, subjection, owed;—
Who, yet a child, his trembling mother, showed
The serpents, strangled by his pow'rful hand,
While, bursting smiles, he hardly could withstand.
THUS he:—"The bull, whose roar, Crete's cities, shook,
"And Styx' fierce dog, thou view'dst with daring look;—
"The lion, destined starry space to fill;
"And boar renowned of Erymanthus' hill.
"From Amazonian FAIR thou gain'st the zone:
"Stymphalus' birds were by thy darts o'erthrown;
"The herds, from SETTING SUN, thy force withdrew:
"Their three-fold king†, thy mighty valour slew;
"Though multiplied his limbs, thy potent blow,
"As oft, the foe, victoriously laid low.

* Daphnè, despising Apollo's advances, was turned into a LAUREL.
Ov. Met. 1. Fab. 9.

† Geryon.

" Antæus' falls, of no advantage, proved,
" Nor Hydra's growth, nor hind that swiftly moved.
" By thee destroyed were fires of Cacus dread,
" And, with Busiris' blood, the Nile stained red;
" On Pholoë thou strew'dst the Centaurs' gore:
" Astonishment pervaded Libya's shore.
" The lofty Atlas saw, with marked surprise,
" Thy shoulders bear the weight of vaulted skies;—
" On thee, more firmly poised, the world remained:
" Sun, stars, o'er Hercules, their course maintained."
The Thracian thus his voice was led to raise.
O Florentinus! animate my lays;—
Another, like Alcides, thee I find:
The Muses, long in grots to sleep resigned,
By thee are roused, thou call'st them to the lyre,
And tempt'st once more abroad the peaceful choir.

BOOK II.

Not yet the full resplendency of Day
Had, on th' Ionian floods, cast fulgent ray;
Slight coruscations gleamed o'er trembling wave,
And, to the azure waters, lustre gave.
Now Proserpine, by thoughtless freedom, led,
Forgetting what her tender mother said,
O'erran moist groves, in which the Queen of Smiles,
(So willed the Parcæ) set her treach'rous wiles.
The door, when on the hinges turning round,
Three times aloud emitted boding sound;
And Ætna, conscious of the ills in store,
Thrice dolefully sent forth a hollow roar.
Yet presages nor signs her steps could stay;
From skies, the sisters joined her on the way.
First Venus, full of joy, dissembling art,
Moved on with promised triumphs in her heart;—
Drear realms o'ercome;—stern Pluto in her chains;—
And Shades subjected to her flow'ry reins.
Th' Idalian nymphs, with pin, prepared her hair;—
In num'rous curls, the tresses, placed with care.
A clasp most rich, by Vulcan's art designed,
And labour great, her purple robes, confined.

Then came th' Arcadian goddess' charming face,
Who ranges Mount Lycæus' lofty space;
And she who, over Athens' domes, presides:
In virgin celibacy each confides;
This, 'mid the battle, furious with her shield;
That, dreaded by the beasts which haunt the field.
ON Pallas' helmet sparkling to the light,
Engraved in gold, huge Typhon met the sight:
His bust deprived of life; while limbs below,
Still perfect animation, seemed to show.
His spear above the clouds appeared to rise,
With fear beheld, a lofty tree in size:
A shining robe was o'er the serpents spread,
Which, hissing, twined around the Gorgon's head.
ENGAGING mildness, showed Diana's mien:
In ev'ry feature was her brother seen;—
Apollo's cheek and eye, her face displayed:
The goddess' sex alone distinction made.
Her naked arms and hands, like lilies fair;
Each floating ringlet wantoned in the air;
Her bow aside was laid, the cord unstrung;
Behind, the arrows, o'er her shoulders, hung;
By double bands secured, a Cretan gown,
As far as bends the knee, extended down:
The wand'ring Delos*, traced 'mid golden seas,
By threads inwoven, moving with the breeze.
BETWEEN these deities walked Ceres' child,
With equal step, where grassy verdure smiled;
Nor beauty less divine, the charmer showed;—
Her form as perfect:—cheek with roses glowed;

* See Ov. *Met.* VI. 334. This was formerly thought a floating isle.

She might be Pallas thought, if armed with shield:
Or bearing arrows, Phœbe† in the field.
The flowing robe around her frame disposed,
Together drawn, a polished jasper closed.
More ingenuity was never shewn,
Than in the fabrick from her skill alone;
No loom the threads with such correctness placed:
Th' illusions woven, truths expressive, traced.
DEPICTED here was SOL'S celestial flame,
From Hyperion sprung:—the MOON the same;
Unlike in features:—*this* amid the night
Refulgence beaming,—*that* by day more bright.
Their infancy, a cradle Tethys yields;
And, with her cares, the panting offspring, shields.
On her right arm the feeble SUN she holds,
Nor heat, nor lustre high, he yet unfolds;
His early age seems gently to respire:
With childish whine, he drops slight flakes of fire.
His SISTER, on her left, appears to rest,
Absorbing nurture from transparent breast:
On Luna's temples, horns begin to rise,
As yet just sprouting, of the smallest size.
THUS Proserpine apparelled trod the ground;
The Naiades, with garlands, pressed around,
Who haunt the banks upon Crinisus' source;—
Pantagias, rolling rocks with rapid course;—
The fountain where commences Gela's wave,
Which, to a city name, distinctly gave;—
The fens from whence the Camarina flows;—
And Arethusa, which abundance owes

† A name of Diana.

To waters that from far th' Alpheus'* lends:
The nymphs assembled, Cyané transcends.
So Amazons their bucklers proudly wield;
When female troops, from contests of the field,
In Northern climes, where slaughters dire they spread,
Are by Hippolyté in triumph led:—
The bands of tawny Getæ laid in dust:
Through frozen Tanaïs their axes thrust.
Or thus, from Bacchus' feasts, Mæonian Fair,
Who drink the Hermus and, his riches, share,
O'errun the borders of their native shores,
While from his urn the Sthenian pours golden stores.
The group divine, from summits Henna spied;
Of flow'rs the parent, numbers she supplied;
The Zephyr, in a winding vale at rest,
With eagerness aloud she thus addressed:
" O Gracious father of the charming Spring,
" Who, to my meadows, always smiles, dost bring,
" With playful step, thy joyous course, pursue,
" And sprinkle o'er the year continual dew:—
" On these fair nymphs assembled, turn thy eyes,
" The race of him that Thunders through the skies,
" Who condescend, where pleasing verdure reigns,
" To frolick with delight along our plains.
" Come, be propitious to my wish, I pray:
" Let ev'ry twig fertility display,
" And fruitful Hybla, jealous of my cares,
" Allow the produce less, her garden bears.

* The ancients feigned this famous river of Arcadia to have sunk under ground, and so passed beneath the sea to the river Arethusa in Sicily. See Virg. *Æn.* III. 694. and Ov. *Ars. Am.* III. 6.

" Whatever sweets, Panchaïa exhales,
" Where, 'mid the wood, rich frankincense prevails;—
" Whate'er th' Hydaspes' fragrant shore supplies,
" Ambrosial perfume, far and wide that flies;—
" What, from Sabæans' distant clime, is brought,
" By aged Phenix, for his purpose, sought,
" When he new life obtains from grateful fire:
" Let all my veins in copious streams acquire;
" With breath enliv'ning, now my borders cheer,
" That worthy they of goddesses appear,
" Who, pleased to crop those flow'rs that glow around,
" With our delightful garlands, may be crowned."
THE ZEPHYR shook his wings, when this was said,
And, on the earth a fruitful moisture, shed;
Where'er his nectar-bearing pinions flew,
The SPRING, fresh vigour from the sprinkling, drew;
The soil gave herbs; serene appeared the skies;
The opening roses showed their ruddy dyes;
The bilberries disclosed a sable shade;
And charming vi'lets, purple hue, displayed.
Do belts, that Parthians for their prince design,
Which jewels deck, with equal lustre, shine?
The fleeces when enriched with Tyrian stain,
Do they, from scarlet foam, more splendour gain?
Not such, the plumes of Juno's bird can show;
Nor WINTER coming, girt with brilliant bow,
Which, num'rous colours, sumptuously displays,—
Through ether's vault, a varying path, portrays,—
The humid way adorned by streaks of green,
Dividing clouds, with other tints between.
YET e'en the beauteous flow'rs, the spot excelled,
Which, from the plain, with easy bending, swelled;

In gentle slope ascending ev'ry side,
A little hill was formed with summit wide.
From native rock the limpid fountains flowed;
The herbage, moisture, to their sprinkling, owed;
The heat was tempered by the shade of trees;
The summer cooled throughout by WINTRY breeze.
Here, firs designed to plough the waves arose;
The cornel there, for Mars' destructive blows;
The oak that, Jupiter's high favour, craves;
The cypress, destined shelter for the graves;
The ilex friendly to th' industrious bees;
The laurel that futurity foresees;
The box-tree, closely branched, with trembling head;
The creeping ivy;—elms, that vines o'erspread.
Not far from thence a lake extends its wave,
(To which Sicilians, name of Pergus, gave);
A verdant grove around the borders stood;
The streams, from neighb'ring fens, distain the flood.
Howe'er the bottom fully meets the eye;
Each part, the sight through waters may descry;
Across the clear abyss the depth, pursue,
And, ev'ry dark recess, completely view.
ARRIVED, the goddesses their joy disclosed,
To them, thus Venus, culling flow'rs, proposed:
" Now come, my sisters, ere Aurora's ray,
" The early dew from plants, has swept away,
" And while my MORNING STAR, to yellow fields,
" The day's precursor, grateful moisture yields."
WHEN this was said, the treasures* round she sought,
Which sad remembrance to her bosom brought.

* Adonis was turned into a purple flower of his name. See Ov. Met. x. *Fab.* 12.

The rest through diff'rent groves and quarters strayed,
Like swarms of bees that, Hybla's thyme, invade;
When by their sov'reign led, the wax to make,
They quit the beechen hive, rich perfumes, take,
Extend their course where honeyed store abounds,
And enter choicest plants with buzzing sounds.
THE lawns were stripped of ornamental hue;
The lily, one conjoined with vi'lets blue;
Sweet-marjorana, another, gave delight;
This twined the rose; and *that* the privet white.
O Hyacinth! with sorrows in thy look,
And thee, Narcissus! equally they took:
Now bright productions of the SPRING's best joys,
Excelling formerly as charming boys.
The first to life within Amyclæ grew;
His birth from Helicon the latter drew;
By erring coit the former lost his breath:
The last, in fav'rite fount, encountered death.
Cephissus* *this* bewails with broken reed;
From *that*, Apollo's marks of grief proceed.
MORE eager than the rest appeared the FAIR,
Sole hope of her, whose cares the harvests share.
Now, beauteous blossoms that, the verdure, graced,
In smiling baskets formed of twigs, she placed;
And, for herself, inwove a flow'ry twine;
Unconscious,—of her nuptials,—fatal sign!
Nay, e'en the goddess†, who presides o'er arms
And trumpets spreading terrible alarms,
In gentle pleasures now employed those hands,
Which oft had overturned the strongest bands,

* A river of Bœotia, in Greece, parent of Narcissus. See Ov. Met. III. *Fab. 5.*

† Pallas.

Burst massy doors, laid ramparts in the dust:
Aside, upon the ground, her spear was thrust;
Voluptuous garlands, negligently thrown,
Effaced the harshness on her helmet shown;
The steel-clad summit played; war's horrour fled;
And tufts of blooming brightness waved their head.
Diana too who, choirs of nymphs, disdains,
And, with her dogs, o'er mount Partheuius, reigns,
Each flowing lock, together wished to bring,
And, all her tresses, closed in wreathy ring.
  While these, in gayety, were ranging round,
Lo! earth began to roar with hollow sound;
To strike each other, tow'rs their place forsook;
And, from foundations deep, the cities shook.
The hidden cause of this tremendous scene,
To one alone was known:—the Paphian queen;
Through ev'ry sense a mixed emotion pressed:
Affright with joy internal filled her breast.
  The prince of Shades Below now sought a way,
Through paths, beneath the earth, that winding lay;
The heavy horses of th' Infernal God,
Upon Enceladus bewailing, trod;
The massy wheels, the giant's body, tore,
Who, groaning, Sicily and Pluto, bore.
Himself to move, he used exhausted force;
Tried weary snakes* to stop the chariot's course,
Which gliding forward in the smoky track,
Left deepened furrows on his sulph'rous back.
  By dreary night concealed, thus soldiers go,
To plunge unlooked for on th' incautious foe;—

* Giants were supposed to have serpents for feet.

Beneath foundations of the cultured soil,
Through secret ways, to pass the ramparts, toil;
The troops victorious, showing earth-born† pow'rs,
Burst forth, 'mid walls surprised, and seize the tow'rs.
So he, third heir of Saturn, tried to gain,
Through dreary caverns, with unsteady rein,
A path that led to realms where beamed the day,
On empires subject to his brother's sway.
Each pass was shut; large rocks, a bar, opposed:
Where'er he turned, the side was firmly closed.
Disdaining obstacles,—impatient grown,
With sceptre huge he broke the stubborn stone;
The caves of Sicily rolled thunders dread;
Through Lipara, were trembling terrours spread;
Affrighted Vulcan, from his smithy, flew;
And, Bolts, with fear, away the Cyclops threw.
The noise was heard by him, Alps' ice withheld;
The sailor traversing where Tiber swelled,
Waves yet unused to trophies, Romans show;
And reached the boat-man, rowing on the Po.
So when Peneus' stream, by rocks restrained,
'Mid Thessaly, in stagnant floods remained,
And drowning all the plain from side to side,
The husbandman to plough the fields, denied:
His trident Neptune raised, the hills controlled;—
High Ossa sundered from Olympus cold;—
The waves, unbarred, to Ocean took their way;—
And labourers re-entered on the clay.
When Pluto's might had burst Sicilian chains,
And made an ope immense through rugged veins,

† Alluding to the serpent's teeth sown by Cadmus. See Ov. Met. III. *Fab.* 1.

With sudden dread th' ETHEREAL REGIONS shook;—
Revolving stars, their usual course, forsook;
The BEAR, in seas forbidden, plunged his head;
With trembling step, the slow Bootes fled;
Orion, fright disclosed; pale, Atlas grew,
Astonished at the sound of neighings new;
Black aspirations, clouding beams of light,
Deprived the azure sky of lustre bright;
The horses, used to feed in darkness drear,
Beheld the orb of day with shudd'ring fear;
Alarmed they stopped: the froth-clad bridle, pressed,
Amazed at radiancy, the air possessed;
Against the chariot-pole, they fiercely drove,
And, to return to realms infernal, strove.
But, soon receiving o'er their backs the lash,
The steeds began to bear the gleamy flash,
They forward rushed with more impetuous force,
Than wintry floods, or javelin's rapid course,
The Parthian's dart, the blast of SOUTHERN breeze,
Or sudden thoughts that, on the senses, seize.
With bloody stains the bits were covered o'er;
The air, a pestilential vapour, bore;
Th' offensive foam with which the ground was strewed,
In horrid poison all the dust, imbrued.
The NYMPHS, intimidated, fled the lawn;
In chariot, Proserpine away was drawn;
Her cries made Pallas bare the Gorgon's head;
Diana, bending bow, to aid her, sped;
Nor would they, to their uncle Pluto, bend,
Alike induced assistance prompt to lend;
Both virgins,—equally they anger showed:
T' avenge the spoiler's crime, their bosoms glowed.

But he appeared a lion o'er his prey,
That, from the stall a heifer, bears away,
The pride of herds:—his claws the beast employs
To tear the entrails and, the treat, enjoys,
On all the limbs in fierce delight, remains,
Besmeared with filth and sanguinary stains,
His flowing mane, he shakes, that knotted lies,
And, angry shepherds' menaces, defies.
" O KING of feeble SHADES," Minerva cried,
" Most cruel brother of the three allied,
" With impious flame, what FIEND has filled thy breast?
" Why quit'st thou palaces by thee possessed,
" And thus, with Stygian steeds, pollut'st the air?
" The hideous Dirae are thy proper care,—
" The horrid deities of Lethé's strand,—
" Fierce FURIES, worthy to obtain thy hand.
" Leave, leave the empire of thy brother Jove,
" No longer seek in others' realms to rove:
" Go, be content where dreary regions lie;
" Why dost, the dead to mix with living, try?
" And let those coursers that thy chariot draw,
" Our limits tread, not subject to thy law?"
THIS said she struck the horses with her shield,
Which, eagerness, disclosed to leave the field;
To stop their course, her buckler threat'ning, spread,
The serpents hissed: her plumes played round their head;
Upraised her lance, to give the blow, prepared,
Bright lustre o'er the sable chariot glared.
Her hand, the weapon, ready was to fling,
When Jove sent thunder on pacifick wing,
From vaulted skies, which through the welkin pressed,
And, Pluto, for his son-in-law, confessed.

'Mid opening clouds, the lightning's flash avowed,
The nuptial ties, by Hymen, were allowed.
  RELUCTANTLY the goddesses withdrew;
Diana's bosom, poignant sorrow, knew;
She stopped her bow, and thus, with weeping eyes,
" Farewell! remember us, adieu!" she cries:
" Submission to a parent's high commands,
" From giving aid, retains our willing hands.
" We have not strength such pow'r supreme to face:
" Thy sire's the author of this foul disgrace;
" To silent shades, alas! art thou consigned,
" No choirs of equals near, nor sisters kind!
" What DESTINY has thee constrained to leave
" These high abodes, and doomed the stars to grieve?
" No more shall nets, Parthenius' woods, surround:
" To carry quivers, useless, will be found;
" The boar may safely, ev'ry side, explore;
" Fierce lions, boldly, through each quarter, roar;
" Taygetus' high tops shall thee lament;
" Again no bow on Mænalus be bent,
" But o'er the summits heavy grief prevail;
" And Cynthus, doleful, long thy absence, wail.
" Mute will my brother's* oracles remain;
" In Delphi's temples, solemn silence reign."
  AWAY, howe'er, was Proserpine conveyed,
In chariot swift;—'mid winds her tresses played;
She tore her snowy arms with fingers fair,
And vainly vented thus complaints to air:
  " WHY had I not, O father Jove, expired,
" Beneath thy bolts, that Cyclops' labour fired!

* Apollo.

" To cruel SHADES BELOW, a daughter hurled:
" By thee alas! expelled from all the world!
" No place retain, does pity in thy breast?
" No love paternal in thy bosom rest?
" What fault of mine has on me drawn thy rage?
" Did I, in Phlegra's furious scenes, engage?—
" Against th' IMMORTALS, take a hostile course?—
" On high Olympus, icy Ossa, force?
" In me what crime, what error, dost thou find,
" That I, to HORRID REALMS, should be consigned?
" O happy FAIR! by others borne away,
" You equally enjoy the SUN's bright ray;
" But virgin charms to me are now denied,
" And all the glories of the ether wide:
" At once deprived of innocence and light,
" I'm captive dragged from earth to Stygian night.
" O flow'rs! by me unhappily admired!—
" Sage steps contemned, a parent had desired!
" Fell wiles that on Cythera's queen await,
" Perfidious snares, alas perceived too late!
" O mother! whether now 'mid Phrygian dales,
" Of Ida, where Mygdonian song prevails,
" From rustick flute, and dwells upon thy ear;—
" Or, where the tops of Dindymus appear,
" On which the priests of Cybelé are found,
" With naked steel, whose howlings dire resound:—
" From ruin save me;—Pluto's rage restrain;
" Seize, seize the cruel tyrant's fatal rein!"
THESE words and tears, the monster, overcame;
Then first, of love, he felt the tender flame:
With mantle black he wiped those weeping eyes,
And, placid language, used, to ease her sighs.

" VAIN tears dispel," he cried, " that rack thy mind,
" For thee a nobler sceptre is designed,
" Not one, unworthy to receive thy hand,
" Is destined thee to meet in wedlock's band:
" I spring from Saturn;—all before me bends;—
" Throughout the void immense my pow'r extends.
" Thyself ne'er think bereft of beaming day,
" Around us other stars, their light, display;
" Still other spaces, other orbs are seen;
" Thy eyes shall view a brightness more serene:
" Elysium's splendid sun, wilt thou admire,
" And holy residents who there retire;
" The race remaining of the age of gold:
" What once earth knew, we constantly behold.
" Nor wanting to the scene are meadows fair;
" Perpetual flow'rs th' enameled borders share,
" And gentle ZEPHYRS softly breathe around:
" By thee, on Henna, such were never found.
" A tree within a charming arbour grows,
" Each spreading branch with precious metal glows,
" And bends beneath the consecrated load:
" On thee alone the treasure is bestowed;
" From AUTUMN, plenty, thou shalt always gain,
" And golden apples constantly obtain.
" But I on trifles have enlarged too much:
" Whate'er the floating air's embraces touch;—
" What earth maintains;—the foaming billows roll;—
" The gliding rivers in their course control;—
" Whate'er fens feed;—the animals that stand
" Subjected to the LUNAR orb's command,
" Which, sev'nth amid the skies, provides the bars,
" That sever mortal things from lasting stars;—

" To thee the whole will equally give way:
" All, all shall yield to thy imperial sway.
" Before thee kings, that purple once o'erspread,
" Confounded with the crowd, shall bow their head;
" Death levels all distinctions in the dust;
" By thee aside the WICKED shall be thrust;—
" To realms of rest the VIRTUOUS gain access;—
" To thee, as judge, the GUILTY, crimes, confess;
" The Parcæ,—Lethé's stream,—thy will shall wait;
" Whate'er thy wish,—be such decreed by FATE."
THIS said, he gave triumphant steeds the reins,
And, grown more gentle, entered Hell's domains.
In crowds the SHADES, their sov'reign, pressed around:
Their numbers equalled leaves that strew the ground,
By SOUTH WINDS torn:— the rain those gales collect;—
Or sands they hurl;—or, foaming waves, direct.
The diff'rent AGES with each other vied,
In anxious haste, to view th' illustrious bride.
Unwonted ease was in the monarch seen:
Upon his countenance a smile serene,
Huge Phlegethon arose, their steps to greet:
Drops o'er his beard, and face in burning heat.
The slaves selected from the ghostly crew,
With eagerness, to give attendance, flew.
By some the horses from the car were drawn,
And turned, unbridled, in their usual lawn.
These, carpets, placed;—*those*, doors with branches, spread;
While others richly decked the nuptial bed.
Th' Elysian matrons set a modest band
Around their queen, and used expressions bland,
To soothe her fears,—dishevelled tresses, tied,
And placed a veil the timid blush to hide.

THE DREARY REALMS rejoiced;—the DEAD were
In genial feasts, the SHADES to mirth gave way; [gay;—
Th' INFERNAL DEITIES with garlands crowned,
Indulging, 'mid the festive scene, were found.
Unusual songs, the gloomy silence, broke;
Groans ceased;—Hell seemed fell horrours to revoke;
Relaxed dire wo, and suffered gleams of light
To pierce awhile the clouds of lasting night.
Nor Minos longer, in his fatal urn,
Appeared the doubtful lots of man to turn.
No whips resounded; Tartarus' dread roar,
To echo distant punishments, gave o'er;
Ixion's wheel no more with swiftness flew,
Nor envious wave from Tantalus withdrew;
(The former lay at rest; the other's lip
Was suffered waters copiously to sip.)
Huge Tityus raised his limbs of monstrous size,
And left nine acres bare to wond'ring eyes,
Such space of ground the giant overspread!—
The vulture, that upon his liver fed,
Reluctantly was drawn from weary side,
Which, as he gnawed, increase anew, supplied.
The FURIES now, forgetting crimes and ire,
Prepared, o'er brimming goblets, to respire,
With serpent-locks, to quaff the rosy wine;—
Restrained the scourge:—joined song with Bacchus' twine;
Allowed their snakes, the bowl, to curl around;
And, other flame for nuptial torches, found.
THEN, harmless birds! you safely moved on wing,
O'er nauseous fumes that, from Avernus, spring,
And deadly air which, yields Amsanctus' flood:
The horrid eddy, void of motion, stood.

'Tis said that Acheron, changed billows, showed,
And with the choicest milk the river flowed;
Cocytus too, o'erhung with ivy green,
The gen'rous juice of grape, to roll, was seen.
No thread of life was cut by FATE's fell shears;
No sacred choirs disclosed loud cries or tears;
The realms of earth, no longer DEATH assailed:
No fun'ral pile, the mothers' sighs bewailed.
No sailor perished in the stormy wave;
No sword, the fatal stroke to soldier, gave;
The cities smiled exempt from direful blow:
And e'en the ancient ferryman below,
Old Charon, decked his rugged brow with reed,
And sang, as on he rowed, from business freed.
  Now rose the star, that in the eve displays,
Amid th' infernal canopy, his rays;
To nuptial couch, the maiden was conveyed:
Beside her, NIGHT, in spangled robe arrayed,
As bridemaid stood, and touching with her hand
The genial bed, made sacred wedlock's band,
Gave hopes that, from the strong connubial ties,
Felicities should in abundance rise.
Th' Elysian residents these accents sang,
And, with rejoicing, Pluto's palace rang:
  " O QUEEN revered! and thou upon the throne,
" By double ties, the THUND'RER's kindred known,
" Let love concordant mingle with your sleep,
" And, locked in arms, sweet mutual blisses, reap;
" Soon may a happy issue bless your sight:
" The prospect, NATURE views with high delight;
" New gods upon the universe bestow:
" The progeny desired, to Ceres show."

THE

RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

BOOK III.

MEANWHILE to Thaumas' daughter, Jove on high
Gave orders to descend from azure sky,
Wrapped in a cloud,—to cite, on ev'ry side,
The gods to council, scattered far and wide.
On painted pinions Iris quickly flew;
With less rapidity the ZEPHYRS blew;
The deities she called from DEEP PROFOUND;—
Convoked the Nereids, loitering around;
And roused the RIVERS from their humid caves:
Forth rushed the timid and the doubtful waves;
In haste to know, what cause disturbed their rest?
What weighty business for attendance pressed?
THE starry palace now was open laid;
To sit, th' IMMORTAL guests, command, obeyed;
Nor honour was promiscuously obtained;
The highest place, the gods superior gained;
The sov'reigns of the sea, the second, took:
The placid Nereus,—Phorcus' foaming look;

The last, had Glaucus with his biformed frame,
And Proteus, steady to appear the same.
The ancient RIVERS too indulgence met,
And, seats, were equally allowed to get.
A thousand other STREAMS were standing seen,
Like young spectators of Plebeian mien.
On humid fathers, Naiades respired,
And Fauns in silence, beaming STARS, admired.
THEN, where Olympus' lofty summits rise,
Thus spoke the SIRE DIVINE who rules the skies:
" THE cares contemned awhile of human kind,
" Again, within my breast, attention find.
" The shameful luxury and slothful ways,
" That ev'ry-where prevailed in Saturn's days,
" Impelled me to arouse, by want's sharp goad,
" The mortals that, to him, their torpor owed.
" No longer corn arose in fields untilled;
" No trees, by industry of bees, were filled;
" No fountains flowed with grapes' delicious store,
" And, bowls to glut,—with noise burst borders o'er.
" I feel no envy;—(for the breast divine,
" To that, or injury, can ne'er incline;)
" But don't the virtues suffer from excess,
" And, ev'ry sense, exuberance depress?
" Through indigence, oft minds of dulness gain:
" The hidden science by degrees, obtain;
" And, as th' industrious, useful arts, devise,
" Experience, all the requisites, supplies.
" To me most grave complaints, now NATURE brings:
" The mortal race to solace, loudly rings;
" Me, cruel tyrant, unrelenting,—calls;
" And, in my ears, the age of Saturn,—bawls:

" 'Gainst Jove himself, the accusation, makes,
" That, all her treasures, to himself, he takes;—
" Asks, why I suffer weeds to fill the field,—
" Thorns o'er the plain,—the year, no fruits, to yield?
" I, formerly, she cries, a mother kind:—
" Alas! myself a cruel step-dame, find!
" Of what avails, the sense man drew from HIGH,
" Or pow'r, his prayers to offer to the sky,
" If, like the beasts he, through the deserts, rove,
" And take, for food, burst acorns of the grove?
" For him, what charms a life, 'mong monsters, passed,
" In caverns drear amid the forests vast?
" These are the plaints that from this parent rise,
" Which lead me, earth to view with fav'ring eyes:
" Hence, I decree, no more this wretched fare,
" Shall mortals, from Chaonia's foliage, bear.
" And Ceres, ignorant of passing ill,
" Who now, with Cybele on Ida's hill,
" The lions lashes to obey command,
" In tears shall overrun the sea and land,
" Till joy she feel, her daughter having found,—
" With fruits anew shall fertilize the ground,
" Through air her chariot hasten, strewing grain,
" Before unknown to those who breathe the plain;
" And azure dragons that her steps attend,
" To yokes Athenian, shall submissly bend.
" Should any god, to this fond mother, dare,
" The ravisher, who holds her child, declare,
" I call to witness worlds my sceptre sways,
" And harmony the universe displays,
" If son or sister, wife or one of those,
" Who, from my brain, IMMORTAL CHARMERS, rose:—

" That deity shall feel my angry shield,—
" The blow afar from THUNDER which I wield.
" In vain the traitor shall solicit death:
" Lament the lot divine, retaining breath;—
" With wounds quite weak, to Pluto's realm consigned,
" For perfidy, dread chastisement to find,
" He there will learn, if Tartarus' fell fire
" Can punish those who, 'gainst Hell's king, conspire.
" I fully thus my sacred purpose state:
" Be such the course immutable of FATE!"
THIS said, he gave a nod with furious look,
And all the stars, in trembling terrour, shook.
BUT, far away, strange phantoms boding ill,
The mind of Ceres, seemed with fears to fill;
In rocky grots, long quiet she had found;
Now these were heard with armour to resound.
Increase of horrour hovered o'er each night,
And sleep placed Proserpine distressed in sight.
At times she imaged, in her dread alarms,
On ev'ry side the points of hostile arms;—
At others, sable robes appeared in view,
Or, 'mid her domes, wild-ash with verdure new.
The laurel too, more dear than all the grove,
Which formerly with modest foliage strove,
Delightful shade around the couch to spread,
Where this sweet daughter used to lay her head,—
Cut from the deepest root, by her was seen,
And, in the dust defiled, its branches green.
The Dryades, while seemed their tears to run,
Asked if the crime, by FURIES' axe, was done.
BUT Proserpine, at length to Ceres' eyes
In vision, void of mist, appeared to rise;—

Shut up in drear recess, with cruel chains:
Not such as lately, in Sicilian plains,
Directions gave,—whom goddesses admired,
'Mid Ætna's vales where richest flow'rs respired:
Her golden tresses in disorder hung;
Night, o'er her sparkling eyes, had dimness flung;
The rose, to paleness, on her cheek gave place:
Lips void of ruby,—limbs of lily trace.
The gloomy darkness of the pitchy realm,
Seemed all her beauteous charms to overwhelm:
Such change was made where blushes used to glow,
The goddess scarcely could her offspring know.
" Alas!" she cried, " what hardships thee aggrieve?
" Whence springs this leanness dire, that I perceive?
" Against me, who such fury can maintain?"
" Should chains, those tender arms, like beasts, restrain?
" Art thou my daughter?—Proserpine,—sweet child?
" Has no deceitful shade our sense beguiled?"
" Ah! cruel, cruel mother!" she replied,
" To me, borne off, is ev'ry care denied?—
" The tawny lioness would prove more kind:
" An only daughter,—am I thus resigned?
" Does Proserpine,—a name so lately dear,
" No more with fond delight your bosom cheer?
" 'Tis she you view,—consigned to caverns dread,
" Where horrid chastisements around are spread,
" While you, 'mid dancing choirs, your time employ,
" And, through the Phrygian cities, mirth, enjoy.
" If feelings that, maternal love, impart,
" Be not eradicated from your heart,—
" If I from Ceres spring, revered by earth,
" And not a Caspian tigress gave me birth,

" Oh! snatch me, wretched, from those caves I pray,
" And back conduct me to the realms of day.
" If my return howe'er the FATES oppose,
" At least to me repair and calm my woes."
THIS said, her trembling hands to raise, she tried;
The heavy fetters, all attempts, defied;
The clank of chains removed the charm of sleep:
The vision passed,—chill round began to creep;
Of truth, the goddess hoped, it left no trace,
And much regretted she, her child's embrace.
In consternation from recess she broke,
And thus to Cybelé with fervour spoke:
" O HOLY mother, I too long have stayed,
" Beneath those skies which, Phrygia's clime, pervade;
" A cherished daughter, my return, desires;—
" Her age exposed to perils, care, requires;
" Though tow'rs are round, the work of Cyclops' hands,
" Yet safety, ev'ry vigilance, demands;
" I fear lest FAME, our paths, should open lay,
" And Sicily, my confidence, betray.
" Such high celebrity the place receives,
" With palpitating fright my bosom heaves;
" In other parts a dwelling more obscure,
" 'Tis prudent I should presently secure.
" Our shelter,—from Enceladus' loud sighs,
" And neighb'ring flames,—devoid of silence lies.
" In various forms, sad visions through the night,
" And presages each day, my mind, affright;
" These yellow wreaths, with which my brow is crowned,
" Oft suddenly have fallen on the ground:
" The blood, in streams, forth from my bosom, flies;
" Tears trickle down those cheeks from weary eyes;

" And with unbridden hands, I tear this breast,
" By wonder overcome, deprived of rest.
" If flutes I fill, they yield a dismal groan :—
" The tabour, touched,—returns a wailing moan ;
" Alas ! I fear, and truths these omens show :—
" Oh ! fatal absence, source of poignant wo !"
" May winds those terrours scatter far and wide,"
To Ceres, ancient Cybele replied ;—
" Such inattention ne'er has, Jove, defiled,
" That, hurl he would not thunder for his child.
" However go ;—and hither soon return,
" Dispelled the torments that, thy bosom, burn."
This o'er, forth Ceres from the temple flew,
No speed sufficed her wishes to pursue;
The dragons seemed to linger on the way;
She lashed their wings, impatient of delay;
To quicken pinions innocent, she tried
The whip alternately from side to side;
Ere Ida's brow the goddess left behind,
Her eager eyes sought Sicily to find;
Each fond concern by dire distraction tost,—
The worst she feared,—and hope completely lost.
The bird thus trembles for her plumeless brood,
On some low ash, while far she searches food;
Uneasy thoughts her pensive breast pervade,
Lest, on the earth by winds, the nest be laid,
And wily boys away her young convey,
Or, to the adder, they become a prey.
When Ceres saw her palace open left,
The guard removed,—doors burst,—of hinge bereft ;—
Through ev'ry part a mournful silence reign :
Without awaiting further trace to gain,

She rent her garments, yielding to despair,
And tore the wreath of corn-ears from her hair;
Tears stood;—voice,—breath,—at once her lips, forsook,
And ev'ry limb with apprehension shook.
Her falt'ring steps across the mansion moved;
A dreary solitude each quarter proved;
Woofs half destroyed, with threads confused, she found:
A sketch of art, the outline just around;
In vacant space of work divine begun,
Her web a spider had with boldness spun.
Nor did the goddess solely wailings show:
She kissed the vest;—in silence vented wo.
The shuttle smoothed by use,—work thrown aside,—
The scattered play-things,—toys of girlish pride,
Which, infant hours, had formerly beguiled,
She fondly clasped, as if her absent child;
The bed forsaken, couch where often laid,
The seats she used;—her eager eyes surveyed.
  So grieves th' astonished shepherd, who beholds,
When he returns, devoid of flocks his folds,
By Libyan lions from th' enclosures torn,
Or off by bands of ruthless robbers borne:
Too late through ev'ry part he moves in haste;—
The meadows views, by ravages laid waste;—
To call the cattle, vainly now he tries:
No more they answer, deaf to all his cries!
  She, in a deep recess, Electra, found,
'Mong ancient Nymphs of Ocean, nurse renowned,
Whose love of Proserpine was equal thought,
To fond affection, e'en by Ceres brought.
From cradle oft her arms were wont to bear
The charming babe to Jove's parental care,

Upon paternal knee the child to lay,
Where she was suffered to indulge in play:
Beloved attendant,—guardian who excelled,—
A second mother,—faithful always held.
With dust o'erspread,—and torn, dishevelled hair,
She wailed the rape,—the lost Celestial fair..
At length from groans the goddess' anguish broke,
And thus, 'mid bursting sighs, to her she spoke:
" WHAT dire calamities are here displayed?—
" For whom am I a captive to be made?
" Does still my spouse direct the Heav'ns on high?
" Or have the giants gained at length the sky?
" What hand has dared commit this hateful crime,
" While yet survives the THUNDERER sublime?
" Has huge Typhæus with infuriate head,
" Inarimé's firm mass to force, been led?—
" Has Alcyoneus burst Vesuvius' chain,
" And moved his feet across th' Etrurian main?
" Or neighb'ring Ætna, agitation, shown,
" And, forth Enceladus from entrails, thrown?
" Perhaps Briareus, with his hundred arms,
" Has through our mansion carried dire alarms!
" Alas! where finds my daughter now a bed?—
" My nymphs so num'rous, whither have they fled?
" And where has Cyane been forced to rove?
" What violence, from hence winged Sirens, drove?
" Is *this*, fidelity, that you display,
" To let my darling child be borne away!"
ELECTRA, these reproaches overcame;
She shook, and poignant grief gave place to shame;
The nurse, DEATH's pains, would rather undergo,
Than bear the sight of such parental wo.

Awhile she stood in doubt, if right to own
The fact most true,—the author still unknown.
At length her accents, mournful silence, broke,
And, scarcely audible, these words she spoke:
"Ah!—would the giants had this havock made!
"Less heavy prove the ills that, all, pervade.
"But now will scarcely be the fact believed:
"Her sister-goddesses, the fair, deceived;
"The deities contrived this dire disgrace:
"You may, to jealousy, their treach'ry trace.
"More hostile Heav'n than Phlegra, we have found;
"Tranquillity, these domes, extended round;
"Your daughter, to commands, attentive proved,
"Nor o'er the threshold of the palace moved;
"To bow'rs in verdant groves, no visits paid;
"Her fingers in the loom much skill displayed;
"The Sirens' song, each leisure hour, amused;
"With me, in converse sweet, to join, she used;
"Through noble rooms sought safely, joys, to reap;
"And then inclined at ease in balmy sleep.
"At length however Venus hither flew:
"(Our lone retreat, 'tis doubtful how she knew;)
"And, lest her steps, suspicious, might be thought,
"She, with her Pallas and Diana, brought.
"Soon, smiles of pleasure, Beauty's goddess showed,
"And, kisses oft on Proserpine, bestowed:
"Her, greeted frequently with Sister's name;
"A mother's cruelty was heard to blame;
"A parent, who such charms resolved to hide
"In deep recess,—to goddesses denied
"The conversation that their hearts desire:—
"Thus, far from skies paternal to respire.

" Joy, in our INNOCENT, these words instilled:
" Good cheer and nectar soon, the table, filled;
" Th' imprudent fair put on Diana's dress;
" Her tender fingers tried the bow to press;—
" Then in the helmet, that with tufts was graced,
" Her brow of tresses eagerly she placed;
" Minerva giving praise; and how to wield
" She sought the BLUE-EYED-MAID'S enormous shield.
" Cythera's queen, with arch, perfidious air,
" First spoke of fields and Hesta's valleys fair,
" The charming flow'rs as if to her unknown:
" Seemed much to wish their beauties to be shown;—
" Appeared to doubt that, in the neighb'ring ground,
" Unhurt by winter, roses could abound;—
" The plants of other climes, in seasons cold,
" Their glowing tints delightfully unfold;—
" And shrubs which, SPRING'S enchanting smiles, engage,
" Could brave the fury of BOOTES' rage.
" While praise she lavished and, desire, expressed,
" Persuasion soon prevailed upon the rest.
" Alas! how easily the flatt'ring tongue,
" By artful language, can seduce the young!
" What ardent prayers I used,—tears vainly shed!—
" Away she hastened, by her sisters led;
" Nymphs followed in the rear, a num'rous train:
" At once they sought the ever-verdant plain;
" When bright Aurora beamed at early dawn,
" They culled rich flow'rs along th' enamelled lawn,
" While pearly whiteness, placid meadows, tipped,
" And, scattered dews, the banks of vi'lets sipped.
" But when the SUN had gained his noon-tide way,
" LO! NIGHT threw darkest clouds o'er realms of day;

" The island shook with chariot's rolling sound,
" And horses' heavy feet that trod around:
" We no way could the charioteer discern;—
" And,—shade,—or DEATH himself,—could never learn.
" The herbs turned pale;—the rivers dry were left;—
" Fields, blasts defiled:—all seemed of life bereft.
" I saw the privet, robbed of lustre gay;—
" The roses wither:—lily in decay.
" Howe'er, a hollow rumbling through the plains,
" At length announced the turning back of reins;
" And, with the car,—retiring pitchy night,
" The world again received the beams of light.
" Then no where Proserpine appeared in view;
" Their wish obtained, the goddesses withdrew;
" We Cyane, amid the fields, half dead,
" Perceived, reclining languidly her head;
" The flow'ry garland that her temples bound,
" With black was covered o'er, and tarnished found.
" We her accosted;—asked, in anxious haste,
" The quarter where our mistress might be traced?—
" (The nymph had stood the nearest by her side;)—
" The horses' form?—who drove?—She nought replied.
" A secred venom through her entrails ran:
" In liquids, Cyane to melt began;
" To humid drops her flowing tresses grew:—
" Both feet and hands now trickled down in dew;
" And presently the limpid streams around,
" O'erflowed our footsteps, left upon the ground.
" The rest had fled: the Sirens taken flight,
" To shores Sicilian and Pelorus' height,
" On rapid wing; indignant at the ill,
" Their lyres, the air, with guileful accents fill;

" Enchanting notes, the passing ships, retain;
" Th' astonished rowers motionless remain.
" In this deserted house I'm left alone,
" Old age to train, in constant tears to moan!"
THIS spoken, Ceres in suspense appeared;
Her breast distracted,—future woes she feared;
But, turning presently infuriate eyes,
She raged against th' INHABITANTS OF SKIES.
THUS high Niphates trembles with the roar,
Of tigress that th' Hyrcanian forest bore,
Whose young away the timid hunter drew,
For Persia's king with pleasure to pursue:
She storms more fiercely than the Zephyrs blow,
Which, fecundation with their breath, bestow;
Upon her spotted skin stands anger dire;
To seize the ravisher, her breast's on fire;
And when the foe seems ready for her claws,
A mirror's* rays restrain her eager jaws,
So Ceres' plaints against Olympus broke,
And thus, with poignant wo, the mother spoke:
" MY child, return me:— I my daughter crave;—
" Me, birth, nor wand'ring streams nor Dryads gave:
" I spring from Cybelé, with crown of tow'rs,
" And mighty Saturn's generative pow'rs.
" Have rights of deities left realms on high?
" Celestial justice quitted azure sky?—
" Who, now from gods, can fondly hope for grace?
" See, Venus,—famed for modesty of face,

* To avoid the rage of the tigress, the hunter used a mirror. The reflected image, being taken by the parent for her young, gave time for escape.

" Dares show her features after Vulcan's chains:
" Did virtuous sleep, or couch where pureness reigns,
" On her bestow the countenance displayed?—
" Or was it by the lip's chaste touch conveyed?—
" No wonder actions base ne'er wound her eyes,
" When infamy upon her conduct lies.
" But, goddesses! who nuptial bands refuse,
" Can you, neglect of virgin charms, excuse?
" What!—changed in counsel?—Do you join the crew,
" Who, with the Paphian queen, vile rapes, pursue?
" Oh! worthy both, high rev'rence to obtain,
" Where Scythian altars thirst for human slain!
" What cause for anger rankles in your breast?
" Has Proserpine the slightest word expressed,
" From which your bosoms might offence derive?—
" Sought she, Diana, from the woods to drive?
" Or thee, Minetva, in the martial field,
" Has she presumed to rival with the shield?
" In conversation, did she trouble give?
" Or, with your choirs too often, wish to live?
" A burden, lest her presence should be held,
" In solitude Sicilian, long she dwelled.
" But, what avails concealment to desire?
" No rest can ease the pangs of envious ire."
Of each the goddesses, her voice complained;
But they, (by awe of Jove, their sire, restrained,)
Or held their peace, or ev'ry thing denied,
And, to the mother, by their tears replied.
What course should Ceres take?—O'ercome by grief,
At length, with fervent prayers, she sought relief.
" A Parent, pardon,—led her rage to wreak,
" Of suff'rings dire without restraint to speak;

" In humble attitude,—to you I kneel:
" My lot, I pray, to me at once reveal!
" This favour grant me;—this I ask alone:—
" To me, calamities designed, make known;
" If warned of evil, I am doomed to wait:
" To crime I bend not,—but imperious FATE.
" A mother let, her daughter's sight, obtain;
" The favour yield: I shall not ask again.
" Whoe'er thou art,—secure remains thy prey:
" Retain her void of fear, though forced away.
" But if this silence from some pledge proceed:
" Do thou disclose, Latona, truths I need.
" Perhaps Diana has to thee confessed,
" And, of the facts, thou fully art possessed.
" Alas! thou know'st Lucina's labours well:
" What cares, what love, in hearts maternal dwell!
" Twins* thou at once hast given to the light:
" An only child, this one, has blessed my sight.
" May always thy Apollo's charms divine,
" Delightfully, within thy presence, shine;
" And, be thy lot for ever free from fears!"
Again the goddesses dissolved in tears.
" WHAT cause for poignant grief, and yet deserve,
" That all, from silence, should refuse to swerve?
" Ah! wo is me!—alas they disappear!
" Why dost thou, Ceres, longer tarry here?
" Too clearly, gods have thy distress designed:
" Go, range o'er earth and sea, thy child to find;—
" I'll follow up the passage of the SUN,
" Each path inspect,—the universe o'errun:

* Apollo and Diana.

" Till found, no rest I'll take, adieu to sleep,
" I'll search Iberian floods and RUDDY DEEP.
" Nor shall the frozen Rhine my course withhold;
" The summits high, I'll brave, 'mid Scythian cold;—
" The horrid quicksands with deceitful face;
" Of SOUTHERN WINDS, the distant sources, trace;—
" The frigid mansion, penetrate in snow,
" From whence the NORTHERN BLASTS are wont to
" Climb Atlas' lofty top in WESTERN skies; [blow:
" Th' Hydaspes' banks, my torches shall surprise.
" Let cruel Jupiter each step discern:—
" My wanderings, through fields and cities, learn.
" Be Juno witness of a rival's death,
" And sated, when she views her parting breath.
" Insult at will my grief!—O POW'RS on high,
" Enjoy your triumph in the vaulted sky!
" Th' illustrious trophy show with proud delight:
" The child of Ceres wrested from her sight!"
THIS said, her feet on Ætna's heights she set,
For course nocturnal, lighted torch to get.
UPON the banks that yellow Acis laves,
By Galatea fair preferred to waves
That OCEAN rolls, on which she often swims,
Floods boldly ploughing with her precious limbs,—
A grove, that branches closely knit pervade,
Extends, on Ætna's summits, verdant shade.
There, father Jove, 'tis said, his bloody shield,
Deposited, when victor from the field;
And thither, rage of battle being o'er,
The various plunder gained by conquest, bore.
On num'rous trees is Phlegra's booty strung,
And, all the wood with glorious trophies, hung.

Here, wide-spread mouths;—there, skins of monstrous
From haughty giants torn, to sight arise. [size,
Fixed on the bark their faces still are seen,
With threat'ning countenance and cruel mien;
Huge bones a whiteness scatter o'er the ground;
In lifeless heaps the serpents* lie around;
By bolts of thunder scorched, the swelling hide†;—
And ev'ry bough displays victorious pride.
Beneath twice fifty swords, *this*, bending stands,
Surrendered by Briareus' hundred hands;
In livid spoils exults, from Coeus torn:
By *that* is Mimas' massy armour borne.
What once Ophion haughtily displayed
Is now upon those spreading branches laid:
But on the fir that, o'er the others, tow'rs,
Extending widely boughs of stubborn pow'rs,
Enceladus' large leavings reeking lie,
The prince of troops that durst attack the Sky;
The tree must to th' enormous load give way,
Did not a neighb'ring oak the pressure stay.
  Hence fears, around the place, drear horrours, draw,
And o'er the senses cast religious awe;
'Twere crime to hurt what ages passed revered:
The grove where gods, immortal trophies, reared.
No Cyclops dare feed sheep nor touch the trees:
The sacred shade, e'en Polyphemus flees.
  But Ceres' steps, by this, were not restrained:
She, from the holy spot, more ardour gained;
The axe she raised, uncertain of the stroke:
Great Jove himself her fury might provoke.

* Alluding to the giants' feet. † The giants' cuirass.

The lofty pines she hastily laid low,—
The cedars that with greater smoothness grow;
Sought trunks most fit, of length and straitest make;
And tried their firmness with effective shake.
So he, who builds a ship, his wares to bear,
Through seas remote, and stormy surge to dare,
The beech and aldar measures where they rise,
And, for his purpose, takes the proper size:
For yards with swelling sails, he marks the long;
For masts convenient, he selects the strong;
Whate'er is pliant, into oars is made:
What waves resists,—upon the bottom laid.
Two cypress raised their heads in neighb'ring wood;
Till then inviolate their branches stood;
The Simois ne'er, on Ida's rocky brow,
Such stems beheld expanding verdant bough,—
Nor e'en th' Orontes that, with flowing waves,
Apollo's charming grove of laurel, laves.
They seemed like sisters, widely stretching round:
With equal height they overlooked the ground.
These pleased for torches; Ceres straight prepared,
Her robe tucked up, each arm to elbow bared,
With axe in hand, to give the potent blow,
Now this, now that, alternately laid low;
Alike they fell, extended on the lawn,
Lamented by the Dryad and the Faun.
Just as they were, she both caught up in haste;—
With hair untied, the mountain's summit, traced;—
Passed, out of breath, flames, rocks, that none attain;—
And, on the cinders, trampled with disdain.
So fierce Megæra speeds to light the yew,
When deadly crimes she wishes to pursue,—

On Cadmus' city or Mycenæ's wall,
(Thyestes' home,) she means her rage to fall.
Before her, shades of dreariness retreat;
Through Tartarus, resound her iron feet;
Until she reaches Phlegethon's dread shore,
And gets her pine with liquid fire spread o'er.
When Ceres, to the burning crater, came,
She plunged the cypress in the gulph of flame:—
The open cavern, closed on ev'ry side,
And, bursting fumes, pent up in yawnings wide,
The mountain thundered with the blaze restrained:
Excessive heat through ev'ry quarter reigned;
The vapours pressing burst the barriers made;
The cypress' tops ignited, sparks displayed;
Fresh embers, Ætna scattered o'er the ground;
The branches crackled with the sulphur round.
Then, lest the torches, in her journeys long,
Should fail to yield irradiation strong,
She gave them inextinguishable pow'rs,
And sprinkled on each part those secret show'rs,
With which, his courses, Phaeton* bedews,
And Luna, o'er her team of bullocks, strews.
Nocturnal silence, now, around the world,
The calm vicissitude of sleep had hurled;
The goddess took her way, with bosom rent,
And thus aloud discoursed, as on she went:
" O Proserpine! for thee I little thought,
" Such flambeaus, by thy mother, would be sought;
" The nuptial torch I fondly hoped to bring,
" That Hymen's songs might, through Olympus, ring.

* The son is here put for the father, Phœbus. Virgil has used the same license, *Æn.* v. 105; and Homer, *Il.* A. 734.

" Alas! th' IMMORTALS are by FATE controlled,
" And Lachesis will no distinctions hold!
" What happy moments lately I possessed!—
" Around a throng of eager suitors pressed;
" What matron, who a num'rous race had got,
" No envy felt to view my single lot?
" Thou prov'dst my only joy from first to last:
" Through thee, 'mong fruitful mothers I was classed.
" O daughter dear! my glory and delight,
" With whom I calmly moved a goddess bright,
" In nothing less than Juno was I seen:
" Now, such Jove's will, how abject is my mien!
" But why to him do I ascribe these tears?
" My own neglect, a cause more just, appears;
" Thee, carelessly I left exposed to foes:
" My absence, fatal source of poignant woes!
" 'Mong joyful choirs I safely, pleasures, took,
" Whose notes, the air, in Bacchus' glory, shook,—
" And, Phrygian lions, made, in yokes, obey,
" While thou, by cruel hands, wast borne away.
" Learn, learn, my child, the punishment I've met,
" Which doubtless I have merited to get;
" My cheeks, observe, with wounds, how overspread!—
" This bosom equally in furrows red,
" Which, heedlessness of ev'ry function, shows,
" Disturbed repeatedly by frantick blows.
" Beneath what skies shall I thy footsteps trace?—
" And who shall guide me to behold thy face?—
" The road point out most proper to pursue?—
" What chariot off, my darling daughter, drew?—
" Full information of the SAVAGE give?—
" If, on the earth or sea, this monster live?—

" Where I the marks of rapid wheels may find?
" I'll go,—my feet resign to hazard blind.
" Thus, seeking Venus, may Dioné move;
" At length successful,—will these efforts prove?
" Shall I, my Proserpine, embrace again?
" Will all thy beauteous features still remain?
" Or, as in frightful dreams of night portrayed,
" The signs of wretchedness, each sense, pervade?"
THIS said, her course she, far from Ætna, took;
Gave flow'rs and place of wo, disdainful look;
The diff'rent ruts examined o'er the land;
Inclined the torches, lustre to command;
The tracks with floods of flowing tears, she filled:
Through all the air, her sorrows loudly thrilled;
The shades of Ceres, stretched above the wave,
Reached seas that Italy and Libya lave;—
Threw beams of brightness on th' Etrurian shore:
The quicksands from the surge reflection bore;
And distant caves of Scylla felt the ray,
Astonished that the dogs in silence lay;
While parts, where dismal barking ne'er had spread,
Affrighted, heard around those howlings dread.

THE

GIGANTOMACHIA*.

In ancient times the Earth, with jealous eyes,
Beheld the empire of the azure skies;
This tender mother, 'mid incessant fears,
Bewailed the Titans' destiny with tears.
Her monstrous offspring threatened to o'erwhelm,
With guilty horrours, Tartarus' dreat realm;
Which, seen with pride, she Phlegra open laid,
And, enemies to ether's space, displayed.
A roar was heard;—from Hell the giants rose;—
And, scarcely formed, their hands prepared for blows:
Defied the gods; and, as their feet they moved,
The rolling sound, their steps unsteady, proved.
The stars turned pale; alarmed, bright Phœbus tried,
At once his flaming coursers back to guide;
The Bear in Ocean plunged; and Charles's Wain,
Which never sets, now left th' ethereal plain.
With these expressions then parental Earth,
Those bosoms, fired that owed to her their birth:

* From γίγας giant, and μάχη battle.

" O Youth! designed to vanquish Pow'rs on high;
" To War pertains whatever you descry;
" On triumph, Victory confers the world:
" 'Gainst Saturn's son be all my fury hurled;
" What we can do, let him perceive at length;
" Shall I be overcome by any strength?
" On them did Cybele more force bestow?
" No rev'rence is there due to us below?
" Has he not ev'ry trouble on me thrown?—
" Maliciously his constant hatred shown?
" *Here*, chained in Scythian vale, Prometheus lies;
" To feed the bird, anew his entrails rise;
" *There*, Atlas' hoary locks and icy top,
" The vaulted canopy of planets, prop,
" Shall I of Tityus speak, whose liver still
" Grows while he feels the cruel vulture's bill?
" O warlike sons! avengers of my pains,
" The Titans, liberate from heavy chains;
" Defend your mother;—ready for each hand,
" Behold—lie seas and mountains at command.
" Our limbs ne'er spare, I nothing will deny,
" To hurl against the sov'reign of the sky.
" Go, go, I pray: confound celestial pow'rs,
" And utterly destroy the starry tow'rs.
" Jove's sceptre, let Typhœus snatch away;—
" The foaming waves, Enceladus, obey;—
" Aurora's beaming reins, another guide,
" The Sun no longer suffered to preside;
" May thee, Porphyrion, Delphic laurels, twine,
" And Cirrha's temples equally be thine."
When thus advised, their silly bosoms burned:
The gods they thought already overturned;—

Old Neptune dragged amid the rolling seas:
This—fancied mighty Mars o'ercome with ease;—
That—thought to seize on Phœbus' radiant hair:—
Another,—lovely Venus off to bear;—
Diana, hoped to clasp within his arms,
And triumph o'er the chaste Minerva's charms.
MEANWHILE the messenger, swift Iris, flew:
Together she, th' IMMORTALS, quickly drew,
Who, floods and flowing rivers, dwellings, made:
The SHADES themselves came forth to lend their aid.
Nor thee, O Proserpine, those portals strong,
With gloom infernal spread, retarded long;
The king* himself, in sable chariot placed,
From dismal realms of silence, drove in haste;
His coursers, unaccustomed to the light,
The day's resplendent rays, beheld with fright:
And, as they forward moved, 'mid trembling fear,
They breathed, from pitchy nostrils, darkness drear.
THUS, when the hostile engine's threats are nigh,
The citizens, to guard their ramparts, fly;
So, various gods from diff'rent quarters came:
To meet beneath paternal domes, their aim.
THE deity thus spoke who, skies, commands:
" O race, to Heav'n devoted,—deathless bands,
" Whom no vicissitudes destructive wait,—
" Decrees inevitable, fixed by FATE;—
" The EARTH against our world conspires, behold,
" And brings a progeny of warriours bold.
" Whate'er this mother has supplied with breath,
" Let us, in equal numbers, plunge in death;

* Pluto.

" Through length of ages, let her sorrows run :
" A tomb allotted be to ev'ry son."
  Now sounds of war pervaded earth and air,
And, for her ruler, NATURE felt despair;
The pow'rful crowd in arms that forward flew,
The elements in dire confusion threw.
Where billows roll an island disappeared;
Rocks 'mid the waves their heads no longer reared;
How many shores of cov'ring were bereft;
What multitude of streams their borders left!
Thessalian Œta, hard, *this* hurled on high;—
That, hands uniting, made Pangæa fly;
To one, a weapon, icy Athos proved:
Another, similarly, Ossa, moved;
The Hebrus' source, Mount Rhodopé, was thrown:
The waters severed, long companions known;
From lofty cliffs, th' Enipeus' falling wave,
A wetting to the giants' shoulders, gave.
EARTH's hills, distributed among her race,
The eye could, nought but plains extensive, trace.
A horrid noise through ev'ry quarter thrilled:
The space between each force, air solely filled.
  FIRST Mars, against this formidable band,
His Thracian horses drove with daring hand:
Those noble coursers wont to spread dismay,
Where Gelon armies or the Getæ lay.
His golden shield reflected beaming light,
And shining tufts played o'er his helmet bright.
  THE god of war now forward took his course;
His massy sword, Pelorus, struck with force,
Just where the serpents doubly winding rise,
And, to the semi-beast, unite as thighs;

Intent at once his efforts dire to show,
Three lives he severed at a single blow.
Then o'er the palpitating corse he bore,—
The chariot wheels besprinkling ruddy gore.
To 'venge his brother, Mimas quickly flew,
And from the foaming billows, Lemnos, drew;
From Vulcan's forge, yet curling smoke was blown:
That instant would his hands, the isle, have thrown,
If Mars' dread lance had not transpierced his head,
And first his brain, on dusty surface, spread.
The part of human form was plunged in death;
The serpents, hissing, still preserved their breath:
Rebellious portion that, the FATES, defied,
And equally, the victor's claims, denied.
AGAINST the foe, Minerva forward pressed,
The Gorgon-shield resplendent on her breast;
No lance she used;—contented with her mien:
Enough for triumph solely to be seen*.
Fierce Pallas first, who at a distance ranged,
To perfect stone, without a wound was changed;
Himself he felt to harden with her look;
(And when solidity he nearly took,)—
"What strange mutation presses thus?" he cried,
"Through all my limbs, what flinty matters glide?
"A numbness over ev'ry quarter steals,
"And, like a lifeless lump, my body feels."
These words had, utt'rance, scarcely from him found,
When all his fears were realized around.
Damastor cruel, while he sought a dart,
Intent to make his high opponents smart,

* The sight of the Gorgon's head turned every thing to stone. See Ov. *Met.* Lib. iv. Fab. 17, 18.

And overpow'r[illegible] by [illegible] shock,
Hurled kindred petrefaction for a rock.
Echion, wond'ring at a brother's death,
And anxious to avenge his parting breath,
On thee, O goddess, looked with bursting rage,
Whose presence none can ever twice engage;
The punishment deserved, his rashness drew,
And, life exhaling he, th' IMMORTAL, knew.
But forward rushed Palleneus, full of ire,
His furious eyes were steadfast, beaming fire;
His daring hands to seize the goddess tried,
Who, with her lance, at once a blow applied;
By Gorgon's cold the serpents stiff were left:
Part arms,—a part by eyes,—of life bereft.
PORPHYRION, lo! where foaming surges rolled,
Dragged o'er th' abyss profound his twining fold;
Asunder, tott'ring Delos, tried to rend,
That, 'gainst high Heav'n, his arm the isle might send.
Ægæus trembled; Thetis with her sire,
From wat'ry grotos hastened to retire;
Deserted were old Neptune's glassy caves,
Respected by divinities of waves.
On Cynthus' top resounded plaintive sighs,
From nymphs who taught the god that lights the skies,
The savage beast to pierce with pow'rful dart,—
And, for Latona, raised the couch apart,
When she two brilliant stars* produced to sight,
The twins that shine aloft with lustre bright.
Astonished Delos, her Apollo, prayed,
To lend without delay his pow'rful aid:
"If fair Latona, in my lap," she cried,
"For thee, succeeded shelter to provide,

" Assistance give; behold again I quake:
" With furious efforts, my foundations shake."

* The Sun and Moon, or Phœbus and Diana.

FROM

** THE GIANT FIGHT.

THE lovely Venus bore nor spear nor arms,
But brightest beauty beamed around her charms;
For in her eyes expression strong was placed;
No pin, divisions in her hair, had traced;
Her tresses were in num'rous ringlets twined:
The orbs of sight disclosed emotion kind;
The garments thin in which she was arrayed,
Through waving folds delightful form displayed.
Nor had she sought upon her splendid dress,
A blushing flow'r by weaving to express,
That might, allurements, give the transcient glance;—
HAIR made her helmet:—bosom raised a lance;
A dart, the eye-brows:—frame, a potent shield;—
Her limbs proved arms:—grief, softness, seemed to yield;
On her, whoe'er presumed a look to throw,
Was sure her overwhelming pow'r to know.

** Such pieces as have this mark prefixed are Greek in the original.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

TO THE PREFECT ADRIAN.

Does anger still within your bosom rage?
Must I ne'er hope my sorrows will assuage?
Have you, to sudden hatred, kindness, turned?
Changed has that heart where malice never burned?
Is tenderness no more?—has Envy sway?—
Against me spiteful rumours to convey!
Resentment might my prudence* overpow'r:—
Youth lead away,—or indiscretion sour;
But, was it fit that you, such arms as these,
Forgetful of yourself, should deign to seize?
Man's contumelies ne'er touch the gods on high,
Nor casual clamours penetrate the sky.
Now punishment immoderate appears;
Forgiveness yield to one oppressed by fears;
My error I confess:—before you, bow:
To me a pardon gen'rously allow.
Though in Achilles' breast no pity glowed:
To Hector's shade he anger never showed,

* See Epigram xxx. and the Life of Claudian prefixed.

The Furies by Orestes were appeased,—
A mother immolated, vengeance, eased.
The walls, Alcides gained by efforts brave,
The conflict o'er, he back to Priam gave.
The fall that, ruinous to monarchs, proved,
The youth* who drew his birth from Pella, moved.
'Tis said that he, upon Darius' bier,
The prince whom slaves had slaughtered, dropped a tear;
And, to console the king's unhappy doom,
His ashes, honoured with a splendid tomb.
The realm of India, larger than before,
He rendered Porus, whom he captive bore.
To him our native† place, foundation, owes,
Who thus, with noble mind, forgave his foes.
Thy virtues merit in his steps to tread,
Who, such examples by his greatness, led.
If I've offended those who rule the sky,
Against my head let all their fury fly.
When ev'ry favour rapidly declined,
Then followed wretched poverty behind;
My house appeared a desert quite forlorn;
Each friend revered was from my bosom torn;
Some on the scaffold yielded up their breath,
While others, far in exile, wait for death.
Do further sorrows on my days attend?—
What greater torments can I apprehend?
The pow'r of slaughter softens beasts of prey:
These disregard whatever shows dismay;

* Alexander the Great.

† Alexander founded Alexandria, the birth-place both of Claudian and Adrian.

The gen'rous lion scarcely deigns to heed
The prostrate foe, his rage had doomed to bleed;
Nor does his eager hunger feel delight,
Unless he sate his jaws with bulls that fight.
My thread of smiles through life, has Envy cut,
And, ev'ry joyful prospect, sorrow shut.
Ah! now regard us with benignant eye,
Who, overcome by woes, dejected lie.
Why condescend you, such a load to throw,
Of anguish dire, on one who bends so low?
In narrow caverns Æolus ne'er tries
The mighty pow'rs that, at his wishes, rise;
The Northern Winds, intent to wreak dread rage,
With little hills, in contest, don't engage,
But, o'er the lofty Alps, dire ravage, make,
And, Thracian Rhodope's high summits, shake.
On willows, ne'er descend th' ethereal flames,
Nor, at small shrubs, the Thund'rer, fury, aims,
But, 'gainst majestick oaks and aged ash,
He hurls those terrours with resounding crash.
In supplication,—for the olive bough,
As incense, we these verses offer now.
Commiserate my lot; assuage my pain:
The poet render to himself again;
The wounds, he feels, to sanity restore,
And let him life and fame enjoy once more.
If all my happiness was lost through you,
Let that same source my former peace renew.
To Telephus, the spear which gave the blow,
The healing pow'rs, was kindly seen to show;
Achilles' hand, that plunged the deadly sting,
Back life with promptitude was found to bring.

If neither prayers nor tears can move your breast,
Contemned the Muse,—off belts unprosp'rous wrest,
My military honours, snatch away,
And fill an old companion with dismay.
To crush a poet poor,—what triumph great!—
And wondrous trophies on the victor wait!
The pow'r, which you to publick suffrage owe,
Oppresses fellow-citizens with wo.
Let these complaints our common soil be told:
The Pharos' domes, that distant ships behold;—
Above the stream in tears, Nile raise his head,
And, o'er vast shores our cruel suff'rings, spread.

EPISTLE II.

TO SERENA.

For Orpheus, when the nuptial torches blazed,
And, through the Thracian plains, joy, Hymen raised,
The beasts of woods, and birds that soar on wing,
Contended which should noblest presents bring.
The lynxes, mindful of resounding cave,
And rocks that, to his lyre, sweet echoes, gave,
From Caucasus' high summit, crystal, brought,
And griffins gold, in Northern regions, sought.
The doves bore flow'ry wreaths with roses joined,
From Cytherea's charming lawns purloined;
The swan from Po, where numbers swim around,
With amber came, on branching sisters* found;
The cranes, when 'gainst the Pigmies, war was o'er,
Repassing Nile, pecked gems on Red Sea shore;

* The sisters of Phaeton, lamenting their brother, were turned into poplar-trees, and their tears into amber. Ov. *Met.* Lib. II. *Fab.* 2.

The ancient Phenix in his claws displayed,
From ORIENT, cinnamon, which sweets pervade;
Connubial gifts, no bird, nor beast of field,
To merit of the strings, refused to yield.
IN all the treasures, Helicon supplied,
Calliopé with care bedecked the bride;
She e'en presumed to ask, from realms on high,
The wedding to attend, the QUEEN OF SKY.
Nor did, the invitation, Juno shun,
The mother fav'ring and her pious son,
Who oft was heard, the most delightful verse,
Before the goddess' altars to rehearse;
Olympus' pow'r, in charming strains to sing:
Jove's wars with Phlegra to remembrance bring,
When he, to Titan's threats, gave direful blow,
And, menacing Enceladus, laid low.
The marriage night she with her presence graced:
Upon the couch, appropriate presents placed;—
The like no mortal beauties ever own:
Rich gifts confined to deities alone.
IF Juno, kindness thus to Orpheus, showed,
On me, Serena has, each wish, bestowed.
Let stars, the goddess of the skies, obey;
The earth and ocean feel your pow'rful sway.
MY flame avowing, I no offers made,
Of fields or flocks, the suitor's usual aid:
No thousand hills with vineyards covered o'er;
No fruitful olives, waving verdant store;
No harvests that, by num'rous sickles, fall;
Nor golden columns to support my hall.
Enough your orders:—lines, you deigned to write,
For me could cattle, corn, and domes, unite.

The father, to a princess' letters, bent:
Your name, my poverty, concealment, lent.
What would not empire or affection yield,
To wishes, by Serena's pen revealed?
  Ah! would that I could celebrate the day,
By me desired, where you, sweet smiles, display,
Within your husband's camp, and near the throne,
On which his son-in-law's* high pow'r is shown:
Th' imperial purple join connubial band,
'Mid venerable choirs that circling stand,
And her behold, who asked for me those charms,
Conduct the maid to my impatient arms.
But since the envious seas oppose me now,
And Libya's distance won't this wish allow,
From you, great princess, let me favour meet,
And, my return, propitious Fortune greet;
Smooth roads of earth;—the rolling billows, still;—
With gentle Eastern Winds the canvass fill;—
Protection yield to one who loves the Nine;
For you then Aganippé's waves divine,
Delighted, will with verses loudly ring:
The song of gratitude, the Muses sing.

EPISTLE III.

TO OLYBRIUS.

Why then to me no letters dost thou send;
Alternate salutations to a friend?

* Honorius.

Is writing labour?—Who can thee excel
In verse, or speech like Cicero to swell?
The treasures, that within thy mind are found,
Surpass whatever FORTUNE spreads around;
That flowing eloquence which meets our ears,
More copious even than thy wealth appears.
Do messengers but rarely reach thy eyes?
The dust, o'er way Flaminian, always flies.
Capacity, abundant pow'rs, displays;
Occasions offer:—why are those delays?
Perhaps I'm slighted;—longer in thy mind,
The poet must not favour hope to find.
And is thy friendship then, from distance, less?
Do we no longer, thy regard, possess?
SOL's setting ray, th' Hydaspes surely hides;
Aurora rises from Tartessus' tides;
With Getic frosts, white, Meroë is seen;
In seas forbidden, bathes the BEAR serene!
For us if now Olybrius show disdain,
Orestes' amity was surely vain.
Away with obstacles, though far apart,
Thy friend amuse with words that touch the heart.
To me let kind epistles be addressed:
Such hang upon the lip and fill my breast.
To Virgil, poor, oft Cæsar's* letters flew:
On thee my MUSE ne'er brought disgrace.—Adieu!

EPISTLE IV.

TO PROBINUS.

WILL e'er, between us, silence end, I pray?
When back shall letters, sweet replies, convey?

* Augustus.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IDYL I.

THE PHENIX.

In Orient realms, beyond where Indus flows,
A wood, with Ocean round, in verdure grows,
The panting coursers of the god of day
First touch the foliage in their rapid way,
When humid gates with dewy chariot quake,—
The whistling whips, the lofty branches, shake,—
The rising ray discloses glances red,—
The glitt'ring wheels, resplendent brightness, spread,—
And Night, far off, turns pale, constrained by light,
Her sable robe draws in, and takes to flight.
The solar bird, within this happy clime,
Resides, protected by the Flame Sublime,
Possesses tracts, frail animals ne'er trace,
And feels no suff'rings of the human race;
Immortal as the pow'rs, that dwell on high:
Eternal like the stars of azure sky;
The constant waste, which rolling ages view,
Replenished is with limbs that rise anew.
To satiate hunger or his thirst assuage,
No food nor liquids e'er, his sight, engage;
Him nourishment, the Sun's pure heat procures:
From vapours Tethys, fluids thin, assures.

His eyes are ever darting secret rays:
Encircling beams of flame, his beak displays.
A tuft arises o'er his lofty crown:
Thence lustre shines, that rivals SOL's renown,
And pierces darkness with impressive force;—
His legs in purple, decked from Tyrian source;—
Wings, swifter than the winds, blue tints, unfold;—
And, o'er his back, the plumes adorned with gold.
To no conception he existence owes,
The father and the son at once he shows,
Alternately resuming youthful breath,
As oft as passing through the scene of death.
For when a thousand years has Summer run,—
As often Winter equal course begun,—
And Spring, the husbandman, brought shady store,
Which Autumn from the spreading branches tore,—
The Phenix then, oppressed by weight of years,
To sink at length beneath the load, appears.
So, overpow'red by storms, the lofty pine
Inclines his top on Caucasus' high chine;
A part, to winds' incessant shock, gives way:
The rest to beating rains and time's decay.
DIMINISHED now is seen this lustre bright;—
Old age's languid chill pervades his sight.
Thus Cynthia, when the clouds obscure her face,
No longer shows, of dubious horns, the trace.
His wings, accustomed, ether, to explore,
Above the humid ground can scarcely soar.
Then, conscious that his age is near the end,
He preparation makes new life to lend,
Selects the dryest plants from temp'rate hills,
With fragrant leaves the pile Sabæan, fills,

A tomb composes for himself on earth,
Where, breath resigned, he takes his future birth.
Here sits the bird and, now more feeble grown,
Salutes the beaming Sun in flatt'ring tone,
Prayer mixes with the plaintive song he sings,
Desiring flame, that back, fresh vigour, brings.
When Phœbus sees him, as his chariot rolls,
He stops, and thus, the fav'rite bird, consoles:
" O PHENIX! ready on the pile of death,
" At once to render up thy aged breath,
" And, thus prepared at length to meet thy doom,
" Gain natal changes from fallacious tomb,
" Who, from destruction, art produced again,
" And, through departed life, dost bloom obtain;—
" Resume beginning:—worn out frame, forsake;—
" And, by mutation, form more active, take."
THIS said, with moving head gold beams he darts,
And, vital splendour to the bird, imparts.
The Phenix willingly receives the fire:
Joy feels to die, and then anew respire;
The heap of perfumes burns with solar rays,
And ancient features perish 'mid the blaze.
Th' astonished MOON restrains her bullocks' course;
The HEAV'NS, dull wheels, no longer forward force;
All NATURE in solicitude appears;—
Lest lost th' eternal bird, disclosing fears;—
Fans faithful flames that freely they may burn:—
Th' immortal glory of the world, return.
AT length the scattered frame new vigour shows;
Through ev'ry vein, the blood repassing flows;
The ashes of themselves begin to move;
And, full of plumes, the shapeless embers prove.

Just what the father was, forth comes the son,
And now, of life, a fresh career's begun.
Fire interposed, with momentary space,
Divides the line where doubly life we trace.
  An anxious wish at once his breast pervades,
To consecrate, on Nile, paternal shades,
And bear to regions of Egyptian earth,
The heap of ashes whence derived new birth;
To foreign clime he flies on rapid wing,
Intent, remains in grassy tomb, to bring.
Innumerable birds, his flight, attend:
Battalions thick, through air, their pinions bend,
The feathered cohorts, closed on ev'ry side,
His varying course along the welkin hide.
Nor one among the multitude around,
To cross the path audaciously is found;
But, to the fragrant monarch, all give way,
And highest adoration freely pay.
The hawk and Thund'rer's bird, fierce war, neglect;—
Pacifick compact, springing from respect.
  The Parthian king thus leads Barbarian ranks,
From undulating Tigris' yellow banks;
Proud of rich dress and gems around him spread,
He, royal garlands, places on his head;—
Reins formed of gold, his noble courser, guide:—
Robe, from Assyrian needle, purple dyed;
'Mid troops that servilely, commands, obey,
Himself he shows elated with his sway.
  In Egypt's clime a famous city* lies,
Which, sacrifices, for the Sun, supplies;

* Heliopolis.

The Phenix thither, to the temple goes:
The dome, a hundred Theban columns, shows;
There he deposits relicks of his sire;—
Adores the god;—his burden, gives the fire;
And, of himself, the germ and last remains,
He consecrates where holy fervour reigns.
From myrrh, through all the limits, lustre flies,
And fumes divine upon the altars rise;
The Indian odours reach Pelusium's* fen,
The nostrils, titillate:—yield health to men;
And vapours, by the richest perfumes, fed,
O'er Nile's sev'n mouths, more sweet than Nectar, spread.
O Happy bird! that from thyself canst spring;
Death's blows, to all besides, destruction bring;
And while to others lengthened life's denied,
With strength and vigour new art thou supplied.
On thee through ashes is fresh birth conferred:
Age dies,—but thou immortal art averred.
Whatever *was* has passed before thy sight:
The witness of revolving periods' flight;—
O'er lofty rocks the swelling waters hurled;—
The year that Phaeton inflamed the world.
No slaughters ever thee deprive of breath;—
Escaped:—Earth vanquished vainly asks thy death;
Thy thread of life the Parcæ ne'er divide:
No pow'rs of hurting thee, with them reside.

* At the farthest part of the Nile.

IDYL II.

THE PORCUPINE.

THY birds, Stymphalus, I have oft been told,
Darts scattered, bearing death, in flight, of old;
Nor could I easily my reason bring,
To credit tales,—that iron armed their wing.
My doubts are gone; the Porcupine alone
Proves true those fowls by Hercules o'erthrown.
MUCH like the swine, her length of snout appears;
As horns erect, her forehead, bristles, rears;
A fiery brightness sparkling in her eyes;
A hairy back:—dog's feet of dwarfish size.
Yet NATURE has, this creature small, supplied
With pow'rs that, wonderful defence, provide.
A threat'ning forest o'er her body stands;
In contests corn, with pointed top, expands,
Which, deeply rooted in the skin, displays,
Alternately in spaces, sable rays:
Protrudes in manner of a solid dart,
Diminishing till formed the sharpest part.
But this projection don't erect remain,
Like prickles seen on hedgehogs of the plain;
The Porcupine, in war, can weapons send*,
And, at a distance e'en, herself, defend:
A nat'ral arrow from her back, through air,
By nature's movements, hurl, dismay to bear.
At times, like Parthians, wounds she gives in flight,
To those pursuing eagerly the fight;

* This is fabulous.

And then amid the camp, where prudence seemed
To choose the spot that might secure be deemed,
Terrifick spikes, in thickest show'rs, she throws,
And, on her shoulders, native javelins, shows.
Each part is ready seen for war's alarms,
And, shaken, yields the direful din of arms;
The noise is heard like those when troops engage,—
The clarions' clangor 'mid the battle's rage,
Which stimulate battalions by their sound,—
Such fury in this little creature's found.
Besides those weapons, she possesses art,
And can disguise awhile her inward smart;
No useless shafts she shoots;—threats wisely tries:
Alone to shield her life, an arrow flies.
Devoid of error is each effort made,
And certainty in ev'ry blow displayed,
The distance of the interval,—the same:
Without deception still is found her aim;—
The movement of her skin, the dart, directs,
The space to measure, and, the stroke, effects.

What industry, possessed by human kind,
Can, from sagacity, more profit find?
Men, cruel horns from goats Gortynian*, tear,
And, flexible to make, with fire prepare;—
String, from bull's entrails use, the curve to bend;
Darts, plume and arm with iron at the end.
This little animal howe'er behold,
With shafts spread o'er, by her at will controlled;
She seeks no aid external;—all can show:
Herself the quiver, arrow, and the bow.

* Gortyn is a city of Crete.

In her alone united we perceive
Whate'er the art of warriours can achieve.
If, from example, that exertion rise,
Which, life, with knowledge by degrees, supplies,
This creature doubtless has the manner shown,
By which, on foes far off, destruction's thrown.
To her their skill, in fight, Cydonians owe;—
The Parthians, back in flight, to give the blow;—
Relying on the first discovered art,
By quadruped that bears the pointed dart.

IDYL III.

THE CRAMP-FISH.

Who has not heard th' insuperable skill,
The cruel Cramp-fish can display at will,
The nat'ral venom that pervades her frame,
And stamps with truth the image of her name?
She gently creeps; her languid length, expands;—
And slowly draws herself through compact sands.
But Nature has with poison armed her sides,
And added cold that in the marrow glides,
From which all animation numbness feels,
And, through each vein, the chill of winter steals.
The parent kind, her cunning wiles, enjoys;
She, conscious of the gift, her skill employs;
Upon the grass-wrack, stretches at her ease,
Confiding in her touch the prey to seize,

Delighted moves to exercise her pow'rs,
And, palpitating limbs, in haste, devours.
If heedlessly she swallow baited crooks,
And find herself restrained by curving hooks,
She neither flees nor tries by fruitless bite,
At once to sever what prevents her flight,
But, nearer to the fatal line, repairs;
Though captive, recollects the gifts she shares;
And, at a distance, through the wavy main,
Diffuses vapour from envenomed vein.
The hairy string, the poison passes o'er;—
Leaves floods to reach the man upon the shore;
Chill rises from the DEEP, and then proceeds
Along the pendent thread, cross knotty reeds;—
The blood, congeals;—the horrid bane, expands;
And binds in icy chains victorious hands.
Away the fatal, struggling prey is tost:
The fisher home returns,—reed, all things lost.

IDYL IV.

THE NILE.

THE man, who ploughs th' Egyptian soil, how blessed!
No wish for sable clouds pervades his breast,
Nor supplicates he, that with boist'rous force,
The winds may from the WEST direct their course,
With heavy floods of rain diffusing cold,—
Nor, bow of various colours, to behold.

Without dense vapours, fruitful prove those plains;
The earth a full supply of moisture gains;
The Heav'ns are unsolicited to yield
Or breeze or waters for the fertile field;
The passing stream bestows the cheering smile:
The waves that overflow the banks of Nile,
Which, bursting from the caves of SOUTHERN SUN,
Across the torrid zone with swiftness run;
Endure the heat, the burning CRAB expends;—
From secret sources, winding, lave our* lands,
Founts vainly sought, which always lie concealed:
The hidden head to none was e'er revealed†,
The copious floods without a witness rise:
Their birth acknowledged under ether skies.
The river thence his course through Libya bends;—
To thousand Ethiopian realms, extends;—
Feeds regions ever scorched by sultry ray;—
'Mong nations suff'ring thirst, pursues his way;—
By Meroë and black Syené flows;—
To cruel Blemmyes‡ meand'ring goes;—
The Garamantes‖, always unsubdued;—
Gyrrhæi, under rocks in caverns rude,—
Who tame wild beasts,—off ebon branches tear,—
From elephants the tusk of iv'ry, bear;—

* The poet alludes to his native spot, Egypt.

† Discovered at length by Bruce. Yet in the Delphin edition of our author, printed at Paris so early as 1677, a long and curious note (page 647,) discloses a knowledge of the source of this river very similar to that of the British traveller.

‡ A fabulous people of Ethiopia without heads, having their mouths and eyes in the breast.

‖ Inhabitants of part of Libya.

And people§ that, a twine of arrows, spread,
For combat always ready, round the head.
  Nor does this stream increase like others owe,
To common cause or time, which rivers show;
He neither swells with ice that melts from hills,
Nor rain abundant round, the channel, fills.
For while said winter, other waters, bloats,
The Nile, within his banks, unruffled floats;
And when decrease each feeble river knows;
This, changing order, all his bounds o'erthrows.
From ever-bounteous Nature, back he gains
What summer's heat from various streams obtains;
And scattered floods, through all earth's empire, sought,
Are in a single course together brought.
When, flame, the Dog-Star adds to Solar ray,—
Absorbes the dews,—blocks pores of burning clay,—
And all the atmosphere, that lies around,
Is, full of pow'rful, boiling vapours, found,
To Nile then Winter, diff'rent seasons, bears:—
The husbandman, accustomed waters, shares;
Not seas Ægæan take so large a sweep;
The waves, more furious than th' Ionian Deep,
A liquid surface to the fallows, yield,
O'erspreading far and wide th' extensive field.
Each plain is drowned;—the oar, on ploughlands, rows:
And oft the shepherd, when he quits repose,
Perhaps, in summer suddenly beholds,
'Mid undulations swimming cot and folds.

§ Inhabitants of Meroë.

IDYL V.

THE LOADSTONE.

WHOE'ER, in mundane secrets, seeks to dive,—
Of seeds, from reason knowledge to derive;—
How, o'er the Moon, eclipses make their way;
What causes darkness in the orb of day;
Whence comets,—growing red with tail of fire;
From what retreats, impetuous winds respire;
What terrours shake the bowels of the earth;
What yawning clefts, to lightning's flash, give birth;
How, in the welkin, clouds of thunder grow;
What light gives various tints to Iris' bow:—
Let him to me this mystery unfold,
If truth without disguise he can behold.

A ROCK there is, of blackish, abject frame,
Devoid of clearness:—LOADSTONE is its name;
Seen is it never on the monarch's hair,
Nor round the neck to decorate the FAIR,
Nor on the sword-belt does it meet the light,
With coruscations dazzling to the sight,
Observe the pow'r miraculous it shows;
The choicest ornaments not such disclose:—
Excelling all that Indians e'er explore,
Among the grass-wrack, on the Red-Sea shore.
From solid bars of steel it, life, derives,
And on the hardness of the iron thrives;
Sweet feasts and strength renewed from this it gains;—
Hard aliments diffused through all the veins,
Give animation fresh to ev'ry nerve,
And secret vigour equally preserve.

From this if absent, languishing it lies;—
The whole grows dull with hunger,—thirsts,—and dies.
MARS, whose dread spear proud cities overturns,
And Venus, who delights the heart that burns,
Within the golden temple hold a space,
Where equally at ease themselves they place.
Two statues there, of these HIGH POW'RS, are seen;
Steel marks WAR's GOD: a Loadstone BEAUTY's QUEEN,
The priest, who ancient usages reveres,
In form their vows of matrimony, hears.
The joyful choirs by nuptial torch are led;
Around the entrance, myrtle-branches spread;
The sweetest roses on the couch are placed,
And all the bridal bed with purple graced.
Here rises then a scene of wondrous acts:
Her husband, Venus willingly attracts,
And, imitating former Heavn'ly ways,
Mars, 'gainst her palpitating bosom lays;
Suspends the weight: his helmet twines with arms,
And clasps the god as if the living charms.
Th' IMMORTAL WARRIOUR, by the grasp inspired,
Is, by the secret springs of wedlock, fired;
From NATURE both obtained the marriage ties;
Breath, steel, connects: the junction yields surprise.
IN these two min'rals, whence proceeds the cause,
That mutually, their inclination, draws?
What concord coupled such unpliant minds?
The Loadstone, burning anhelation, finds,—
Appears, from friendly iron, wounds to feel;
And loves delightful warmth pervades the steel.
THUS Cytherea, by her charms divine,
Is wont WAR's GOD with chains of flow'rs to twine;

In scenes of blood when anxious to engage,
And unsheathed falchion stimulates his rage.
His coursers fierce, the goddess stops alone;
Appeases throbbings in his bosom known;
With flame benign she mitigates the smart,
That penetrates recesses of the heart;
His mind grows calm, the battle he forsakes,
And, bending radiant tufts, sweet kisses, takes.
O Cruel Boy![*] by thee what pow'r is shown:
Thy wiles, the force of thunder, have o'erthrown;
Thou, Jove, constrain'st to quit the azure skies,
And loudly roar where foaming billows rise;
The stubborn rocks, and statues lifeless made,
Have, sense of feeling, from thy darts, displayed;
The rugged stone is subject to thy aim,
And poignant smart to suffer from the flame.
By love's allurements e'en is iron moved;
And victor has thy torch o'er marble proved.

IDYL VI.

APONUS[†].

O Glorious fount! extending life to those,
Who, 'mid Antenor's lofty walls, repose,
And driving venom from the waters round:
When, from thy prodigies, voice, mutes have found;—

[*] Cupid.

[†] A fountain and village of Italy, near the river Timavus, where Livy was born, with hot baths, now called *Albano*.

By inspiration, song, the poets raise;
And eager hands, with marks, attest thy praise:
If silent I permit thy waves to flow,
Would Nymphs and Muses not displeasure show?
'Twould be a crime to leave this place unsung,
Which, eulogy, receives from ev'ry tongue.

Not quite a hill, yet rising o'er the fields,
The swelling ground, an easy passage, yields.
A copious, tepid stream, from caverns' source,
Impregnated with fire, there takes its course.
The floods, compressed beneath the fuming rock,
Resound through slimy ways, and, cleft, unlock.
Wet, igneous elements pervade the place;—
Volcanick heat:—the realm of sulph'rous trace.
Who, steril, would not fancy all the land?
Yet verdant meadows, gayest smiles, expand;
The rugged flint, by calcination drawn,
Lies hidden in th' enamel of the lawn;
And, where hard stones are liquified by fire,
The herbs, contemning flame, in green respire.
Large furrows, deepened in the marble round,
To cross the opening rock, in length are found.
These (Fame reports) are from Alcides' plough,
Or rather chance, the narrow tracks avow.

Amid the rising earth, a heated tide
Is seen, the image of an ocean wide;
The azure lake with mouth immense extends,
And, space of much dilation, comprehends.
But greater still it enters caverns deep;
Through hollow, secret rocks, the waters creep;
In spite of exhalations thick that spring,—
The touch and taste that leave pernicious sting,

The same continually the waves appear,
The surface always like the crystal clear.
Not willing NATURE seems howe'er to hide,
From ev'ry sense, the course those billows glide,
But suffers eyes to penetrate the space,
Which fire forbids the human steps to trace.
When winds disperse the vapours which arise,
And sweep the smoke, on blue expanse, that lies,
We wond'ring then, transparent depth, behold,—
The shining spears, bequests from kings of old.
Between these arms, where sable sands are cast,
The headlong stream within the gulph is lost.
The narrow entrances are seen below;
Through which to caves the undulations flow.
The mountain's inner part is open laid:
An arch, suspended o'er the floods, displayed.
By lively shades the vapours dense are crowned:
Light earth, above, like bark, floats freely round.
Beneath man's weight, though threat'ning to give way,
The trembling feet tread safely on the clay.
By human hands the work we might suppose,
Such regularity the border shows:
So very thin and yet secure remains;—
Stiff durability each part sustains.
The lake with water full is always found,
As if afraid to overleap the bound.
Yet down steep rocks the rolling surplus goes,
And, o'er the sloping fields at random, flows;
The floods, for winding paths, leave native course;
From thence through pipes of lead a passage, force.
With humid embers crusted ev'ry side,
The tubes see snowy waves in silence glide;

To various quarters, treasures they impart,
Relying, through the bending way, on art,
Pursuing channels fashioned by the hand,
Roll undulations o'er the passes planned:
Run under arches which the line pervade,—
Join rapid floods that warm by heat are made,
From which the bagnios, temp'rature, acquire,
Affected by the touch of creeping fire.
The frothy vapours hasten from within,
When, 'gainst the rock, resounds the waters' din.
There men, by perspirations feeble grown,
To baths of more tepidity are shown.
Adieu! Pæonian fount, whose waves excel:
O glory great of Trojan earth, farewell!
Diseases' comfort, aid by healers sought,
Propitious deity of health unbought!
His borders whether Phlegethon below
Has burst, and thence those ebullitions flow,
Which, from the dreary regions as they stray,
Fire subterranean to our globe, convey;—
Or water cold, that drops in sulph'rous veins,
There flame receiving, still the smell retains;—
Or that the hill, from whence the floods arise,
In due proportion, heat and wave, supplies,
Within itself, the elements, combines,
And each to certain quantities confines,
Their forces equal, both in turn submit,
Alike the balance for each other fit:
Whichever be the cause, or whence begun,
The spring would surely, undecreed, ne'er run.
For such high virtues who, on chance, relies?
Or, that the gods bestowed the boon, denies?

The father of the world, who ages rolls,
As he the motion of the stars controls,
O fountain, thee, for adoration gave,
Among Heav'n's sacred things that homage crave,
And pity taking on our fragile birth,
Salubrious waters ordered from the earth:
Then streams, intent the thread of FATE to stop,
Burst forth from opening on the mountain-top.
O residents, your happiness confess,
Who, to yourselves, thus Aponus possess!
Not earthly pestilence nor SOUTHERN BLAST,
Nor DOG-STAR's heat, on you fell fire, can cast.
Though Lachesis, life's limit, has assigned,
Yet, by this wave, THESE, rigour softened, find.
For if sad tumours on the limbs arise,
Or, through the bowels, gall vexatious flies,
No vein they open, wound by wound to cure;—
No herbs of nauseous taste, their lips endure;—
Lost strength, by water they with ease regain,
And, making play of sickness, banish pain.

IDYL VII.

ON THE PIOUS BROTHERS, AMPHINOMUS AND ANAPUS, AND THEIR STATUES AT CATINA.

BENEATH a precious load, two brothers, view,
To whom, like pow'rs divine, is homage due;
The rapid flames to them high rev'rence pay;
And Ætna, wond'ring, torches thrusts away.

Upon their necks the weight of parents rests,
Whom earnestly they press against their breasts,
And, casting fervent looks upon the sky,
To haste their steps with eagerness they try.
In arms of sons are carried aged friends:
Delay occasioned, gratitude, extends,
See that old man, he points at furious blaze;
That mother seeks her trembling voice to raise
And, gods, invoke; fright, stiff their hair, has made;
Pale fear through all the metal is displayed.
A gen'rous horrour in the youths appears:
No dread for selves, but THOSE they bear IN YEARS.
Their flowing mantles, by the zephyrs blown,
In floating air, back carelessly are thrown.
With his right hand extended, *this* remains,
While with the left his father he sustains;
That, for the weaker sex, exerting cares,
With interlacing hands, his mother, bears.
PERHAPS unnoticed you, the works, might pass,
Disclosing merit of superior class.
We, kindred features in the brothers, view:—
The parents' looks alike to NATURE true.
The artist's genius manages to trace
Commingled shades of diff'rence in the face;—
The father, mother, in their children's mien,
With nice distinctions, equally are seen;
In brothers like, diversity to make,
The lineaments, dilection varied, take.
O SONS who, Heav'nly excellence, unfold,—
Of youth, the models,—wishes of the old,—
Who, slighting riches, sought alone to bear,
From flame, those ancestors of hoary hair:

Pure virtues, meriting such high applause,
Restrained, no doubt, Enceladus' fierce jaws;
The fires of Ætna were by Vulcan closed,
Lest sacred works should be, to hurt, exposed.
High reverence the elements bestowed,
On pious conduct that the brothers showed;
To prop the sire, ETHEREAL POW'RS gave aid:
The mother to support, EARTH efforts made.
IF friendship placed, amid the starry frame,
The sons* of Leda, twins of splendid name;—
If, from Troy's flames, Æneas bore his sire,
And thence, immortal honours, could acquire;—
If fame of old, the Grecian brothers† knew,
Who, in the yoke, their mother's chariot, drew:
Why don't Sicilians, sacred temples, raise,
To consecrate Amphinomus' just praise?
And, on Anapus, equally bestow,
Those holy altars that, attention, show?
Though, num'rous glories, has that island brought,
Not one a greater prodigy was thought.
No longer weep:—away afflictions dire,
For ravages produced by wand'ring fire;
No more bewail the domes, that flames pursued;—
If stopped, this piety had ne'er been viewed;
And Catana, while round destruction reigned,
From conflagration, lasting honour, gained.

* Castor and Pollux.

† Cleobis and Biton, sons of Argia, the priestess. SEE *Cic. Tusc.* L. 47

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

THE GALLIC MULES.

See, on the borders where Rhone's waters glide,
The docile mules, in yokes together tied,
Commands to join or separate, obey,
And vary as the voice directs their way.
Though, on their bending necks, hang loosened reins,
And freedom open to their will remains,—
Slaves unrestrained, Barbarian's words they hear,
And, as they labour, lend attentive ear.
Far off, the master's call receives respect:
His tones impressive, change of steps, direct.
By *this* assembled are they from the plain:
That equally disperses them again.
By turns his accents stop their flight begun,
Or instigate them at his wish to run.
If, *to the left*, he say, that course they take;
Change he the note,—then, *to the right*, they make.
Nor does, servility, the harness give;—
No fierceness,—though in liberty they live.
Their minds in union,—dressed in tawny skin,
They draw the cart with harshly creaking din.
No wonder Orpheus' voice tamed beasts of field,
Since mules, to Gallic tongue, obedience yield.

EPIGRAM II.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

How blessed the man who, 'mid paternal plains,
Through life's long course with constancy, remains;
The house, that met his eyes in boyish years,
Still proves his own when hoary age appears;
And, while with staff he struggles through the ground,
He seasons counts, his roof has seen go round.
Capricious FORTUNE, him, no troubles, gave,
Nor wandered he to taste the distant wave.
No merchant,—dreading floods that lash the shore;
No soldier,—shudd'ring at the clarions' roar;
The clamours never, of the courts of law,
Assailed his ears with sounds of quibbling flaw.
A stranger to affairs or cities near,
He more enjoys the sight of ether clear;—
Computes revolving time by crops of corn,—
Not names that splendid consul-robes adorn.
To him the apples, signs of Autumn, bring,
And opening flow'rs announce return of Spring;
The very field, that views the Sun's decline,
Again receives at morn the ray divine;
The circle that at once his eyes survey,
To him appears the measure of the day;
The oaks majestick, back to mem'ry, call
Their gradual rising from the acorn small;
The neighb'ring wood, he takes delight to view:
His own coeval trees, that with him grew.
Though near Verona, yet to him the place
Is equally remote with India's race;

Benacus' lake he truly knows no more,
Than waves that roll upon the Red Sea shore.
But yet his strength invincible is found,
And, three-fold progeny, he sees around.
Let others travel far as distant Spain;—
More ways *those* know: most days to *this* remain.

EPIGRAM III.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE LION.

A SAVAGE boar, the lion's strength, defied;
Their force in contest furiously they tried;
The former's horrid bristles stood erect:
The other's mane disclosed the like effect.
The first, the GOD OF WAR high praises gives:
The last with Cybelé in favour lives.
Each, through the craggy mountains, spreads alarms,
And both fatigued the great Alcides' arms.

EPIGRAM IV.

DESCRIPTION OF A HERD OF CATTLE.

A FRAGMENT.

WHILE under laws of three-fold Geryon,—EARTH
Ne'er gave, to such a herd of cattle, birth.

No bullocks from thy wave, Clitumnus, rise,
In equal whiteness to beholding eyes,
A pious off'ring on those altars made,
That, Jupiter's Tarpeian dome, pervade.
Not such the bull* that bore the precious load†,
And raised the dust which strewed the Tyrian road.
Nor Cretan fields‡, nor Gnossus'‖ love-scene dread,
Nor Ida, animals so fine e'er fed.
The monster,§ beast and mortal's form composed,
Whose novel face, a mother's crime, disclosed,
Had ne'er such beauty offered to the view,
Though ev'ry limb had, to the sire, been true.

EPIGRAM V.

THE CONCH.

Let Heliconian Nymphs, clear waters, place
Within this precious Conch's wide-yawning space;
For streams that, sage Serena's features, lave,
Divine will prove beyond Castalia's wave.

* Jupiter in the form of a bull. † Europa.

‡ Where the furious bull grazed which angry Neptune placed in Crete.

‖ The city of Crete where Pasiphaë fell in love with the bull.

§ The Minotaur.

EPIGRAM VI.

THE CRYSTAL, HAVING WATER WITHIN.

In this the mark of prior Nature lies:
Part stone becomes, and part, the cold, defies;
Harsh Winter here, sagacity, displays,
And, in the work, discloses frisky ways;
The gem, not solid, greater value, gains:
Within, confined the living wave remains.

EPIGRAM VII.

ON THE SAME.

O Waters! closed in what was wave of fate,
That liquids were, and still retain their state,
What numbing Nature does, your mass, pervade,—
Like Winter, hard and soft the whole has made?
What secret fires, unhurt the fluids, hold?
What Southern Winds unlocked th' internal cold?
In what confinement did the gem obtain,
From hidden heat, those movements that remain?
Or whence derived the hardness seen around?
Or where the ice-dissolving pow'r was found?

EPIGRAM VIII.

ON THE SAME.

The Alpine ice, by piercing cold, obtains
Solidity, that proof 'gainst heat remains.

A gem the whole howe'er could not be made:
Still trait'rous drops the middle part pervade.
The fault exalts the wondrous liquid-stone;
O waves preserved!—more value thence you own.

EPIGRAM IX.
ON THE SAME.

In globe pellucid, see the wave is led
Amid the shining ice to seek a bed.
The fluid dense, no Northern Breezes, feels:
To this retreat no chilly season steals;
The water to and fro, in various ways,
Without restraint its moving pow'r displays.
From Winter sheltered, and the Dog-Star's ray,
No wasting Time will thither bring decay.

EPIGRAM X.
ON THE SAME.

A Moving stream is pent in vaulted cave,
And, closed by concrete floods, a wand'ring wave.
Within the cavities, observe the foam:
In nat'ral basin billows freely roam!
The humid Iris' rays opposed, behold:—
The beams of light repulsed by secret cold.

O wondrous rock, and surge surpassing streams!
Still fluid,—still a stone, the substance seems.

EPIGRAM XI.

ON THE SAME.

The crystal smooth, a boy with joy surveyed,
And round the frozen mass his fingers laid;
He sees, enclosed within transparent stone,
The wave that rugged Winter spared alone;
On arid orb he fixes thirsty lip,
And liquids vainly seeks from thence to sip.

EPIGRAM XII.

ON THE SAME.

This globe, resembling marble, don't despise;
In royal domes nought equal meets the eyes;
Nor do those gems, that Ruddy Seas concealed,
Superior beauties to beholders yield.
Th' unpolished ice, rough rock, with shapeless mien,
Among the richest ornaments is seen.

** EPIGRAM XIII.

ON THE SAME,

The crystal, image of the world is found
The sea within,— the vaulted skies around.

" Why, at Salmoneus' thunder, wonder, feel?
" All NATURE's plan, those fingers can reveal."

EPIGRAM XIX.

POLYCASTE AND PERDIX.

WHY dost not thou, O cruel LOVE, aspire
To regulate thy own imperious fire?
Affection to bestow, the mother fears,
On darling offspring that she fondly rears.
While clasped, the boy, within her snowy arms,
The nurse maternal feels impure alarms.
No longer, Cupid, vengeful darts, retain:
Ask Venus: she perhaps knows equal pain.

EPIGRAM XX.

ON THE GIRTH OF THE ROYAL HORSE, SENT TO HONORIUS BY SERENA.

O PRINCE revered! this present small receive;
A sister's hands aspired the work to weave;
While trappings and the bridle richly shine
With gold and pearls, let this, your courser, twine,
On herbage fed which in Armenia grows,
Or bathed by Halys with Argæan snows:
That champs with eager mouth the em'ralds green,
And Tyrian purple o'er his back is seen.

The smallness of the gift more price obtains,
From friendship pure, that in Serena reigns,
Who, in the fabrication, pleasure takes,
And ornaments, for brothers' horses, makes.

EPIGRAM XXI.

ON A GIRTH, SENT BY THE SAME, TO ARCADIUS.

This girth, of wondrous art and shining thread,
Round your fleet courser, suffer to be spread,
Sent, by a sister, from th' Hesperian clime,
To brother, on the Orient throne sublime.
E'en swift Arion* might to such aspire,
And Castor, for his horse† the like desire.

EPIGRAM XXII.

ON THE MANTLE AND BRIDLES, SENT BY THE SAME TO HONORIUS.

Not oft the mother fond was led to yield,
To her Achilles, favour of a shield,
Which, to the diff'rent nations placed around,
Should constantly be formidable found:

* A celebrated fleet horse of antiquity, belonging to Adrastus, king of the Argives.

† Cyllarus.

And rarely to the Lemnian caverns came,
To that IMMORTAL who directs the flame,
A helmet for this darling son to crave,
With tufts aloft that, o'er the top, might wave;
But for him worked delightful robes of peace,
To shine 'mong Grecian kings when wars should cease.
With her own hands, she richest mantles wove:
To mix gold thread and purple, Thetis strove;
And, bridles, decked with gems, from RED SEAS brought,—
Of Xanthus* swift and Balius*, worthy thought.
SERENA, prince, and Stilicho contend,
To you, which most shall pleasing presents send.
This, martial gifts, bestows,—BARBARIANS slain,
And triumphs that, the Rhine's obedience, gain:
Content *the other*, model of her sex,
To weave the tissue that, the sov'reign, decks.

EPIGRAM XXIII.

ON THE BRIDLE, TRAPPINGS, AND GIRTH, OF HONORIUS'S HORSE, SENT BY SERENA.

O HAPPY courser, by th' IMMORTALS' sway,
Designed the sacred bridle to obey:—
In fields Iberian, whether loosely flew
Thy mane before the playful winds that blew;—
Or, 'mid the ice in Cappadocian vale,
Thee, wont were snows Argæan to assail;

* Achilles's horses.

Or thou wert used to skim Thessalian ground,
O'er fruitful pastures rapidly to bound:
Receive imperial dress;—raise high thy neck;
And foam diffuse, the em'ralds green, to deck,
Let precious stones in circles grace thy head;—
Thy shoulders, gold and purple overspread;—
Thy sides, a girth adorned with flow'rs intwine,
The work of chaste Serena's hands divine.
The Persian elegance, her labour shows:
Maternal care within her bosom glows;—
Equestrian trappings readily she weaves,
Since splendour thence her son-in-law receives.

EPIGRAM XXIV.

PETITION TO THE QUÆSTOR ALETHIUS.

If imposition on my lip be found,
May Summer, in the Ethiopian ground,
And rugged Winter, me unclad, surprise,
'Mid icy cold beneath the Scythian skies:
May I spread sails upon th' Ionian Deep,
When Show'ry Kids at night, the surface, sweep;—
The verses of a sour grammarian, tear,
Forced Hellish Furies' whips myself to bear.
But no pert boldness has possessed my mind:
Our pen, to no unusual range, inclined.
Some lines imprudently I've blamed, I own:
Alas! the crime by me was quite unknown.

At Orpheus' pages, others safely rail:
To make thee sure, thy bays, O Virgil, fail;
E'en Homer, father of the tuneful art,
High prince of Helicon, bore censure's* dart.
These accusations don't howe'er belong,
To lofty Maro or the SIRE OF SONG;
For neither of the bards a QUÆSTOR moved;
Alike they both devoid of riches proved!
Now see what plaudits I at length bestow:
Surprised,—to all thy works I rev'rence show;—
Thrice,—four-fold,—loudly I applaud thy verse,
And cry—that's excellent,—superior,—terse!
Forgive my rashness then,—thy rage abate,—
Recite thy lines in peace,—my praises wait.

EPIGRAM XXV.

AGAINST CURETIUS.

URANIUS, father of Curetius, knew,
False stars on globes of glass, to place in view,—
Th' unsteady course of Saturn, freely blamed,—
And Jove's approach at births, for pelf, proclaimed.
Now, on the son, the sire's impostures lie:
His lips, the punishment deserved, supply.
He crams the cravings of a greedy lass:
Is seen 'mid feasts and crime his hours to pass.

* Zoilus, a grammarian of Amphipolis, was called HOMEROMASTIX, or *Homer's Scourge*, because he wrote against the author of the Iliad.

The parent's tongue, by falsehood, heaped his store:
With *his*, the heir expends the golden ore.

EPIGRAM XXVI.

AGAINST THE SAME.

If thou, Curetius, knowledge seek'st to gain,
Of stars that o'er thy birth were found to reign,
Myself will, better even than thy sire,
Disclose what thou art anxious to acquire.
Thou ow'st to Mars, in opposition placed,
The fury that within thy breast is traced;—
Thy hatred for the ever Sacred Nine,
To Arcas, seen with feebleness to shine;—
The vile disease, which thy posteriors bear,
To female stars,—the Moon and Goddess Fair;—
To Saturn, dissipation of thy gold;
One yet remains most doubtful to unfold:
From whence the foul propensity has sprung,
In filthiness to gratify thy tongue?

EPIGRAM XXVII.

AGAINST JAMES, THE GENERAL OF HORSE.

I Pray thee, gen'ral James, by Paul's remains,
And domes, that holy Peter's name sustains,

Against my verses, don't dread anger bear,
And them, with furious might, in pieces tear:
Then potent Thomas shall, thy breast, defend;—
Bartholomew on thee to mass attend;
No more incursions o'er the Alps be made,
BARBARIANS, driven back by holy aid;—
To thee, Susannah lend her sacred force;—
Whate'er fierce troops, o'er Ister, bend their course,
Like Pharaoh's fiery horses, in the DEEP,
Let rolling billows, to perdition, sweep.
The Getic bands shall feel the avenging sword;—
To Roman armies, Thecla*, help, afford;—
The falling guest at table, triumph, bring;
And copious tuns allay the thirsty sting.
May, thy right hand, no hostile blood annoy:
O valiant James! my stanzas don't destroy!

EPIGRAM XXVIII.

THE ARMS OF A MAN IN ANGER†.

THE man with anger rankling in his heart,
Whate'er he holds becomes at once a dart;

* A famous martyr.

† The Latin title, RIMANTI TELUM IRA FACIT, is part of a line in Virgil (Æn. VII. 508):

" ——— quod cuique repertum
" *Rimanti, telum ira facit.* ———"
" Then fury makes an instrument of war."
Dryden, 707.

Th' impatience that each gust of wrath affords,
Makes ev'ry thing a substitute for swords.
All flies, while he's intent on direful harms:
Whatever rage suggests he turns to arms.

EPIGRAM XXIX.

THE GOUTY CRITICK.

WHAT hast thou to do with feet?
Faults in verses canst thou meet,
Who unable prov'st to trace,
Step by step, the measured space?
Thou to criticise pretend,
Stanzas by the poet penned!
"*This* line hobbles!" such thy cry;
"*That*'s a tott'ring word, rely!"
Think'st thou truly, gouty elf,
STAND should nothing?—like thyself!

EPIGRAM XXX.

ON MALLIUS THEODORUS AND ADRIAN.

WHILE, day and night in slumber, Mallius lies,
Th' Egyptian Adrian never shuts his eyes,
Things sacred and profane engage each thought,
By him their plunder eagerly is sought.

How blessed, O Rome! awake would Mallius keep,
And Adrian constantly indulge in sleep!

EPIGRAM XXXI.

TO ÆTERNALIS.

WHATEVER Phœbus, from Castalian springs,
As auguries, in ears of mortals, rings,
Or oracles, from sacred caves, rehearse,
Is comprehended constantly in verse.
No trivial words are to the Muses known;
Apollo prompts me: lays I sound alone.

EPIGRAM XXXII.

TO MAXIMUS, WHO SENT HONEY.

FOR me, O Maximus, a present meet,
Thou honey think'st:—whate'er thou send'st is SWEET.

EPIGRAM XXXIII.

THE LOCUST.

A FRAGMENT.

THE head is rough; the fiercest eyes,
Amid the threat'ning front arise;

Hard cov'ring guards her back from harms:
The works of NATURE are her ARMS;
And ruddy thorns with sharpest end,
Their blushing points to wound protend.

EPIGRAM XXXIV.

THE BATHS OF QUINTIUS.

A LITTLE while, stay, trav'ller, stay;
Rest near clear founts, then take thy way:
Refreshed by limpid waves, pursue
The journey that thou keep'st in view.
Him thou'lt admire who thus bestowed
Nice baths upon the rugged road.

EPIGRAM XXXV.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORT OF SMYRNA.

BEHIND the city, lofty hills arise;
A quiet sea before the limit lies;
The curving horns that, on the entrance, bend,
The peaceful floods from NORTHERN WINDS, defend.
Here waves, disarmed of rage by winding land,
Encompassed, quietly approach the strand.

EPIGRAM XXXVI.

THE DISTANT VIEW.

An isle far off there lies in bay profound;
The undulating floods grow calm around;
Across the broken waves two points extend,
Which form a placid port by curving bend.

EPIGRAM XXXVII.

THE MARBLE CAR.

Who, from the marble, such resemblance, drew?
Both car and charioteer alike in view;
The coursers equally the rein directs:
Though diff'rent,—kindred substance them connects;
To car the driver turns;—to horse the wheels:—
The other's figure each in turn reveals.
From whence proceed those pow'rs that thus surprise?—
In various limbs a single stone to rise!
To steel the docile block submits each part,
And fashioned is to sev'ral forms by art.

EPIGRAM XXXVIII.

A FRAGMENT.

O'er shoulders, tied, a shabby cloak projects;
The coursers move:—dressed nicely hairy necks.

EPIGRAM XXXIX.

THE PAUPER IN LOVE.

By cruel Poverty I'm torn,
And Love's distracting art;
The pangs of hunger may be borne:
Not Cupid's piercing dart.

EPIGRAM XL.

ON THE SAME.

A Half-Starved pauper I
Feel Love's tormenting fire;
Two evils I descry:
The least is hunger dire.

EPIGRAM XLI.

THE TOMB OF BEAUTY.

The laws of Destiny decree,
That Beauty soon shall fade;
The Great, a quick declining, see:
The Lofty low are laid.

A lovely FAIR here buried lies;
Her form from Venus came,
With charms enchanting mortal eyes:
Her death was ENVY'S aim.

EPIGRAM XLII.

THE CASTOREAN MANTLE.

A SHADOW solely of its fame,
This ancient mantle holds;
For, how from Castor shall I name,
What nothing bright unfolds?

Six pieces was the sum it cost,—
The value thence receive;
Though confidence in me be lost,
The price at least believe.

EPIGRAM XLIII.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

FROM fruitful Nile two monstrous creatures rise:
This,—jaws devouring,—*that*, with horrid cries.

EPIGRAM XLIV.

THE SARDONYX-DESK.

THE desk appears an eagle's painted wings;
A flow'r, rich beauties o'er the surface, flings;
The figure similar, displayed to sight:
The gem resembling plumeless bird in flight.

EPIGRAM XLV.

EASTER.

O CHRIST! the sov'reign of creation's bound,
Of better life the sure restorer found,
The word and wisdom of the POW'R MOST HIGH,
From faculties divine that in him lie,
Who gave community to mighty realm:
O thou who, crime, wast known to overwhelm,—
Corporeal form to wear,—to raise thy voice,
The people to address,—man's form thy choice:
In Mary's womb, by Heav'n's decree conceived,
Announced by messenger from skies believed,
Through whom the bosom of the virgin swelled:
Th' unwedded mother, with surprise, beheld
Herself allotted secret birth to bear,—
Her own creator's mystery to share.
In mortal entrails was the author placed,
Who, all the canopy ethereal, traced;

The great contriver, who the world designed,
Was one among the race of human kind,
And in tranquillity beneath this breast,
Concealment as desired at will possessed.
He, who th' extensive universe controls,
Not limited by lands, nor wave that rolls,
Nor comprehended in the azure frame,
To narrow closures of a body, came.
Thou truly gav'st thyself to slav'ry's chain,
That us 'gainst mortal stroke thou might'st sustain;
Solicitous to put to flight fell DEATH,
To gain this object, yieldedst up thy breath.
Earth freed, thou soard'dst to palaces on high,
Within thy Heav'nly sire's embrace to lie.
O FAVOUR! CÆSAR, that his reign may last,
And long with joy each year observe the fast!

** EPIGRAM XLVI.

THE SAVIOUR.

O THOU, who hold'st the high eternal fire,
In whom, earth-labours o'er, sage pow'rs respire,
O Christ! immortal fount of life divine,—
The sire's first WORD to whom all worlds incline,—
Blest prodigy that from a mother rose,
Self-excellence, which virgin wedlock shows,
Dissolving phrensies that, th' Assyrians, swayed;
And idols vain to which false rites were paid;

Who, to the sev'nfold gate, didst wing thy flight,
And now art seated 'mid celestial height:
O light! of him whence all arise,—yield grace,—
Redeemer,—saviour,—king of future race!

** EPIGRAM XLVII.

THE LORD CHRIST.

NEW light; begotten long; the guard of EARTH;
Boy born; existing always; yet in birth;
Supreme in pow'r;—the last;—Christ, sacred name;—
Th' immortal sire in age, and ALL the same.

EPIGRAM XLVIII.

THE PRAISE OF CHRIST.

TRUE race of God, begot before all time,
Now born,—who always wast, with pow'r sublime;—
Creator ere thy Heav'nly light was framed;—
The sire of her who is thy parent named;—
Who by thy father, of coeval years,
Wast sent from limits of celestial spheres:
The WORD commanded narrow space to try,
Pent up within the Virgin's womb to lie;—
Immensity, no boundaries restrain,
Awhile, encompassed, ordered to remain;—

Whose ray primeval brought at once to view
Whatever, from thy might, creation drew:
First cause thyself,—thy own construction sage,—
Supporter of vicissitudes of age,
Enduring changes of corporeal plan,
And bearing inconveniencies of man,
That thou might'st God disclose to human kind,
Too long aside to error's path resigned,
Their sense deceived through num'rous ages tost,
The image of their great creator lost.
The mother conscious of thy birth was found;
The beasts disclosed astonishment around;
First WISE-MEN saw, with marvellous surprise,
A star quite new amid the azure skies,
And, guided by the brightness of the flame,
With warm solicitude to find thee came.
Thou heal'dst the sick,—recal'dst to bodies breath,—
And life restor'dst to those o'ercome by death.
These pow'rs possessing, thou descend'st below,
To prisons of the dead, secure to go;
For, birth to take, and ultimately die,
The nature of thy BEING don't imply;
But, darkness chased, to Heav'n thou tookst thy flight,
And reach'dst thy father 'mid celestial light:
Perpetual order, rendered to the world,
And from the universe contagion hurled;
SIRE, SON, and HOLY GHOST, at once the same:
Three persons joined in one, with triple name.
What more?—Will truly any one believe,
That he, who life restored, could death receive?

EPIGRAM XLIX.

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

THE Angel, to the holy Mary, spoke;
The veil, that overspreads the future, broke;
The virgin instantly a God conceived,
And, this with equal purity, achieved.
Chaldæan sages, richest presents, brought,—
The pledges of thy coming grandeur thought:
To manhood, myrrh;—to sov'reign greatness, gold;—
And frankincense—the POW'R THAT ALL CONTROLLED.
CHRIST changed to WINE the fountain's limpid wave:
This, of divinity, first tokens gave.
FIVE loaves and fishes two,—enough were found,
To sate five thousand mouths,—heaps left around.
THE blind from birth received the pow'rs of sight,
And, wond'ring, saw the day's resplendent light.
CHRIST calling,—Laz'rus from the tomb arose:—
Unloosed the rigid bands that DEATH bestows.
WHEN Peter tottered on the surgy DEEP,
Christ led him firmly feet and faith to keep.
THE woman, who could scarcely life sustain,—
But touched his robe:—the blood, through ev'ry vein,
Resumed its course,—with health accustomed moved:
Her faith at once the healing balsam proved.
THE man, oppressed by palsy many years,
Walks when at length, commands of Christ, he hears;
How wonderful!—beheld the ground to tread,
And be himself the bearer of his bed.

EPIGRAM L.

THE SIRENS.

THE Sirens,—sweet enchanters of the waves,
Winged virgins where the angry Scylla raves,
And dread Charybdis' greedy floods are found,—
Were often wont to raise delightful sound;
The fascinating monsters, o'er the seas,
With charms hid danger,—perils, framed to please.
In vain the shipping felt the passing gales:
In vain with fav'ring breeze were filled the sails:
The vessels stopped, allured by dulcet strain;—
Return forgot:—more grateful to remain;
Devoid of sorrow was exhaled each breath;—
Excess of pleasure proved the cause of death.

THE PRAISES OF HERCULES.

ANONYMOUS.

O PHŒBUS! pillar of the Muses found,
With whose high pow'r Parnassus' temples sound,
Come hither, freely join the joyous choir;
And when, through paths untrodden, I desire,
To seek the altars of the SISTERS NINE,
And reach at length Castalia's springs divine,
Allow, I pray, that I, with eager lip,
May Hippocrené's wave in triumph sip.
No guest am I amid this throng, unknown:
Thy wreath and laurels on my brow are shown,

Reward of poets;—and, to prove my claim,
I call, though long laid by, my former fame.
Alcides' praises I aspire to sing,—
True son of him whose hands, the THUNDER, fling,—
Among th' IMMORTALS worthy to be placed,
For mighty force in ev'ry action traced.
What obstacles were to thy birth opposed!
The first beginnings of thy life disclosed,
When scarcely able BEING to acquire,
The lofty mien of thy celestial sire.
BUT, god of Cyrrha, why this plaintive strain?—
Those tender accents that the strings sustain?—
While playful fingers o'er them lightly slide,
Producing sounds which languishingly glide?
Away! the manner that with love agrees;
Forsake the grove of fascinating trees;
Be no soft laurels round thy brow displayed:
Inspire my verse beneath the poplar's* shade.
ALCMENA longer bore her burden now,
Than times of birth in NATURE's course allow;
But royal Juno used her utmost might,
To bar this offspring's entrance to the light;—
Refused consent that, born, he should appear:
A new IMMORTAL marking by her fear.
But seed divine, confinement, would not brook;
Delays were vain,—life's way Alcides took.
From thence the step-dame's† cause of anger flowed;
Ashamed of this defeat, she hatred showed.

* The poplar is sacred to Hercules.
† Juno.

Two serpents soon maliciously she sought,
And, them to reach thy early cradle, taught.
T' advance in haste the horrid snakes prepared;
Their scaly necks with flaming fury glared;
Nor was their course by length of folds detained:
Space, whence the breast removed, hind flexions gained.
Infernal vapour, breathed from hisses, came:
Their eyes were red with DEATH's destructive flame;
Resounding mouths—fatigued by triforked tongue;
And, raging,—from them blackest venom hung.
O QUEEN of realms above! why wiles devise
To sever FATE's indissoluble ties?
Why charge those serpents fierce, thy wrath, to bear?
Why *Two*, a little infant's limbs to tear?
Dost thou, since now the Python is o'erthrown,
Fear *One* may vanquished be if risked alone?
Wert thou each monster in the world to bring;—
To arm the Hydra e'en with serpents' sting:
Him NATURE would protect, thy efforts vain,
And, from great Jove, descent, his strength maintain.
THE hideous snakes, these orders to obey,
Made ready, fury 'gainst thee to display.
Thy parent trembled when she saw them move,—
The object of their course, thy cradle—prove.
A god, she knew not from her, BEING, took,
And all her frame, with mortal terrours, shook.
O pure Alcmena! on the Heav'ns rely;
Thy haughty rival's snares thou may'st defy;
Nor let those creatures fierce, thee horrour, give:
Thus, mother of a deity, thou'lt live.
Smiles on thy features show;—a cheerful mind:—
That, from thee, Jove may no discredit find.

No fright unworthy of thy son, disclose:
Behold th' example that thy offspring shows.
He, who thus raises in thy bosom fears,
Devoid himself of ev'ry dread appears.
The god, O Hercules! thy look confessed:
Disdainful scoff, thy countenance expressed.
High mind and rage possessing from thy sire;—
Most fit to act the part the world admire;—
Delightful pleasure thrilled through ev'ry nerve,
That, such a step-dame, thou shouldst well deserve.
Thou seiz'd'st, with little hands, vast throats, at length;
Though tender, still assuming all thy strength.—
Thy arms, the heavy load, extending round,—
Thou dash'dst the horrid serpents 'gainst the ground.
LET all the earth, to stars celestial, raise
Latona's twins*: aloud resound their praise;
And Delos, now no more perceived to move,
Their rank, among th' IMMORTALS, clearly prove.
Not equal honours on their labours wait;—
No snakes, like these t'encounter, was their fate;
A single foe† by pointed steel they slew:
Alone, unarmed, here Hercules killed *two*.
THESE efforts by thy mother seen, she thence,
With cradle-clothes conceived she might dispense.
But when rough WINTER chilled the earth with show'rs,
And, o'er the rivers, frost disclosed its pow'rs,
To make thee hardy, oft thy limbs she'd lave,
And plunge thee naked in the icy wave.
No sooner had thy feet, first struggles, tried,
Than unconcerned, thy course, Alcmena eyed:

* Apollo and Diana. † The Python.

Across the verdant woods thou tookst thy way;
Darts, terrible to view, were made thy play;
Now bow, now sling thou us'dst with certain aim;
Th' inhabitants of air thy prey became;
Beneath the stars at night, thou laidst thy head,
And drankst pure streams that broken ice o'erspread.
MEANWHILE against thee, armed the wife of Jove,
The lion fierce that ranged Numea's grove,
Chimæra's race,—want bullocks to devour,
To which, in strength, she gave superior pow'r,
And, to increase his native fury, sought,
Since, NATURE's gift, she insufficient thought.
Alas! how many men his prey be made;—
What num'rous boars his teeth oft prostrate laid;
Their walls deserted, cities saw in vain:
The dread of arms no triumph could obtain;
Crowds, by his savage jaws, were overthrown,
That had in battle proofs of valour shown.
The sour Eurystheus (for, where'er thy stay,
FATE thee required a tyrant to obey,
The world to favour,) ordered, such his will,
That thou, this furious animal, shouldst kill.
But thy great brav'ry, always held sublime,
Which ne'er shall silence meet through endless time,
And, when at length released from mortal frame,
Was worthy thought a place 'mong stars to claim;—
Disdained to fancy thou wert doomed to die:—
Disclosed no hesitation to comply;—
Th' extensive wood thou search'dst completely o'er,
Each secret part most anxious to explore,
Exciting bloody teeth, fresh rage, to show,
And wounds again with fury to bestow.

The creature roused, his hair commenced to rise,—
Claws moved,—mane trembled,—ruddy were his eyes;
And, while in doubt he stood, with horrid roar,
Thy hands impetuously upon him bore,—
The monster by the hideous muzzle, seized,—
The threat'ning throat with pow'rful effort, squeezed,—
And stretched the mighty foe upon the ground,
With broken jaws as if quite feeble found.
Then off thou striptst the skin with yellow hair,
Away the spoil triumphantly to bear.
Soon forth the crowd to sound thy praises ran,
In grounds long left through fear, to skip began.
To see the fields they hastened with delight,
The places safe that caused excessive fright,
The wood where bullocks might securely feed,
And plains at length from dreadful wailing freed.
To Maenalus from thence thou tookst thy way;
And to Arcadia, filled with dire dismay,
Where those were wept that felt the fatal stroke:—
And steril forests robbed of native oak.
A savage boar there marked his bloody course;
The giant mass disclosed terrifick force;
The limbs immense were horrid to the view;
Large trees of ash his curving tusks o'erthrew:—
Laid waste the pastures, which desired in vain,
With grief, the husbandman's approach again.
Erect appeared, upon his body black,
Fierce triforked bristles to protect the back;
From rocks both shoulders hardness had received,
And scarcely was his death to be achieved.
No darts, nor knotty club, nor heavy arms,
By thee were used: such lessen glory's charms.

At once contempt of wounds thy features wore;
With eagerness thou seiz'dst the foaming boar;
The monster fell before thy wondrous might;—
Upon his back constrained to view the light:
With eyes confused, surprised such fate to find,—
To thee at length he victory resigned;
Thou carriedst him triumphantly away,
Beneath the Grecian tyrant's roof, to lay.
THROUGH all the globe with rapid pinions, FAME,
Was led thy marv'lous conquest to proclaim;
Crete, where a bloody monster, havock, made,
From mighty Hercules assistance, prayed.
A cruel bull, to which the Moon gave birth,
O'erran Dictæan fields,—Jove's native earth:
His mouth raised thunder;—all his breath was fire;
Not Heav'n scorched plains, but respiration dire.
The DOG-STAR might depart;—the BEAMS OF DAY,
By cold o'ercome, withdraw the golden ray,
Concealing precious light from human eyes;
And warmth quit burning orb amid surprise.
The heat intense through Crete's extent prevailed;
Woods, lakes, herbs, perished: sacred fountains failed;
The conflagration with such fury spread,
It even singed the lofty mountains' head:
Consumed the grass, before th' IMMORTALS' face,
That gave to Ida's brow superior grace;
The THUND'RER's cradle, such if we may name,
Was ravaged by the horrid creature's flame.
At length swift FAME that, these loud praises, bore,
Led great Alcides to Dictæan shore.
An effort 'gainst the bull at once he made,
In spite of cruel menaces displayed:

His furious horns and blazing mouth he grasped;
With daring hand the limbs he strongly clasped:
Compressed the pipes that yielded flowing fire,
And forced the hideous monster to expire.

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

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—	154.	Put an apostrophe after *stars'*.
23,	308.	*For* Vulturus, *read* Vulturnus.
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46,	178.	*For* Ilicit, *read* Ilicet.
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55,	379.	*For* compar'd, *read* compared.
61,	451.	*For* wars, *read* war's.
63,	501.	*For* 'twards, *read* t'wards.
65,	509.	*For* Pangæus, *read* Pangæa.
—	506 and 514.	*For* Hemus, *read* Hæmus.
70,	9.	*For* rabuit, *read* rubuit.
71,	12.	Put a semicolon after *gave*;
73,	21.	*For* battles, *read* battle's.
95,	321.	*For* Ceraufia, *read* Ceraunia.
113,	575.	*For* Though, *read* THOUGH.
115,	585.	*For* jav'lins, *read* javelins.
123,	718.	Put a semicolon after *brought*;
124,	512.	*For* tormeta, *read* tormenta.
133,	39.	*For* gain, *read* slain.
138,	95.	*For* hastis, *read* hastes.
141,	154.	Put a semicolon after *abode*;
153,	Last line but one of the note:	*For* he, *read* the.
188,	414.	*For* spernere taurum, *read* sperneret aurum.
207,	869.	*For* tygers, *read* tigers.
—	881.	*For* names, *read* name.
210,	640.	*For* relinquas, *read* relinquas.
213,	14.	*For* cheer'd, *read* cheered. and *for* charm'd, *read* charmed.
218,	92.	Put a full stop after *bedecked*.
—	112.	*For* Aldars, *read* Alders.
220,	177.	Put a semicolon after *cried*;
223,	253.	*For* tygress, *read* tigress.
228,	440.	*For* mpelled, *read* Impelled.
245,	193.	*For* Cybilé, *read* Cybelé.
257,	588.	Put full stop after *yield*.
258,	614.	*For* echoe, *read* echo
263,	747.	*For* Unmoor, *read* " Unmoor.
267,	20.	No *break*.
280,	432.	Put a comma after THUND'RER,

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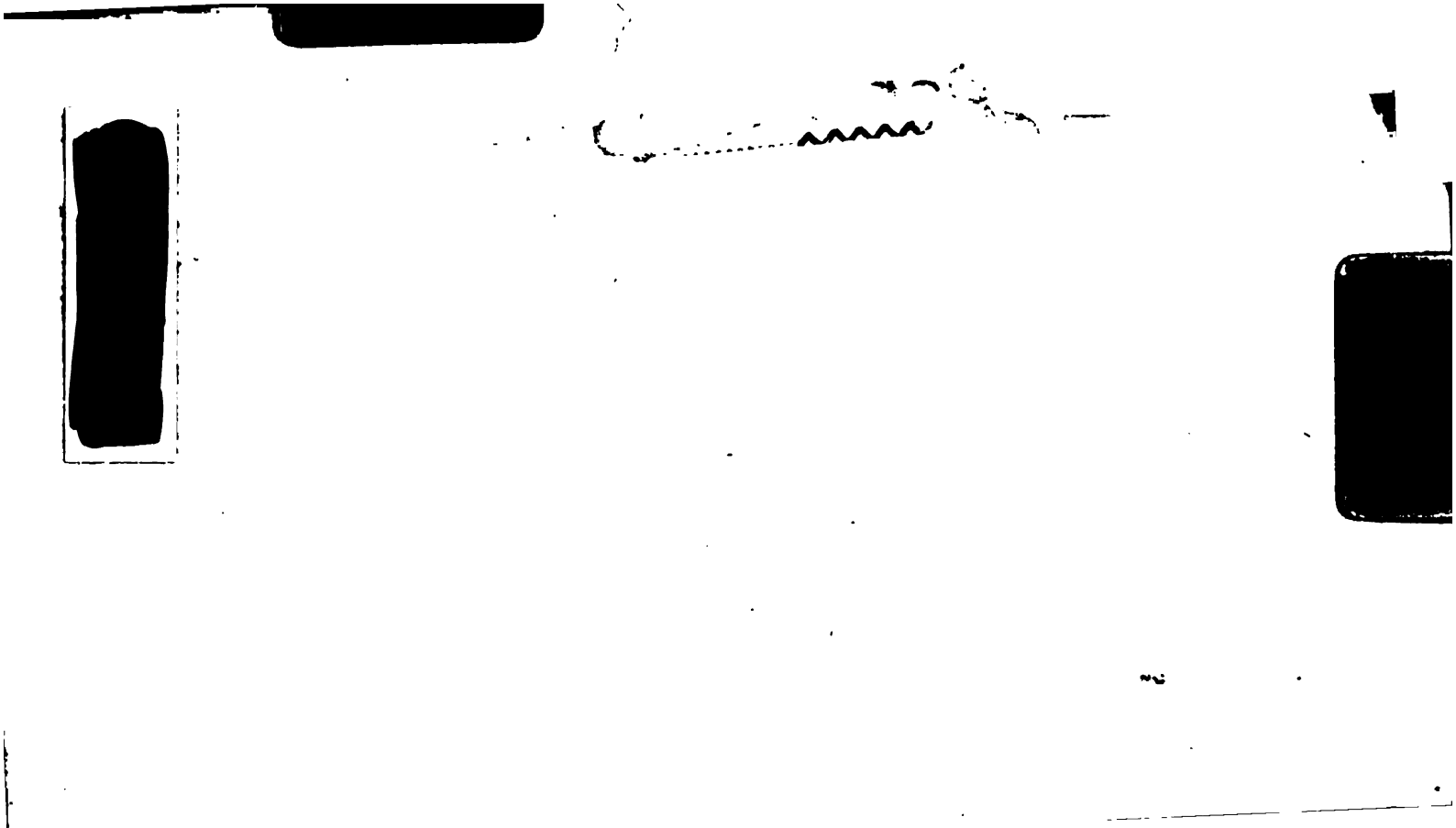
8, 217. *For* re, *read* rest.
15, 440 *For* boys', *read* boy's.
33, 18 *For* dextrous, *read* dex'trous.
44, 363. *For* Gallick, *read* Gallic.
47, 454 *For* When, *read* When.
50, 547 *For* cautious, *read* cautious.
58, 635 *Dele* the apostrophe at the beginning of the line before 'Till.
55, 693. *For* battalians, *read* battalions.
70, 200. *For* sav, *read* say.
80, 541. *For* Tyranes, *read* Tigranes.
87, 146 *For* Then, *read* Than.
109, 8. Put a comma at the end of the line after *supplies*,
126, 529. *For* wondring, *read* wond'ring.
128, 24. Put a comma at the end of the line after *shown*,
131, 68. Put a full stop at the end of the line after *last*.
— 74. Put an apostrophe after Maeotis'.
134, 156. Put a comma after *nor*,
135, 185. Put a comma at the end of the line after *course*,
143, 441. *For* Hyrcanian, *read* Hereynian.
184, 724. *Dele* the comma after *emotion*,
189, 892. *For* Meander, *read* Maeander.
192, 31. *For* Syrens, *read* Sirens.
199, 239. Put a comma at the end of the line after *flight*,
205, 34. *For* Palladius, *read* Palladius',
— 49. *For* shepherd's, *read* shepherds'.
206, 67. *For* Lycæus, *read* Lycæus.
225, 7. *For* Ee'n, *read* E'en.
226, 23. *For* bear, *read* bare.
232, 125. *For* bearing, *read* dropping.
241, 389. *For* tears, *read* tears.
244, 492. Put a semicolon at the end of the line after bewailed;
253, 257. *For* Typhæus, *read* Typhœus.
258, 420. *For* solitude, *read* solitudes.
262, 529. *For* alder, *read* alder.
263, 575. *For* courses, *read* coursers.
270, 117. *Dele* the apostrophe before *venge*.
271, 162. *For* grotos, *read* grottos.
279, 62. *For* Rhodopés, *read* Rhodopé's.
301, 58. *For* loves, *read* love's.
303, 23. *For* liquified, *read* liquefied.
304, 53. *For* shades, *read* shade.
307, 10. Put *a full stop after* extends.
317, Line second from the bottom, Put *a colon after* found:
318, Five from the bottom, Put *a full stop after* shade.
322, Line last, *for* e, *read* Thee.
324, Epigram XXX. line 2. *For* globes *read* globe.
336, 27. *For* recal'dst, *read* recall'dst.
— 29. *For* descend'st, *read* descend'dst.